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THE NEW YORKER

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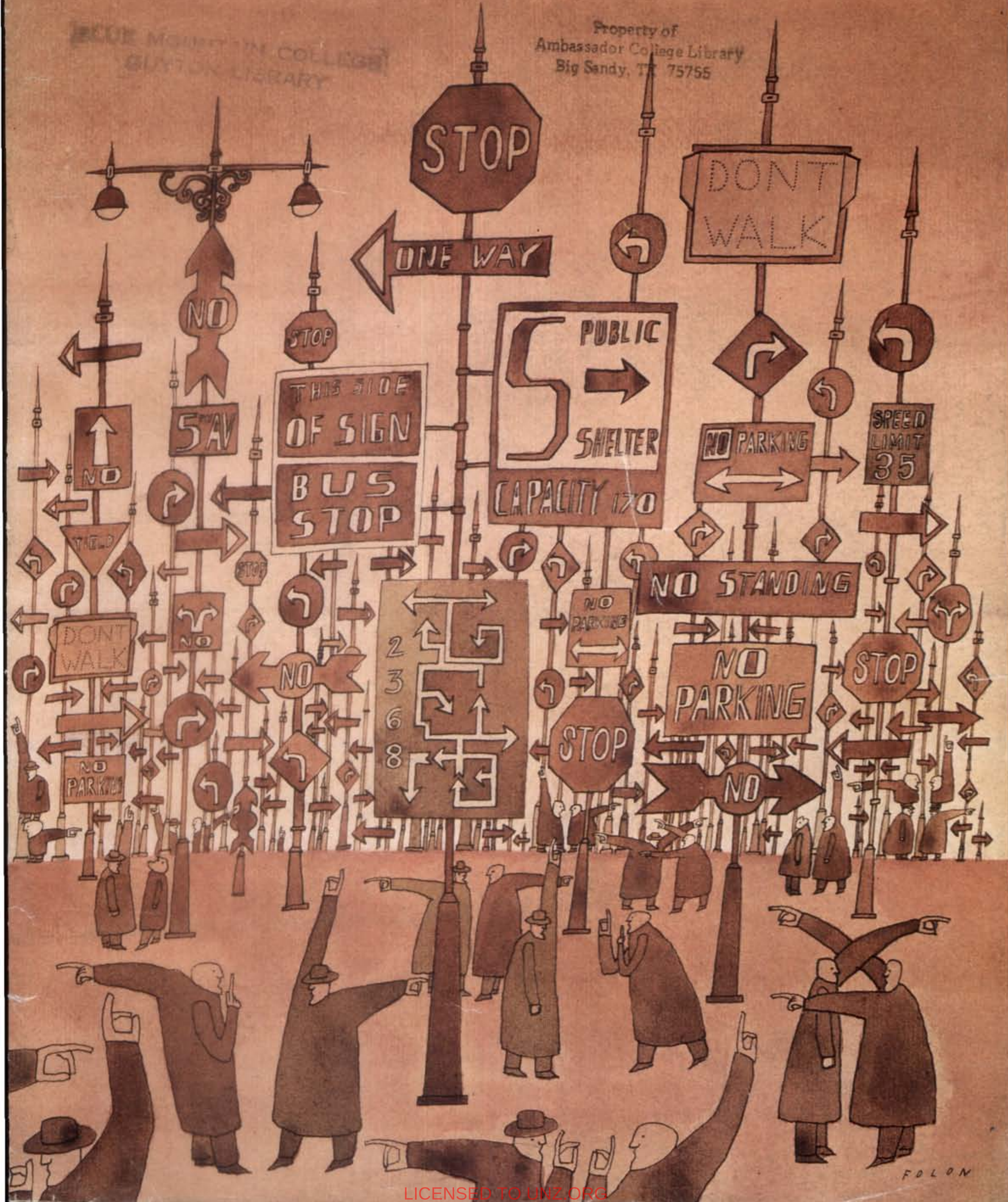
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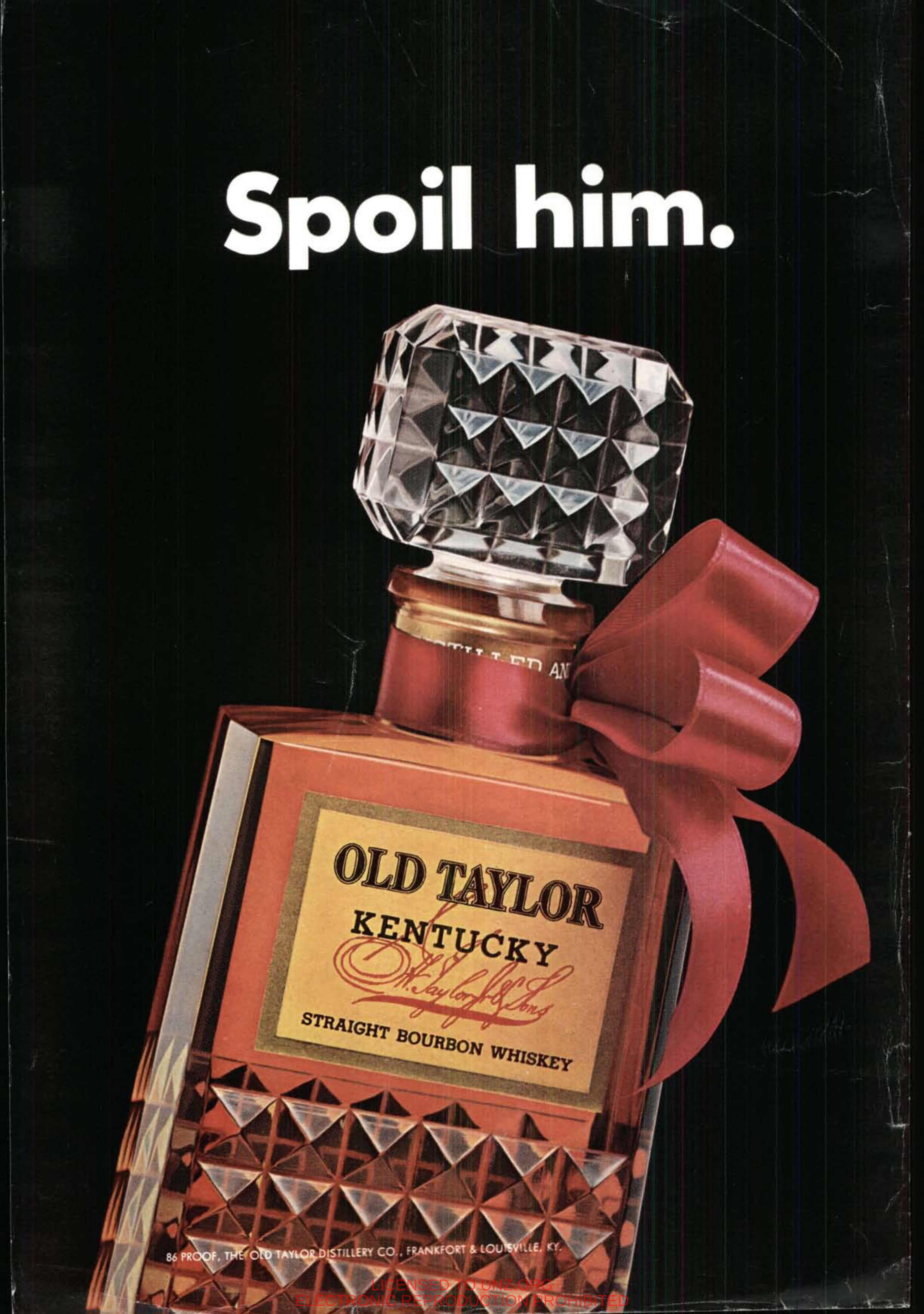
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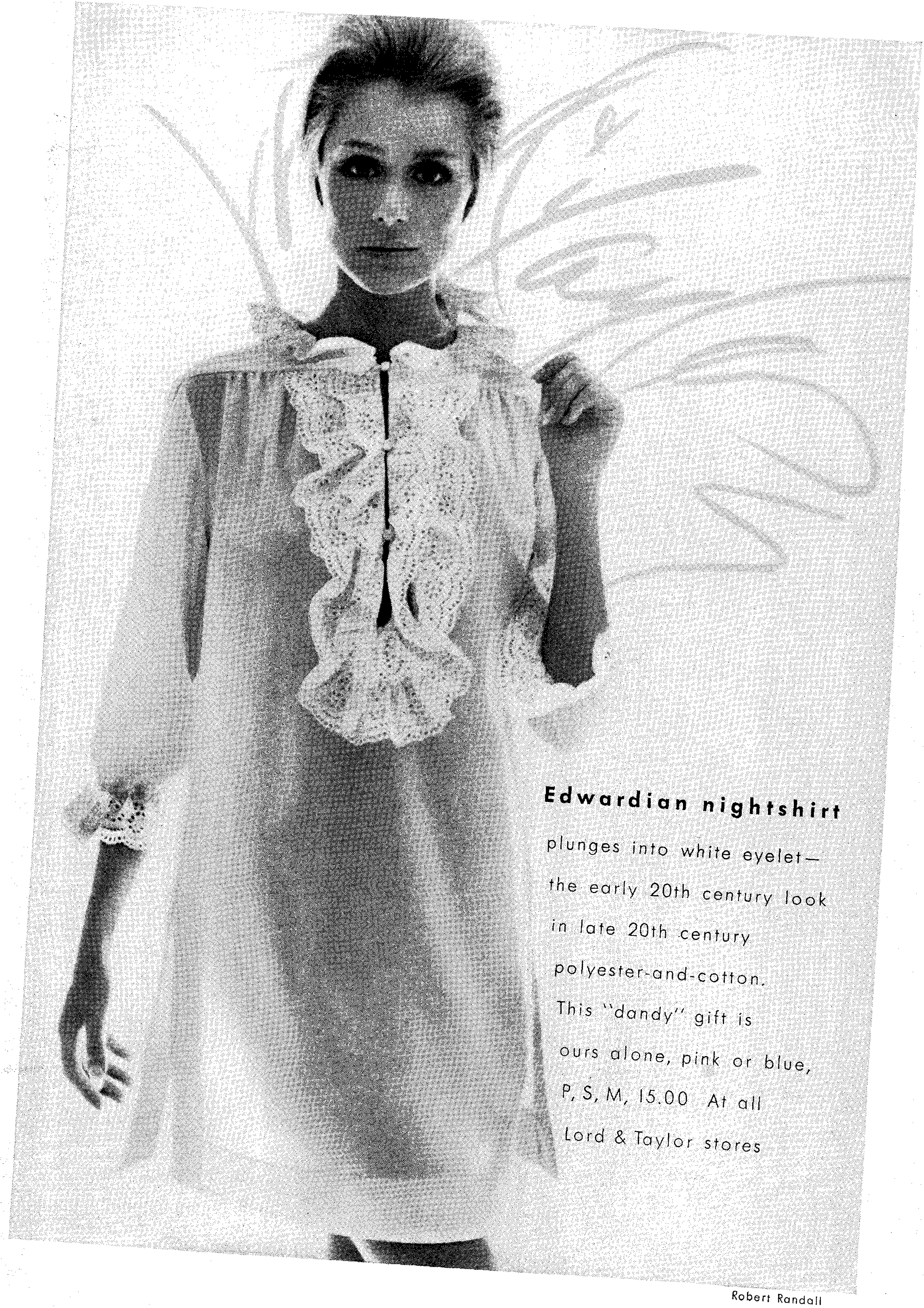

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Pirandello's **RIGHT YOU ARE:** Thursday, Dec. 1; Thursday, Dec. 8; and Saturday, Dec. 10, all at 8:30.... ¶ Sheridan's **SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL:** Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30: and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 5-7, at 8:30.... ¶ Richard Baldridge's **WE COMRADES THREE,** arranged from the works of Walt Whitman. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 2; Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30. Opening on Tuesday, Dec. 13. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

A Delicate Balance—A rich suburban family living empty, loveless lives is suddenly saddled with a couple of neighbors who are too scared (of *something nameless*) to stay in their own house and want to take up permanent residence with the family. This makes for a moral dilemma: Shall the family let them stay or put them out? Edward Albee's play is uneven, but it is fortunate in having the likes of Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy in its cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—A fairly lavish production of the Kaufman-Ferber drama dealing with the depressed days of the early thirties. The play has become a bit weary with the passage of time. The large cast includes Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark who are forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Investigation—Excerpts from the court records of the trial of some of the personnel of the Auschwitz concentration camp. As prepared by Peter Weiss, the dossier is documentary rather than dramatic, but it is an interesting theatrical entity. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—There isn't much that is amusing in this play by Frank Marcus, which has to do with Lesbianism and soap-operatic activities at the B.B.C., but Beryl Reid is convincing as a profane and muscular old party. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rose Tattoo—Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:15.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** A comedy in which Sam Levene appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WAIT UNTIL DARK:** A thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hail Scrawdyke!—A British comedy by David Halliwell, with Victor Henry and Tim Preece. Staged by Alan Arkin. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—All about Eve and a couple of other females in the triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris is splendid as the most conspicuous performer on view, and Alan Alda lends her a deft hand in the doings. Mike Nichols directed the entertainment, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick did the book, music, and lyrics. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi takeover in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book, all of which are thin. Adapted from John van Druten's "I Am a Camera." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and the orphaned nephew she is attempting to rear has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walking Happy—Life in the Midlands of England in the eighteen-eighties. Apparently it was grim. The songs and lyrics, by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, are not distinguished, and the choreography, by Danny Daniels, is hoedown style. Norman Wisdom, George Rose, and Louise Troy figure prominently, the last very prettily. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Elinor Glyn. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SWEET CHARITY:** Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston in a two-character musical version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter." Tom Jones

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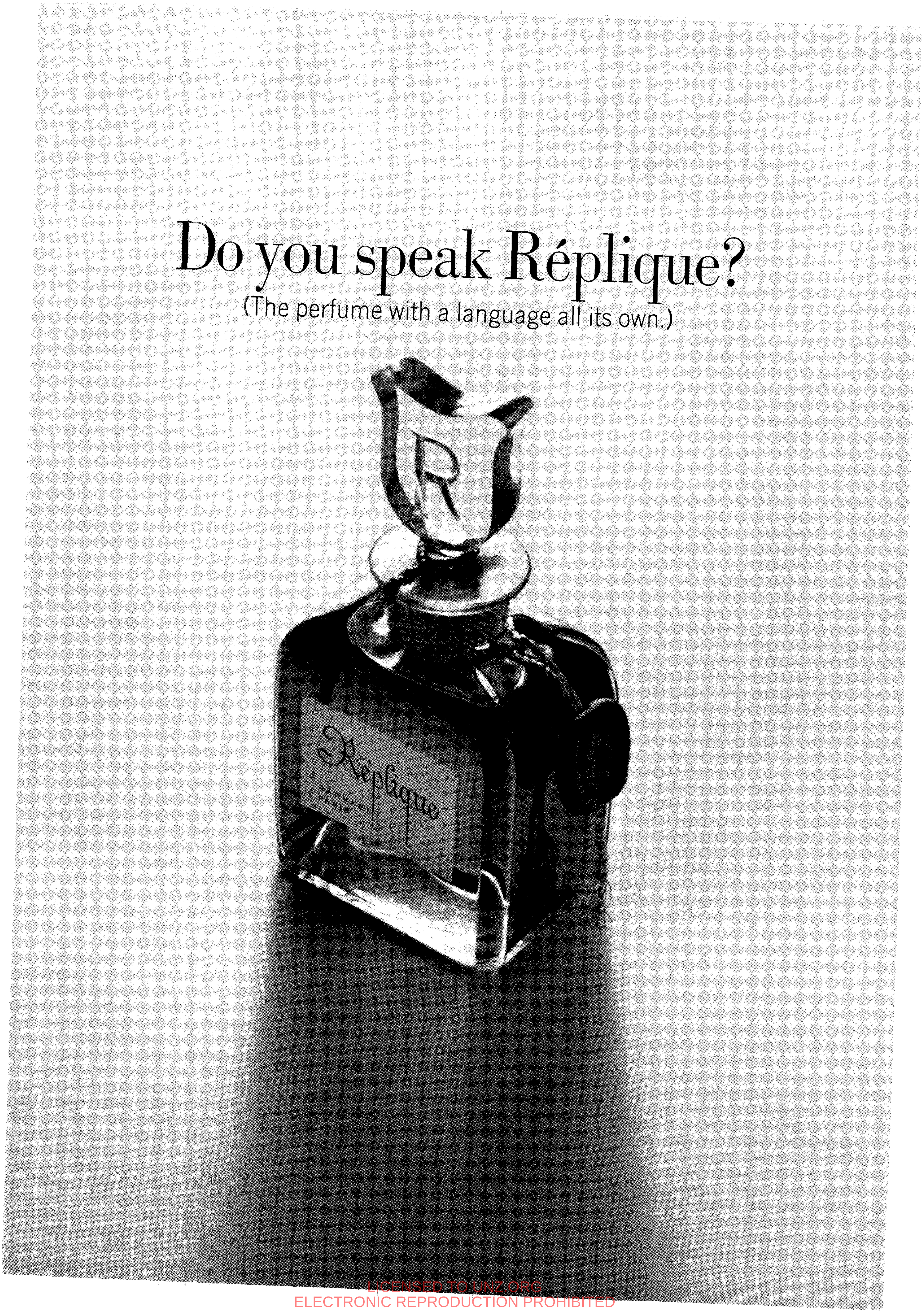
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wrote the book and lyrics and Harvey Schmidt the score. Staged by Gower Champion. Opens Monday, Dec. 5. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Sweet Charlie—David Westheimer's play, adapted from his novel of the same name, with Louis Gossett and Bonnie Bedelia. Howard Da Silva is the director. Previews through Monday, Dec. 5. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 6. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Joyful Noise—A musical taken from Borden Deal's novel "The Insolent Breed," with a book by Edward Padula and music and lyrics by Oscar Brand and Paul Nassau. John Raitt and Swen Swenson head the cast, directed by Dore Schary. Previews through Friday, Dec. 9. Opens officially on Saturday, Dec. 10. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—d'Oyly Carte Opera Company: Final performances of a four-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30: PATIENCE. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:30: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: PATIENCE. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 6-7, at 8:30: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 8-9, at 8:30: RUDDIGORE. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30 and 8:30: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2:30: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 11, at 7:30: PATIENCE. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Gloria Foster, Frank Langella, and Maria Tucci in Lorca's YERMA (translated by W. S. Merwin). The second in this season's series of four plays. Previews Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3-4, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 6-7. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 8, at 7:45, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of AIDA. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Autumn's Here!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Blitzstein!—A program arranged from the works of the late Marc Blitzstein, acted and sung by Mira Gilbert and Norman Friesen. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Eh?—Monkeyshines, verbal and visual, in the boiler room of a British factory. This loony comedy was written by Henry Livings and directed by Alan Arkin; its cast includes Dustin Hoffman, Barbara Dana, Dana Elcar, and Elizabeth Wilson, among other splendid actors. Hooray for everybody! (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

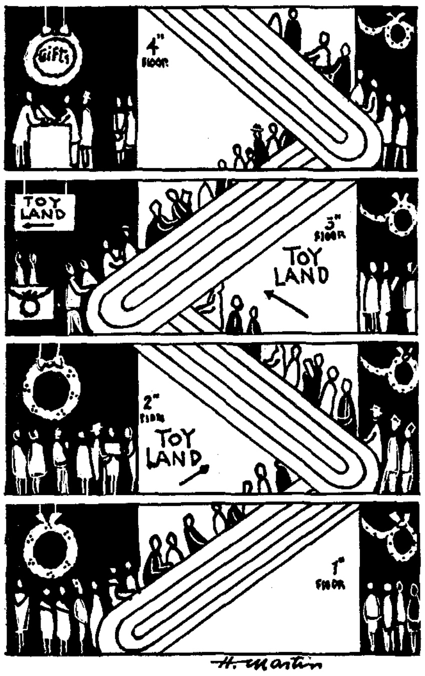
Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book, and together they wrote the lyrics. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)



Three Hand Reel—The Irish Players in three plays adapted by Paul Avila Mayer from stories of Frank O'Connor. With Helena Carroll and John Cullum. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Viet Rock—A play (with incidental music) by Megan Terry. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

A Whitman Portrait—Paul Shyre's dramatization of selected works by Walt Whitman, including letters, poems ("Leaves of Grass" and others), conversations, and anecdotes. With Alexander Scourby, Carolyn Coates, Wayne Maxwell, and Alan Mixon. Mr. Shyre is also the director. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:15: "Apollo," "La Guirlande de Campra," and "Liebeslieder Walzer.". . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "Narkissos," "Jeux," "Agon," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:15: "Serenade," "La Sonnambula," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Ballet Imperial," "La Guirlande de Campra," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 1:15: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7:15: "Swan Lake," "La Sonnambula," "Ivesiana," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:15; Friday, Dec. 9, at 4:15 and 8:15; and Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:15 and 8:15: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 5.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Merce Cunningham—With his company, in a single program. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 9-11, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

ANTA Program—Kim Hunter in "Come Slowly, Eden: A Portrait of Emily Dickinson," a play by Norman Rosten, presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the second program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8:40, and Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 2:40.)

Apparition Theatre of Prague—A company of seventeen, appearing here for the first time, in a program of pantomime and ballet. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 245-4289. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. After Saturday, Dec. 3, a two-week hiatus before opening at the ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. CI 6-6270.)

Let's Sing Yiddish—A Yiddish musical adapted from Jewish folklore by Ben Bonus and Wolf Yunin, and directed by Mina Bern. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

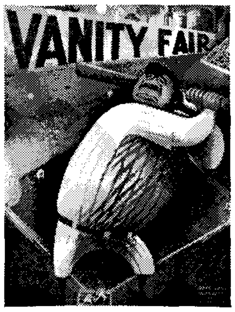
(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Late returns from our fiftieth state

What do you give Stanley Marcus for Christmas?

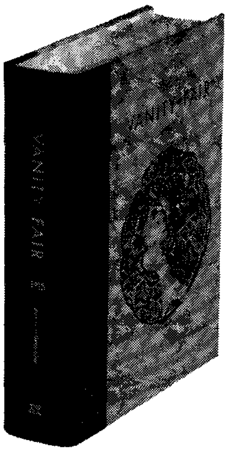
You give him Garbo as Steichen saw her. John Gunther musing on Hitler's possible mother complex. Noel Coward in the role of up-and-comer. In other words, you give him "Vanity Fair," in a remarkable facsimile edition produced by University Microfilms, of the Education Division of Xerox Corporation, and available at only one store in the world—Bergdorf Goodman.



VANITY FAIR

What's that you say? Stanley Marcus isn't on your Christmas list? But you have to buy a little something for Walter Kerr. Or Pauline Trigére. Or Mrs. E.F. Hutton. Well then. This is the perfect little something that's like nothing you (or they) have ever seen before. The complete Vanity Fair, all 23 years, 282 issues and 32,000 pages of it, handsomely bound in 32 purple and silver volumes, $1000. In The Boutique on the Second Floor.

P.S. We're sure Stanley Marcus won't mind your coming to Bergdorf's for his Christmas present. After all, we're going straight to him for all our his-and-her bathtubs.



*If you're wondering what happened to dear, departed Vanity Fair, it is now that part of Vogue devoted to Features, Articles, People and the Arts.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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indicate that Don Ho may be elected Hawaiian crooner of the year. Mr. Ho is already running for office in the Royal Box, where he appears at dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans floats along on a silver-lined cloud of its own making. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—It takes all kinds of people to make a *boîte de nuit,* and here they are, making it, New York style. Some of them are fêting the archeologist who, out on Long Island, excavated Sonny Kendis and brought him and his band back to the real world. Nine to two during the week and nine to three on Saturdays. No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Nothing disturbs the leisurely contemplation of dinner and supper but the gentle ministrations of the Cuban musicians led by George Anaya. They are on hand between seven and one on weekdays, between eight and two on Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The name's the same, the pet zebras and the pet palm trees are the same, but new customers keep trying out for the cast, which still, though, contains some of the original troupers. The two dance bands are on duty from eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of those good little Ben Cutler bands chortles at frequent intervals in the Café Pierre without ever taking a night off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Very, very earnest endeavor fills the noble old Persian Room at dinner and supper—the hours when Bobbe Norris gets her soprano under way. The rest of the evening is in the hands of Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's band. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Life begins at sixty-five—the floor on which this aerie exists. It is a life filled with industrious but harmless showmanship—Jonah Jones blowing the brass knuckles off his trumpet, the Jones drummer laying down tremendous barrages, and the Teachers (newcomers to the trade) really marching when they play that song about the saints. Fun (and dancing) is had by all. The clamor runs from seven until one-thirty. Closed Sundays, and on Mondays the Joneses go it alone.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Our merry villagers dancing to the unparalleled power of the Duke Ellington band—a sight unseen since the childhood of all of us. Nothing but good can come of this. No sound on Sundays. On Monday, Dec. 5, the big band of Harry James takes over the stand. The music runs from eight to two, by the way.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Prime of life is what the Maisonette is enjoying. George Cort's four-wheel-drive band and Quintero's opulent Latins carouse without cease except when Chad Mitchell, who has something to sing about and knows how to sing it, appears during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He ticks and tocks from six to two. Closed Sundays.

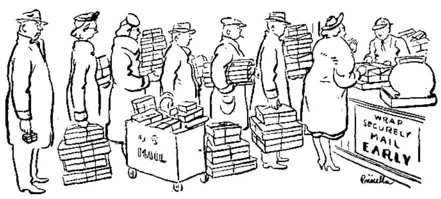
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Royal Canadian Family Lombardo, whose orchestrations are arrayed like Solomon in all his, etc. Extravaganzas and dance music, too, make up the program. The scene is the Empire Room. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from five to eleven Mondays and Tuesdays, and from four to ten Wednesdays through Fridays. Just across the threshold, a trio plays for dancing from eight to one Wednesdays and Thursdays, eight-thirty to one-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and six to eleven Sundays.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A perfect solution of the traffic problem, for any number can dance on the city's largest mall, where the participants are always on their best behavior. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. The dining is no more than snack. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The crossroads general store of Louis Golson Hawkins, whose stage and pianoforte name is Goldie. Talk, big and small, and music from the fingers of Mr. H. and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, provide continuous motion; the climax is their vigorous double piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Galerie,** 798 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): Secret swingers, non-secret swingers, the Syosset set, the Sausalito set. Moth-and-flame piano is contributed by Ralph Strain, who helped invent this sort of environment. He is there from nine on, except Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): There's a noticeable amount of jump in this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals. The jazz of Marian McPartland's threesome makes a good counterpoint. They are all absent Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **Janssen's,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): Fanciers of Aldo Bruschi's *basso profundo/robusto* will find it operating (in conjunction with his piano, his woodwinds, his concertina, his sidemen, and a brace of young singers) from Wednesday through Saturday every week, commencing around half past eight. There is dancing those nights, too, in this medieval stronghold. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Chicken fortissimo, veal viva voce are served up by the energetically operatic staff until late at night. Closed Mondays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways have not changed at all. Béla Babai's band plays for musing and dancing; the gallant tenor of Tibor Rakossy augments the ambience. Closed Mondays.



Note—The discothèque, that flamboyant lotus blossom, is best represented by these establishments: **Arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Not everyone can take the vows requisite for entrance into the lamasery, where (to the urging of mechanical sonic boom) the dancers, of varying degrees of fame, make the rites of what should now be autumn look exactly like the rites of spring. A human element, the troupe called the Teddy Boys, also makes music, or does it? Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **Il Mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Basically an after-the-theatre theatre very much in the round. The principal of the school is Tanya Everett, earlier in the evening of "Fiddler on the Roof," and the fun is trying to follow her lead when she takes the floor. The music is entirely non- (or in-) human; the clothes are young and foolish, which is par in this trade. Bring your own supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath the sidewalk café of the same name lies an airy underworld whose Orpheus is a young man with two turntables. His Eurydices are mostly lovely young things turned out in the height of the new simplistic fashion. Nourishment from the café; gentle music from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, not too audible machine-knit music, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano is in action from six to one. Sundays, Allan Haig, Mr. Walter's new lieutenant, is keeper of the keys. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish, from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The residents of the walled herbarium love to sing about marriage Italian-style in the mood and manner of Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al., et tu, Brutus. In addition, on Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston's platform manner turns him momentarily into Shakespeare, Kipling, and a few more mythical characters, and Thursday through Saturday every week there are modest interludes of dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who is the operatic impresario the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of conversation. These dulcet citizens are armed with mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): They don't make town houses like this anymore. In the bar of the museum piece, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100):

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo's guitar, which roams the elaborate bar-restaurant, comes alive at nine-thirty, and stays very much alive until one. He remains home Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner's well-considered piano occupies the noble Casino-on-the-Park from six-thirty until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place, and serendipity is the mood of George Feyer's piano. The music goes on from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgathered for conversational dining while self-propelled musicians (the knowing Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on—sometimes, late at night, as the garnishing of a Roman tenor. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-9494): The trappings lead one to suspect that he is in a private car on the Orient Express, but the view from the windows, all of them upstairs ones, is Little Old New York. So is the six-to-one piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Billy Daniels, the middleweight shadowboxing champion of the world, prances through a set of songs that make you think you're back in the time of prohibition night life (not a bad idea, at that), and Charlie Manna tells jokes that are not on the tongue of every other humorist. The Copa ballerinas, under the capable song-and-dance guidance of Bill Selby, try out their beginners' luck in between. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which has the air of being next door to Caesars Palace, there is onstage whooping and hollering from ten until dawn by crews of nocturnal beings. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): When Mamie Van Doren, fine figure of an hourglass, is not learning to speak her lines, the young ladies of the revue known as "Ooh la la Paree" (and a rich and varied treasure trove they are) have the floor and the time of their hoyden lives. Among them is Susan Clemm, born to adorn many a calendar. There are no nights off. On Thursday, Dec. 8, it is rumored, Miss Van Doren will be replaced by Totie Fields, the London music-hall thunderer, but you know how the Latin Quarter is. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Nirvana and Lethe for the young at heart and the young in fact, all dressed up in their token post-Carnabies and all worked up by musicians who exist solely on Mexican jumping beans. There is no one to say them nay until three in the morning, and they begin at eight (even at three on Sundays). No kitchen privileges. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Anything can happen here, but trained observers insist that they have found traces of a band of Latins called the Baja Marimba, a deuce of comedians called the Geezinslaw Brothers, and a tenor called Marty Richards. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's regal theatre of the absurd—a world in which malice aforethought and such can be made to seem virtues. The workers of this wicked ingenuity are Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, those sly Cantabrigian foxes, and the glittery American Jeanne Arnold. If this is not enough reward, there is also the Swingin' Six, a curry of boy and girl voices that sounds better than almost anything else of the sort. The background is double and dashing piano by Robert Colston and Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The silver inlays in the gloriously high-pitched trumpets of Los Chavales de España glow in the dark as their marching and singing band swings downfield—folk art that, though Spanish, needs no communication skills to project itself to any of us. Luisita Sevilla, who also prances, is the only girl in the family. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," another of the bandbox revues that are this establishment's staple crop, takes after its parents and even its grandparents, yet a number of original biological sports appear in its libretto, and that's just fine. Judy Graubart is a neat bit of wide-eyed wistfulness; Robert Rovin and Larry Moss are the best of her helpmeets. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Milt Kamen, the Prides and Prejudices of the man in the street, speaks feelingly, wistfully, wittily for not just that man but for a lot of other people. He is in evidence a couple of times a night, but never before around ten. Sunday is his day at home. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Pepper Adams and his quintet, John Coltrane and his septet wind up their affairs on Sunday, Dec. 4. Next evening, as usual, the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band will have its rumbustious way, and on Tuesday, Dec. 6, a threesome in which Hampton Hawes and Jimmy Garrison are involved moves in. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Short rations at the moment, but lots of vitamins; i.e., Thursday, Dec. 1, Carmen McRae, doing many a good song a good turn; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, Miss McRae plus Dick Gregory, our sardonic ombudsman; Sunday, Dec. 4, Miss McRae and Dave Frye, whose humor has its fleeting moments; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, Mr. Gregory and Arthur Prysock, a calling-all-youths singer. On Mondays, Symphony Sid's Latin jazz musicians have the place to themselves. . . . ¶ Up above, on the ground floor, Blossom Dearie, girl elf, chants (wholly deadpan) lyrics whose deft, double-take wit is enhanced by the piano she adds. She and her trio check in about ten. Sunday, Dec. 4, is her last night. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): It's always show time when Joe Bushkin sits down at his piano and calls his trio to order. The whole scene brings to mind the latter days of the long-lost Embers. Discothèque music still occurs, but it is no longer top banana. The menu affords more than just banana. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Home of the brave, home of the hero sandwich. Bobby Brookmeyer has joined up with Richie Kamuca, Michael Abennie, and friends. On Tuesday, Dec. 6, they will be succeeded by Carmen McRae and her three-man consort. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Hard-line thinking is being done by the quartet of Lee Konitz. It ends its run on Sunday, Dec. 4, and on Tuesday, Dec. 6, Art Farmer's quintet comes in. Mondays, Don Cherry's foursome is activated. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): All joys and no tribulations in the period-piece music that happens here for both feet and ears. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Dave McKenna, and Bob Wilber. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome makes music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is his starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Siss, boom, bah, repeated ad infinitum. Washboard, tuba, banjo, and such fill in the chinks in the young customers' clamor. Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays, matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently the Charles Lloyd quartet. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, often helped on by the stentorian chest tones of Ruth Crews, and so do movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule, except on Sunday, when the row begins at four. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Still the best of the Village coffee-house-and-folk-foundry combinations. Jake Holmes, eloquent whether he plays it straight or spoofs the medium, is the leader of the pack. His night off is always Tuesday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BALTHUS AND ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Drawings; through Dec. 31. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Miniatures; through Dec. 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

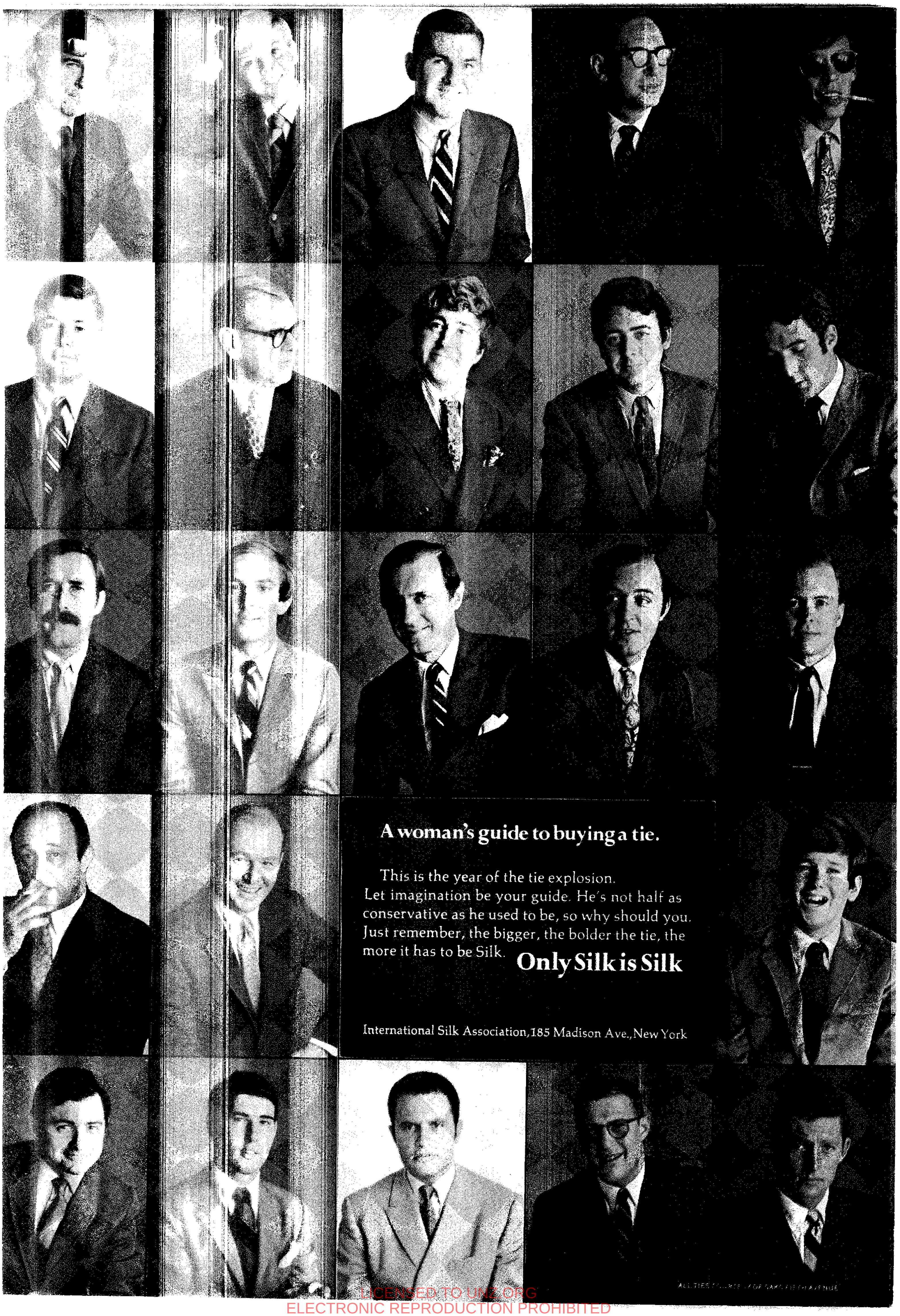
CAMILLE BOMBOIS—French primitives; through Dec. 17. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

MORRIS BRODERSON—Paintings with the tale of Lizzie Borden and Lorca's poem, "Five in the Afternoon," as topics; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—A happy mixture of gouaches, stabiles, mobiles, and large, primitive jewelry; through Dec. 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANCIS CHAPIN (1899-1965)—Primarily landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MINNA CITRON—Abstract objects and paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ "Prints and



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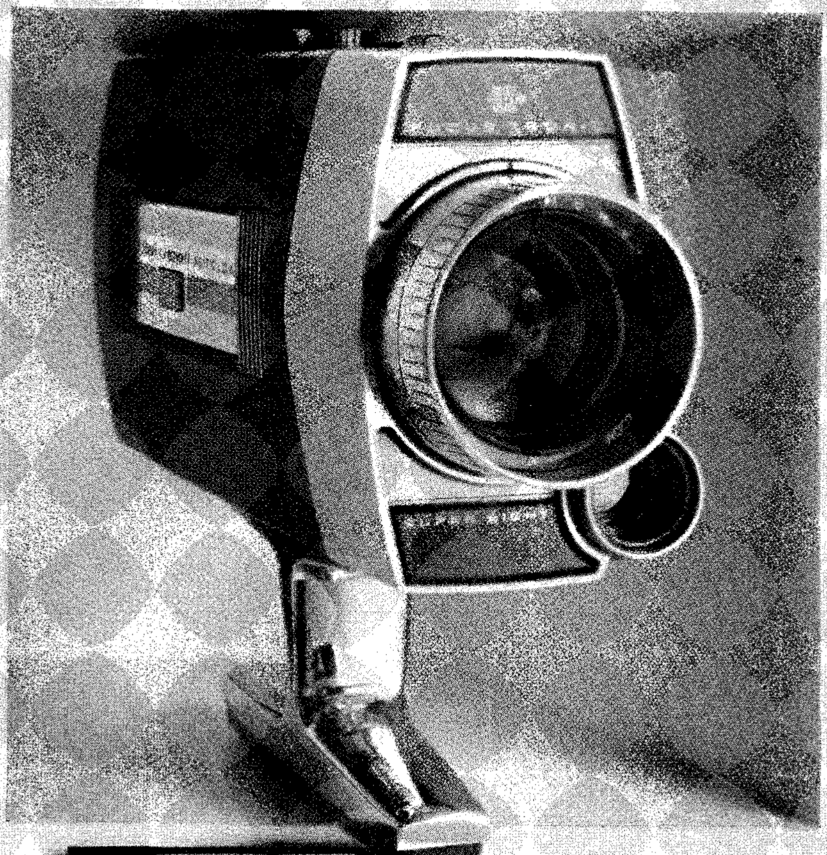

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Things;" starting Tuesday, Dec. 6. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

José de Creeft—Figurative and abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Fantin-Latour (1836-1904)—A benefit exhibition of paintings of bouquets of perfectly posed flowers; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Acquavella, 119 E. 57th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—Paintings (1909-55), including some fanciful Klee-like watercolors; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Forakis—Sculptures and the models for them; through Thursday, Dec. 8. (Park Place Gallery, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

Sidney Goodman—Static figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Figures and scenes painted with the effect of double exposure; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joellen Hall—Figurative bronze sculptures; through Dec. 17. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Hebald—Bronze sculptures, chiefly on James Joyce themes; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Higgins—Seven geometric sculptures in steel and epoxy; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Irwin—Paintings; through Dec. 17. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fritz Koenig—Semi-abstract bronzes; through Dec. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Z. Kruse—Paintings; through Dec. 13. (Burrell, 955 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Laurens (1885-1954)—Figurative bronzes, drawings, and watercolors, along with some Cubist drawings; through Dec. 31. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abel Lauvray (1870-1950)—Landscapes, plus a single self-portrait, by this recently unveiled Post-Impressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

Marcia Marcus—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Meyerowitz—Drawings, watercolors, and etchings of people and horses in action; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Carus, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Armando Morales—Muscular abstractions, most of them entitled, appropriately, "Painting;" through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Five monumental sculptures, as well as drawings and small bronzes; through Dec. 17. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Knud Nielsen—Drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Brian O'Doherty—Treating such ideas as the chess set, Duchamp's heartbeat, and a Newtonian egg in contrivances of mixed mediums; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Opper—Abstractions; through Dec. 17. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ogden Pleissner—Oils and watercolors; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eduardo Ramirez—Mainly wood constructions; through Dec. 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Siegfried Reinhardt—Symbolic paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

George Rhoads—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Tobias Schneebaum—The desert is the subject here; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

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Jo Anne Schneider—Figurative and still-life paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Alfred Sisley (1839-99)—A benefit retrospective of paintings by the French Impressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Saul Steinberg—Two exhibitions of watercolors, drawings, and collages. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. Closed Mondays.)

Keith Vaughan—Semi-abstract figure gouaches by an English contemporary; through Dec. 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Wiegand—Paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

James Wyeth—Paintings; through Dec. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Treasures of El Dorado—A bright array of Colombia's pre-Hispanic gold art—small figures and animals, pendants, nose ornaments, and other objects; through Dec. 30. (Colombian Center, 140 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

League of Present Day Artists—Hilda Carmel and Estelle Goodman are among the forty-one painters and sculptors exhibiting works in the group's twenty-sixth annual; through Friday, Dec. 9. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, noon to 8.)

Drawings; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: The Drawing Society National Exhibition, ranging from Dorothy Coulter's traditional piece to one done by James Rosenquist in mixed mediums and collage; through Dec. 13. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Examples by (for instance) Balthus, Giacometti, and Moore; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: A showing of items by Tiepolo, Boucher, Matisse, and other European artists; through Dec. 17.

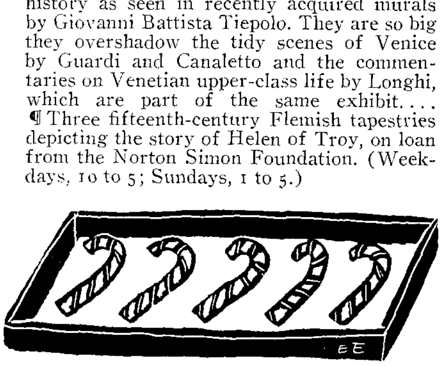
Americans; Group Show—Audrey Skaling, Andre Racz, and Jan Gelb are three of the artists participating in the gallery's tenth anniversary exhibition; through Dec. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Small sculptures and drawings related to them by, among others, Arp, Lynn Chadwick, and Frederick Kiesler; through Dec. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists as Corot, Monet, and Picasso; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and graphic art by Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele, along with objects in silver, enamel, ceramics, and glass by other members of the association known as the "Wiener Werkstaette;" through Dec. 17. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. . . . ¶ Three fifteenth-century Flemish tapestries depicting the story of Helen of Troy, on loan from the Norton Simon Foundation. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by Miró, Wesselmann, and Indiana (to name a few) make up a show called "Art in the Mirror;" through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Portrait sculptures (of Paul Robeson, Haile Selassie, and others) by Jacob Epstein; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by contemporary Japanese artists; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Jean Dubuffet, 1962-66," an exhibition of oils, drawings, gouaches, collages, and sculptures; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ "Wassily Kandinsky: Painting on Glass," a show marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Along with his glass paintings, principally on religious subjects, there will be watercolors, drawings, and prints by Kandinsky, plus anonymous examples of Bavarian glass folk art; starting Sunday, Dec. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The permanent collection will be the main show until the 1966 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Drawings, and Prints opens on Dec. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Ancient Art of Latin America," a selection of items from the Jay C. Leff collection. There are miniature figurines, large ceramic figures and vessels from Mexico, small stone sculptures and lapidary work from the Gulf Coast, and wood sculptures from Peru. Through March 5. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Sunday, Dec. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of etchings, watercolors, pastels, and oils by Childe Hassam; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by contemporary American artists (Will Barnet, Margit Beck, Anthony Toney, and the like) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibit of bronzes of India's gods and goddesses, created for three religious sects (Jains, Buddhists, and Hindus); through Dec. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Selections of Chinese Art from Private Collections in the Metropolitan Area," a display of ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and jade objects from the Shang Dynasty to the eighteenth century; through Jan. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Art of Antonio Berni," a showing of paintings, prints, and constructions by this Argentinian artist; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, containing brightly colored abstractions from the late thirties, monochrome paintings from the fifties and sixties, cartoons, and placards; through Jan. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its miniatures; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Early Flemish drawings and manuscripts; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of "People Figures," as represented by contemporary doll-forms by Niki de Saint-Phalle and William King, a twelfth-century Madonna and Child, a nineteenth-century Santa Claus, and folk art from many parts of the world; through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Masks and Sculptures from the collection of Gustave and Franyo Schindler," made up of examples from Africa, New Guinea, prehistoric Turkey, and the Greek Cycladic Islands; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Justino Díaz, Jess Thomas, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Faust," with Teresa Stratas, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Justino Díaz, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Belén Amparán, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Teresa Stratas, Franco Corelli, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Ludmila Dvorakova, Irene Dalis, Ticho Parly, Walter Cassel, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8: A new production of Wagner's "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Christa Ludwig, Sándor Kónya, Jerome Hines, Walter Berry, and Sherrill Milnes. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Belén Amparán, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, James King, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Elena Cernei, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 5, and Fridays, 9 to 2.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—"Madame Butterfly," the final performance of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 2, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 5, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano); and performances of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" on Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 9, at 2:15; and Monday, Dec. 12, at 7:30 (all with Gladys Kuchta, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Stanley Kolk, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30 (with Eugene List, piano).

MOSCOW CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Rudolf Barshai conducting an all-Haydn program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Walter Trampler, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall—Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 5, at 8:30: Yehudi Menuhin conducting and acting as violin soloist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30: Leopold Stokowski directing a benefit concert (for tickets, call RE 4-2130), with Sylvia Zaremba, piano, and the Schola Cantorum of New York.

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Lamberto Gardelli directing a performance of Cherubini's "Medea" in concert form, with Gwyneth Jones and Jane Marsh, sopranos; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Aldo Bottion, tenor; and Carlo Cava, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

CHAMBER SYMPHONY OF PHILADELPHIA—Anshel Brusilow conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Carl Bamberger conducting, with Masako Yanagita, violin. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 632 W. 156th St. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ESTERHAZY ORCHESTRA—David Blum conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Leonid Kogan, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 10-11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Martin Josman directing a program of music by J. S. Bach, with Donna Jeffrey, soprano; Corinne Curry, mezzo-soprano; Richard Krause, tenor; and Marvin Hayes, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Nicholas Harsanyi directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the first in a series of three performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB AND CONCERT BAND—A joint concert, with Bailey Harvey and Elias Dann directing. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 3086 or Ext. 2391.)

RECITALS

NEW ART STRING TRIO—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

MARILYN NEELEY—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

HARTT CHAMBER PLAYERS—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

JANET BAKER—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

ROBERT CASADESUS AND ZINO FRANCESCATTI—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas for piano and violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3.)

AEOLIAN CHAMBER PLAYERS—With Alice Howland, *Sprechstimme*. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:40.)

GLENN YARBROUGH—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:40.)

GRETE SULTAN—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 5:15.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

TERESA BERGANZA—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

LEONID KOGAN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

RAFAEL PUYANA—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

JUDY COLLINS—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:40.)

JUDITH RASKIN—Soprano, in a German lieder program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.)

ALI AKBAR KHAN—Sarodist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

JOY POTTLE SMITH—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

LILI KRAUS—The fourth in a series of nine concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano concertos, with the Mozart Chamber Orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

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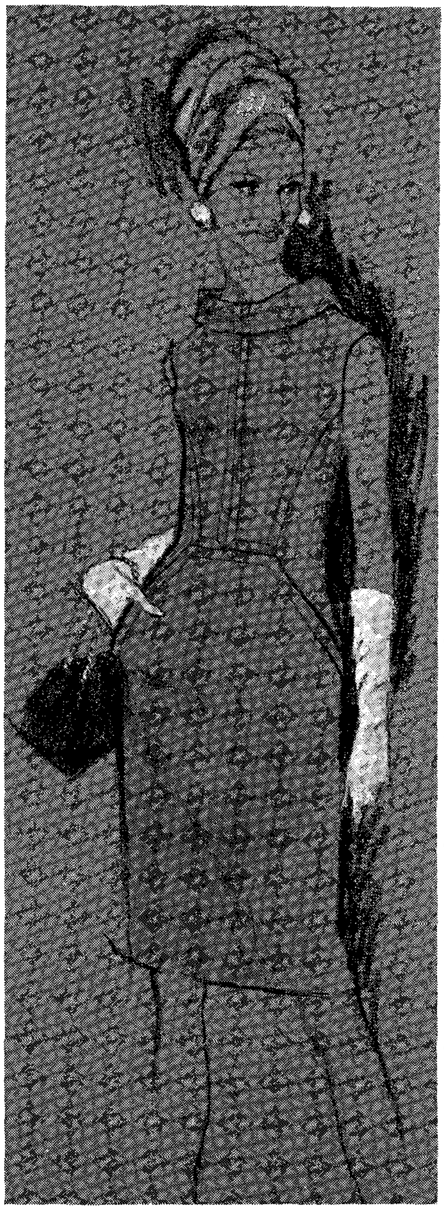

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Lillian Fuchs, viola, and Brooks Smith, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in the second of two identical performances. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and harpsichord, in a program of Handel sonatas. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 11:30.)

Note—Alicia de Larrocha will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 5, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Randy Weston's sextet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Duke Ellington, with the Dinizulu African Dancers, in a benefit program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call 421-2500.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 6:30: Boston vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 4, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 10. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 10. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 2.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA: Siegfried Landau conducting, with Terence Braverman, sixteen-year-old cellist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:30.) . . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Così Fan Tutte," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30.)

Apparition Theatre of Prague—Presenting a program of pantomime and ballet. (Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. 245-4289. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Gingerbread Boy," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MARA AND HER COMPANY: "Princess Qua Qua: A Russian Fairy Tale." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 11.) . . . MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS: "Sam Stiller: Private Eye." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS: "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 249-6978.) . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Mr. Scrooge." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . UNIT THEATRE GROUP: "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Saturdays and Sundays at 1.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop—Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas Time." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Robert Graves reading from his own works. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ William Meredith and F. D. Reeve reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Barbara Howes and James Merrill reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 7, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 1, at 10:30 and 1:45: Oriental art belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, at 1:45: English and French furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 10:30: African and Oceanic art, from the Bowern-Campbell collection and from other sources. . . . ¶ Two sales in a six-session auction of property of the late Helen M. De Kay—Thursday, Dec. 8, at 10:30: Paintings and drawings by Old Masters and by artists of the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 2. . . . Thursday, Dec. 8, at 1:45: Jade and other Oriental art. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 2.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 13, 17, 25, 28, and 31, and Jan. 3 and 7.

Boxing—José Torres vs. Dick Tiger, 15 rounds, for the World Light Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Dec. 16.)

Professional Football—At YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Dec. 18. . . .

SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Boston Patriots, Dec. 17.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 11, 14, 21, 27, and 29, and Jan. 1 and 8.

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 3-March 4.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 17-18.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Jan. 11.)

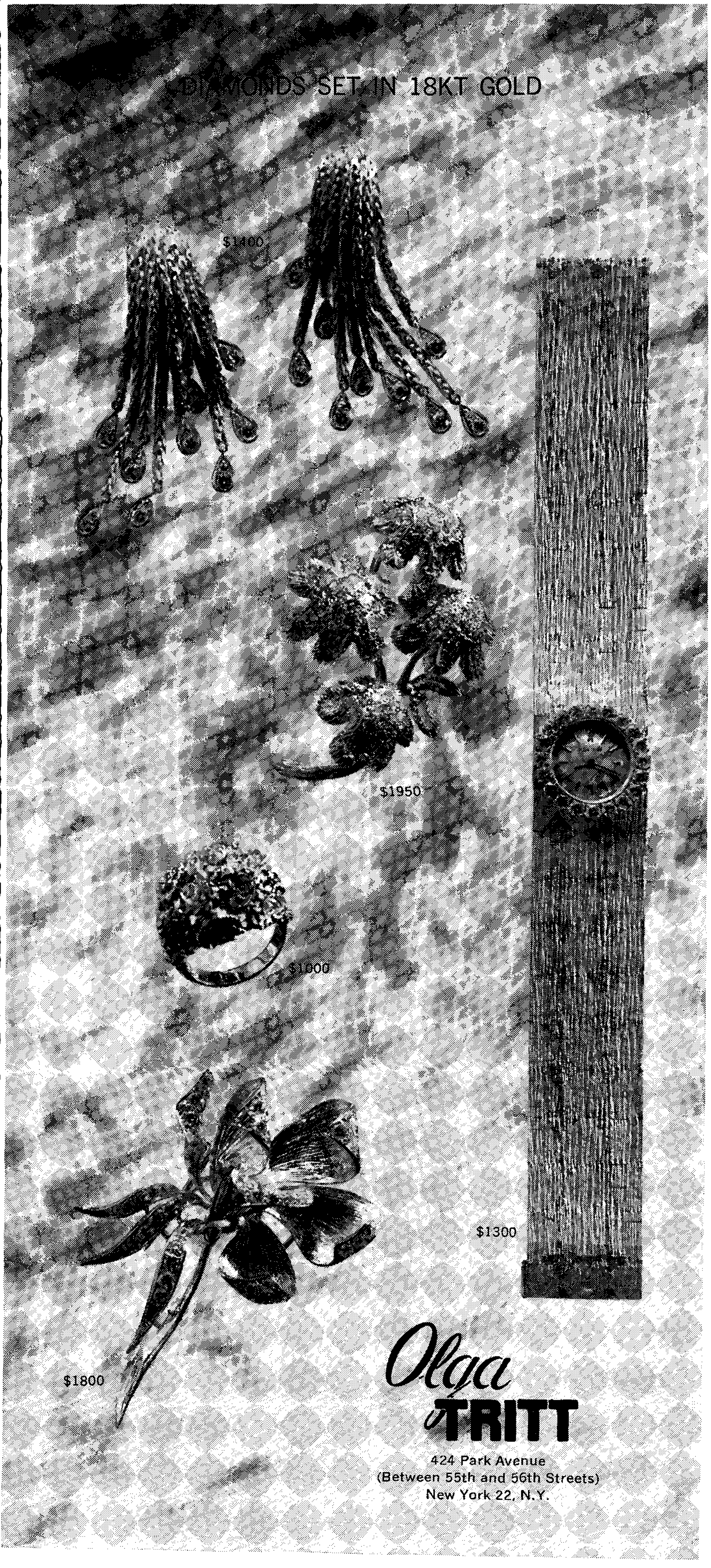
TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Jan. 3-March 3.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA,** Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 15. . . . **METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL COMPANY,** City Center (CI 6-8989): The season will open on Jan. 5, with Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia," and will run through Feb. 11. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 20. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 13 and Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Karl Richter, organ, Dec. 17 and 20. . . . ¶ Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 18-19. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitarist, Dec. 21-23. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Jan. 4. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Sidney Foster, piano, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 18-19 and Jan. 8-9. . . . ¶ Leonid Kogan, violin, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Pete Seeger, folk singer, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra, Dec. 24, 27, and 30. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Zurich Chamber Orchestra, Jan. 8. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Clarion Concert, Dec. 13. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Obernkirchen Children's Choir, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ I Musici, Jan. 7. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): I Musici, Jan. 6.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Agatha Sue, I Love You," a comedy by Abe Einhorn, starring Ray Walston and Corbett Monica. . . . ¶ A three-week revival by the New York City Center Light Opera Company of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel," with Bruce Yarnell, Constance Towers, Nancy Dussault, Patricia Neway, Jack De Lon, and Michael Kermoyan. . . . ¶ Neil Simon's new comedy, "The Star-Spangled Girl," in which Anthony Perkins, Connie Stevens, and Richard Benjamin serve as the whole cast. . . . ¶ Mary Tyler Moore and Richard Chamberlain in "Breakfast at Tiffany's," a musical adapted by Edward Albee from Truman Capote's novella, with music and lyrics by Bob Merrill. . . . ¶ A limited engagement of "At the Drop of Another Hat," a new edition of the London revue created and performed by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. . . . ¶ The National Players Company in a five-week engagement of Peter Weiss's "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade." . . . ¶ The Royal Shakespeare Company, from Stratford on Avon, presenting Harold Pinter's latest play, "The Homecoming." . . . ¶ A suspense thriller, "The Astrakhan Coat," by Pauline Macaulay, with Roddy McDowall and Brian Bedford in the leading roles.

POETRY READINGS—Yevgeny Yevtushenko. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4716, Dec. 19.)

OTHER DATES—The first day of winter is Thursday, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Salzburg Marionette Theatre, at Town Hall, Dec. 23-Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Sundays; Monday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Jan. 2, will be holidays. . . . ¶ Ice Follies of 1967, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 10-22. . . . ¶ National Boat Show, at the Coliseum, Jan. 14-22. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Monday, Jan. 16.


DIAMONDS SET IN 18KT GOLD

Olga TRITT
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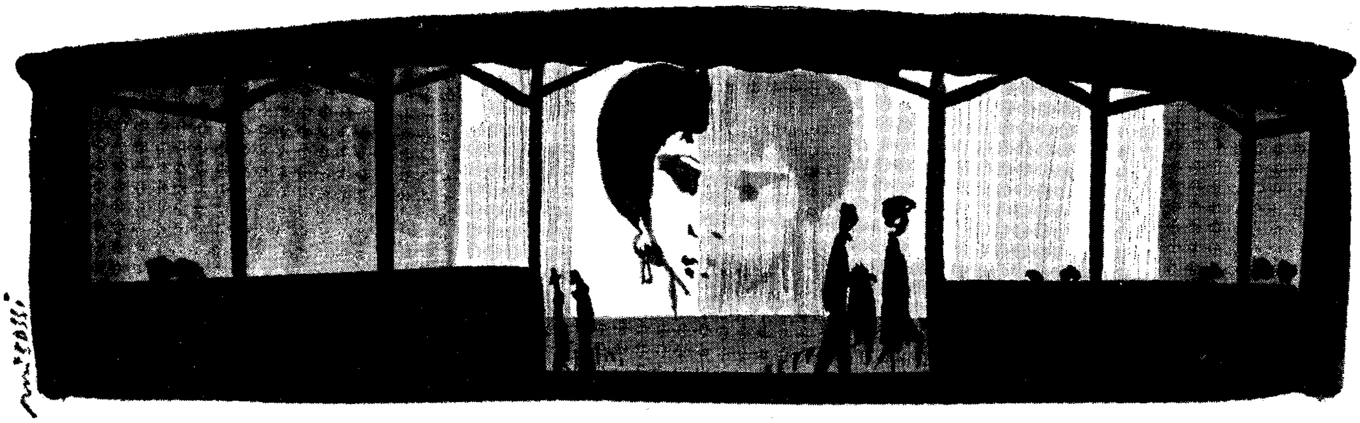
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE



Any Wednesday—An improvement on the original Broadway comedy. With Jane Fonda as the girl, Jason Robards as the tycoon who has tucked her away in his company's executive suite, Rosemary Murphy as the tycoon's wife, and Dean Jones as the girl's rescuer. The clever screenplay is by Julius J. Epstein. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 6.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Le Bonheur—Agnès Varda has written a simple and touching story about how to have happiness and lose it. She has also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his decorative family. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 2-4. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 7.)

Chushingura—Honor lost and recaptured amidst buckets of blood in old Japan. With Toshiro Mifune. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

The Fortune Cookie—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon in a sour, funny comedy about a crooked lawyer and his last-minute comeuppance. Directed by Billy Wilder. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A successful replica of the bawdy Broadway musical. With Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Buster Keaton, and hundreds of pretty girls. Directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling acting their talented heads off in a wry English comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. . . . ¶ Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Dec. 7.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of pretty scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Is Paris Burning?—The flop of the year, or perhaps the decade. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Kaleidoscope—A slick melodrama, starring Warren Beatty, Susannah York, and an English castle of doubtful ancestry. Directed by Jack Smight. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Dec. 7.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Milos Forman. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Shameless Old Lady—An acting triumph by the octogenarian Sylvie, and a directorial triumph by a young Frenchman named René Allio. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 6.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 3.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 1.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. With Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Dec. 6.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 7.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 1.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 6.)

Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 7.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 3-4.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Dec. 2.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 3.)

The Quare Fellow (1963)—Brendan Behan's play about a hanging in a Dublin prison. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 1.)

The 10th Victim (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this movie about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. In Italian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Lotte Lenya in the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical. In German. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 5.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 5.)

Variety Lights (1965)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Dec. 2.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 4.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—The last four programs in a series of films by the French director Abel Gance. Dec. 1 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Lucrezia Borgia" (1935), with Edwige Feuillère. . . . Dec. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "J'Accuse!" (1938). . . . Dec. 3 at 11:30 and 5:30 and Dec. 4 at 2: "Napoleon" (1925). . . . Dec. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "La Roue" (1922). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964), in Italian, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2 and 5:30: To be announced. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Documentary films produced by David L. Wolper. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311. . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
IS PARIS BURNING?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Follow Me, Boys!," Fred MacMurray, Vera Miles.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30, Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
GEORGY GIRL.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
DR. STRANGELOVE, revival; and **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 6: **ANY WEDNESDAY.**
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"What's Up, Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Dec. 7: **GEORGY GIRL.**

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Texas Across the River," Dean Martin, Alain Delon.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Dec. 1: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** and **BREATHLESS** (both in French and both revivals).
Dec. 2-4: **LE BONHEUR** (in French).
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GEORGY GIRL.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE QUARE FELLOW, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 6: **ANY WEDNESDAY;** and "Fireball 500," Frankie Avalon.
From Dec. 7: **KALEIDOSCOPE;** and "The Tramplers," Joseph Cotten, Gordon Scott.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Eyewitness . . . North Viet Nam," a documentary film; and "Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Dec. 2: **OPEN CITY** and **VARIETY LIGHTS** (both in Italian and both revivals).
Dec. 3-4: **NOTHING BUT A MAN,** revival; and "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton.
Dec. 5-6: "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
From Dec 7: "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson; and "The Life of Emile Zola," revival, Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 6: **ANY WEDNESDAY;** and "Walk in the Shadow," Patrick McGoohan, Janet Munro.
From Dec. 7: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and "The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 7: "Cul-de-Sac," Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Dec. 5: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival.
From Dec. 6: **CASQUE D'OR** (in French), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 5: "Alvarez Kelly," William Holden, Richard Widmark; and "3 on a Couch," Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.
Dec. 6: "Meet Me in St. Louis," revival, Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Dec. 7: "Return of the Seven," Yul Brynner; and "Namu, the Killer Whale," Robert Lansing.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 6: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Counterfeit Constable," Robert Dhéry.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

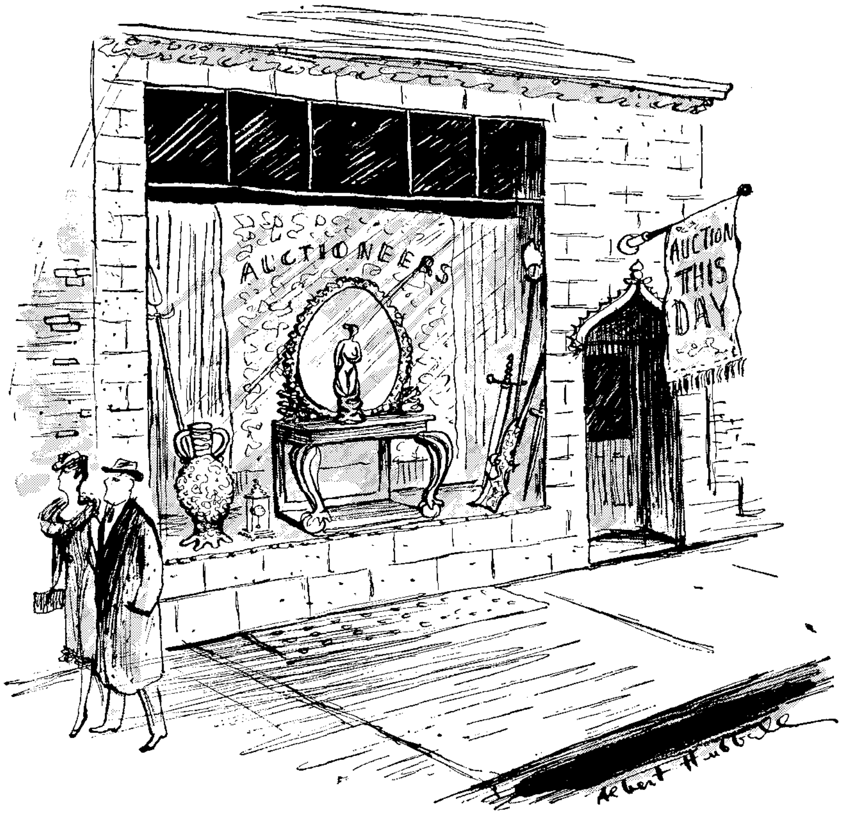
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

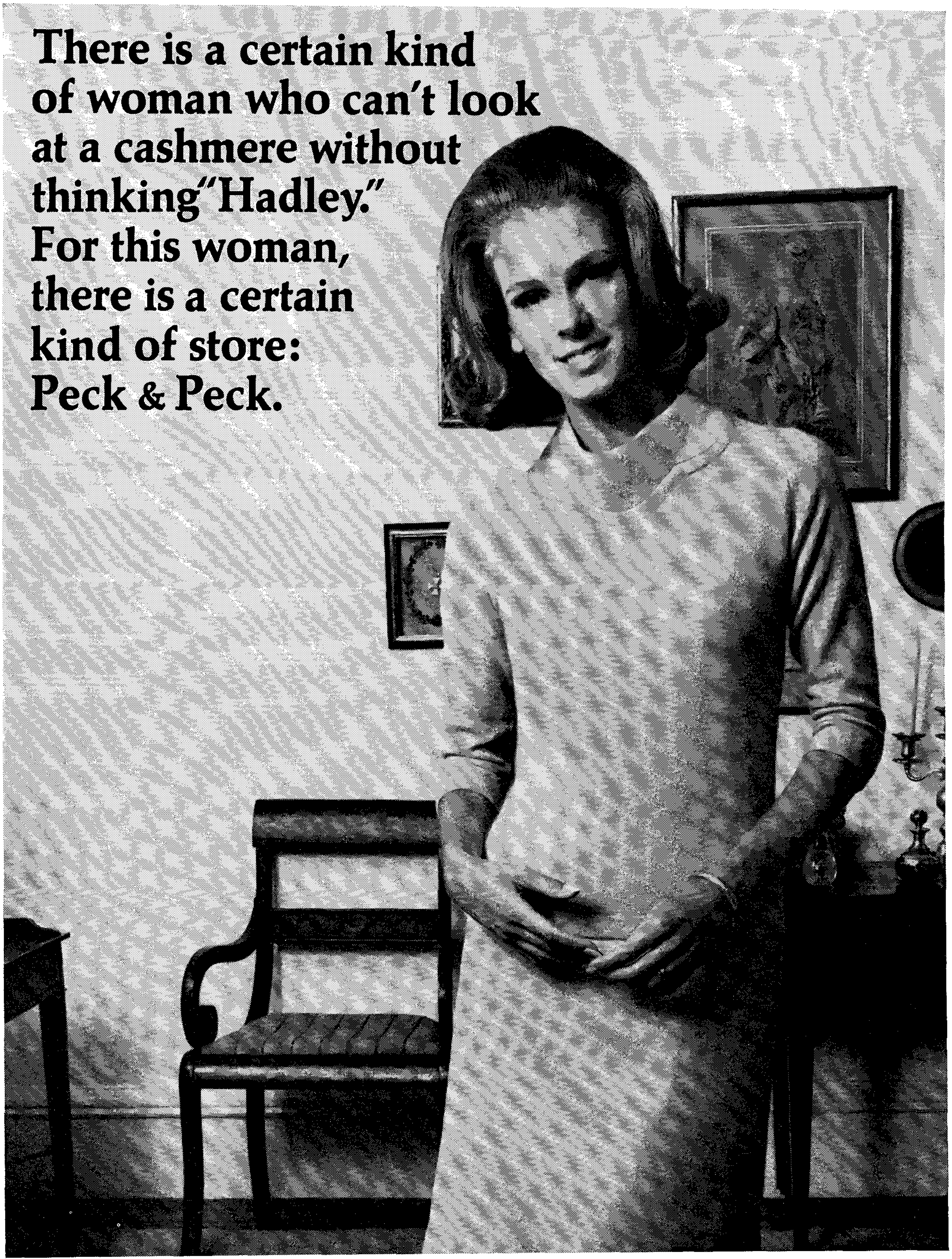
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 7: **MATA HARI,** revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 6: **HENRY V,** revival; and "The Captain's Table," revival, John Gregson, Peggy Cummins.
From Dec. 7: "Return of the Seven," Yul Brynner; and "Ulysses," revival, Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 1: **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE,** revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary on Mexico.
Dec. 2: "Ashes and Diamonds" and "Kanal" (both in Polish and both revivals).
Dec. 3: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
Dec. 4: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival.
Dec. 5: **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
From Dec. 6: "The Bridge" (in German), revival; and "Aren't We Wonderful?" (in German), revival, Robert Graf.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 6: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).
From Dec. 7: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.





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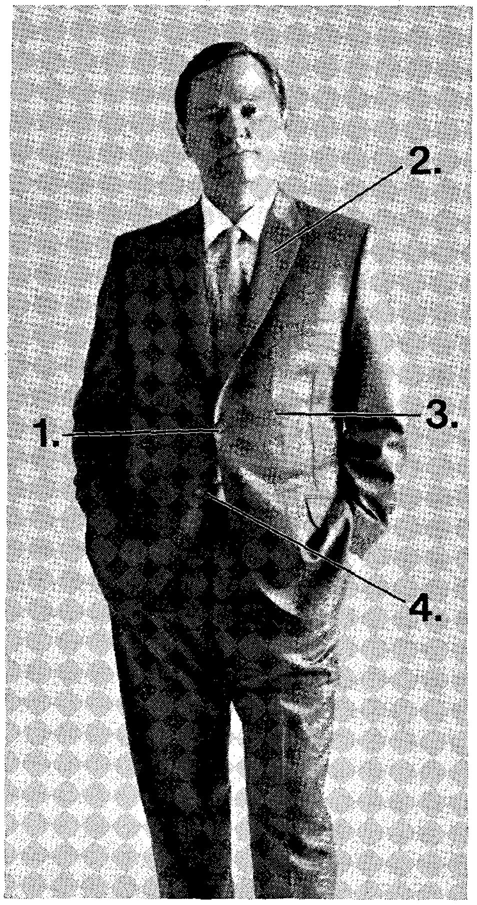
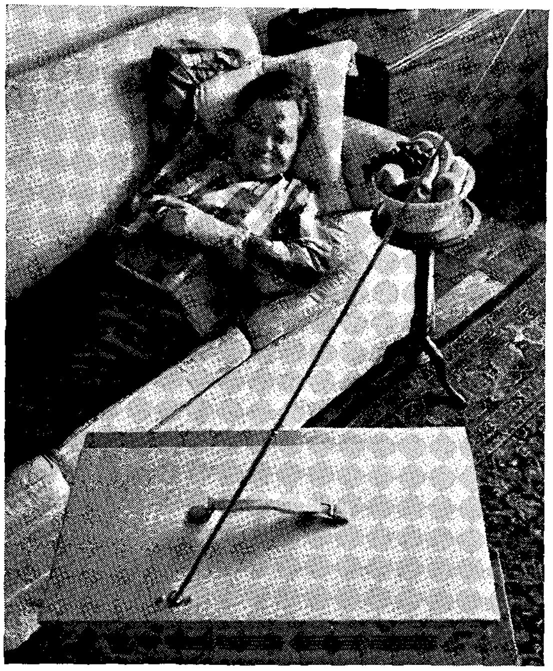


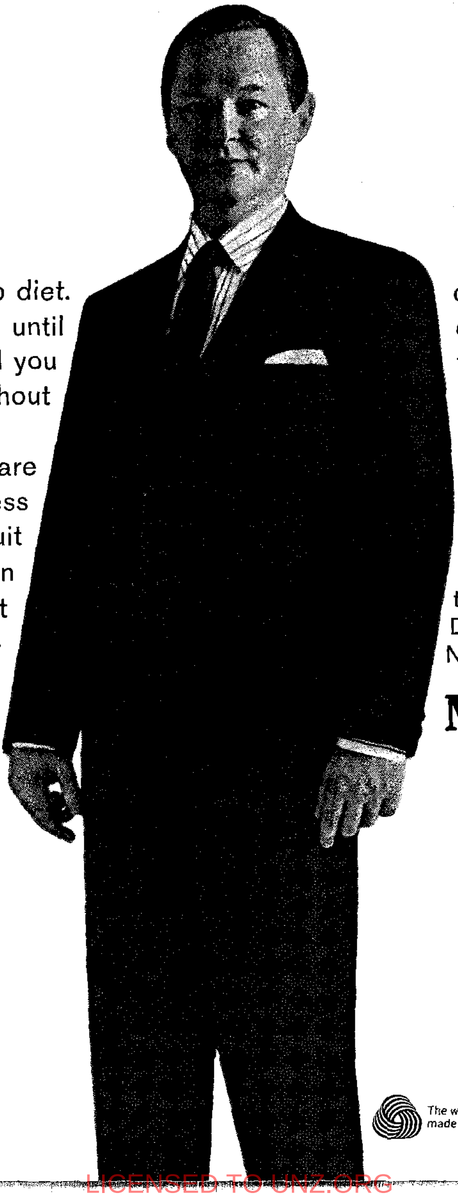


This is a fitted suit. Fine for some—but not for you.

1. Buttons are too high.
2. Lapels are too wide. They make you look chunky.
3. You haven't the figure for a close-fitted waist and chest. See that pulling at the button?
4. Front is too cut-away. You need straighter lines.

See below for transformation.

You are an endomorph



You are if you love food too much to diet. You are if you believe in lying down until the urge to exercise goes away. And you are if you can sleep sixteen hours without batting an eye.

Great. But it shows, fellows. Here are some clothing tips to make it look less obvious. Michaels/Stern invented a suit style just for you. It's the two-button model shown due right. See what it does for the belly? Almost a disappearing act. That's because of the cut. Straight up-and-down lines. No sharp curves. And no fattening patterns. If you insist on a pattern, make it a stripe. Otherwise stick to solid colors—they needn't be dull.

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Florissant, Missouri	Bill Mueller, Jewelry
Fort Wayne, Indiana	Springer Jewelers
Fort Worth, Texas	Chambers Jewelers
Freeport, Illinois	Luecke's Jewelry
Fresno, California	Edmonds of Fresno, Inc.
Gainesville, Florida	Robertson Jewelers
Grand Forks, No. Dak.	Davis Jewelry Co., Inc.
Greeley, Colorado	Graybeal's Jewelry Co.
Greenville, So. Carolina	Rodgers Jewelers
Huntington, W. Virginia	C. F. Reuschlein, Inc.
Indianapolis, Indiana	L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc.
Jefferson City, Mo.	Duncan Jewelry Store
Johnstown, Pennsylvania	James Jewelers
Kansas City, Kansas	Winkler's Jewelers
Knoxville, Tennessee	Fogarty Jewelry
Lafayette, Indiana	L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc.
Las Vegas, Nevada	Christensen Jewelers
Lewiston, Maine	Baribault Jewelers
Lincoln, Nebraska	Steven Jewelers, Inc.
Long Beach, California	Brown Jewelers
Lubbock, Texas	Payne's Jewelers
Mansfield, Ohio	Miller's Jewelry
Medford, Oregon	Tyrrell Hart Jewelers
Memphis, Tenn.	Gerber's Dept. Store-Fine Jlry.
Mesa, Arizona	Karl A. Gunnell Jewelers
Minneapolis, Minnesota	Ardell Jewelry Inc.
Minot, North Dakota	Steenstrup Jewelers
Mobile, Alabama	Elliott Jewelry
Modesto, California	Tiffan's Jewelry
Newark, Ohio	Herman L. Art Jewelers
New Iberia, La.	Junius P. Armentor Jewelers
Newport Beach, California	Barr Jewelry
New York, New York	Merrin Jewelry
Oakland, California	Davidson & Licht Jewelry
Olympia, Washington	Tony's Credit Jewelers
Paducah, Kentucky	Rogers Jewelers
Palo Alto, California	Julius Rapp Jewelers
Panama City, Fla.	Armstrong Dia. & Bride Shop
Parma, Ohio	Julian Jewelers
Phoenix, Arizona	Paul Johnson Jewelers
Pittsfield, Mass.	Comet's Jewelry Store
Portland, Oregon	Stevens & Son, Jewelers
Rapid City, So. Dak.	Landstrom's Jewelry Store
Reading, Pa.	Laughlin McKinney Jewelers
Reno, Nevada	R. Herz & Bro., Inc.
Riverside, California	Luman Green Jewelry
Roswell, N. Mexico	Huff's Jewelry Store
Sacramento, Cal.	Edwin A. Grebitus & Son Jlry.
St. Louis, Missouri	Kiefer's Jewelers
Salem, Oregon	Stevens & Son
Salt Lake City, U.	Norman G. Berndt Jewelers
San Bernardino, California	Kelley's Jewelers
Sandusky, Ohio	Schuler Jewelry
Santa Barbara, California	Pandolfi Jewelers
Santa Cruz, California	Shockley Jewelry
Santa Fe, N. Mexico	Gordon's Jewelry
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Selma, Alabama	Gray's Jewelry
Sheboygan, Wisc.	Kenneth A. Froh Jewelers
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Superior, Wisconsin	Nummi Jewelers
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Tuscaloosa, Alabama	Gem Jewelers
Waterloo, Iowa	Norris G. Clark Jewelers
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Whittier, California	Whittwood Jewelers

What is E.T.I.?

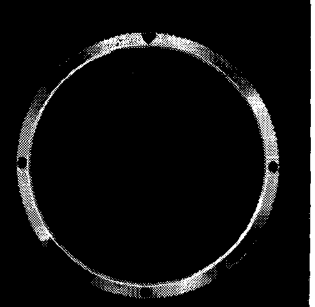
E.T.I. stands for the Elapsed Time Indicator. Set it to remind you what time to meet your wife. How long you've been under in your scuba gear. When to put another dime in the parking meter.

It's standard equipment on the Wyler 660. So is the self-winding movement, automatic date, heavy duty stainless steel case. We call it the 660 because it's guaranteed waterproof down to 660 feet, providing crystal is intact and genuine Wyler parts are used.

All Wyler watches feature the Incaflex balance wheel—guaranteed against shock for the life of the watch—replaced free if ever broken. The Swiss who make Wyler watches know and love their craft. And it shows in the beautiful precision of their work.

Illustrated watch: $95.00. Other beautiful watches for ladies and men at your jeweler.

Wyler incaflex 660



Elapsed Time Indicator.

Wyler Watch Corporation, New York 10010; Wyler Watch Factory, Bienne, Switzerland.

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NO WELL-GROOMED GENTLEMAN SHOULD BE WITHOUT THE ARAMIS EXECUTIVE LUNCH PAIL

It's the prestige piece of luggage to be seen with these days, because Estée Lauder has packed it to the brim with the things a man needs to look his best—After Shave, Shaving Foam, Hair Stay, Deodorant Spray, Bath Soap, nail brush and cotton terry hand towel. The present-perfect for the men on your list who have everything. They'll need them to carry to the club, gym, office, airport, even back to college. $15. Toiletries. Mail and phone orders filled.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO
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MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS
PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD

Pringle of Scotland

A man's kind of sweater luxury, this two-ply pullover, knitted in Scotland by Pringle. Easy-fitting saddle shoulder. Ten noble colors: wine, navy, coffee, grey, natural, charcoal, blue or green lovat, gold, black. Cashmere, $37.50. Lambswool, $16. Ask in fine stores and men's shops or write Pringle of Scotland Limited, 24 West 40 Street, New York, New York 10018.

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FOR PURSE, FOR TRAVEL • LEAKPROOF AND REFILLABLE

JAMAICA

©JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD

You haven't heard Jamaica until you've heard Jamaica's marimba box. It's like a bass fiddle. Only we sit on it.

You usually hear the marimba box with maracas and a guitar.

It goes *thoomp*. It *thoomps* out the beat.

But differently from a bass. Tuned *keys* are plucked instead of strings, resounding in a *boxy* box instead of a curvy one. And the thoomp seems thoompier.

It accompanies almost everything in Jamaica.

Hear it as you dine on a nighttime terrace. Masses of bougainvillea around you. Sea swishing nearby. Candlelight. Waiters padding about with heaped plates.

Lazy, sensual music is thoomping away in the background.

Hear it thoomping to our sweet-voiced swinging singers. "The shine eye girl is a trouble to a man, she want and she want and she want."

Hear it thoomping fox-trot. Rumba. Cha-cha. Watusi. Ska.

Ska? That's our own arm-flinging, head-jerking craziness. "A Night of Living Ska!", "Skamania!" screech the posters for local dances. And the thoomp is upbeat, wild, driving.

But not *all* our music thoomps.

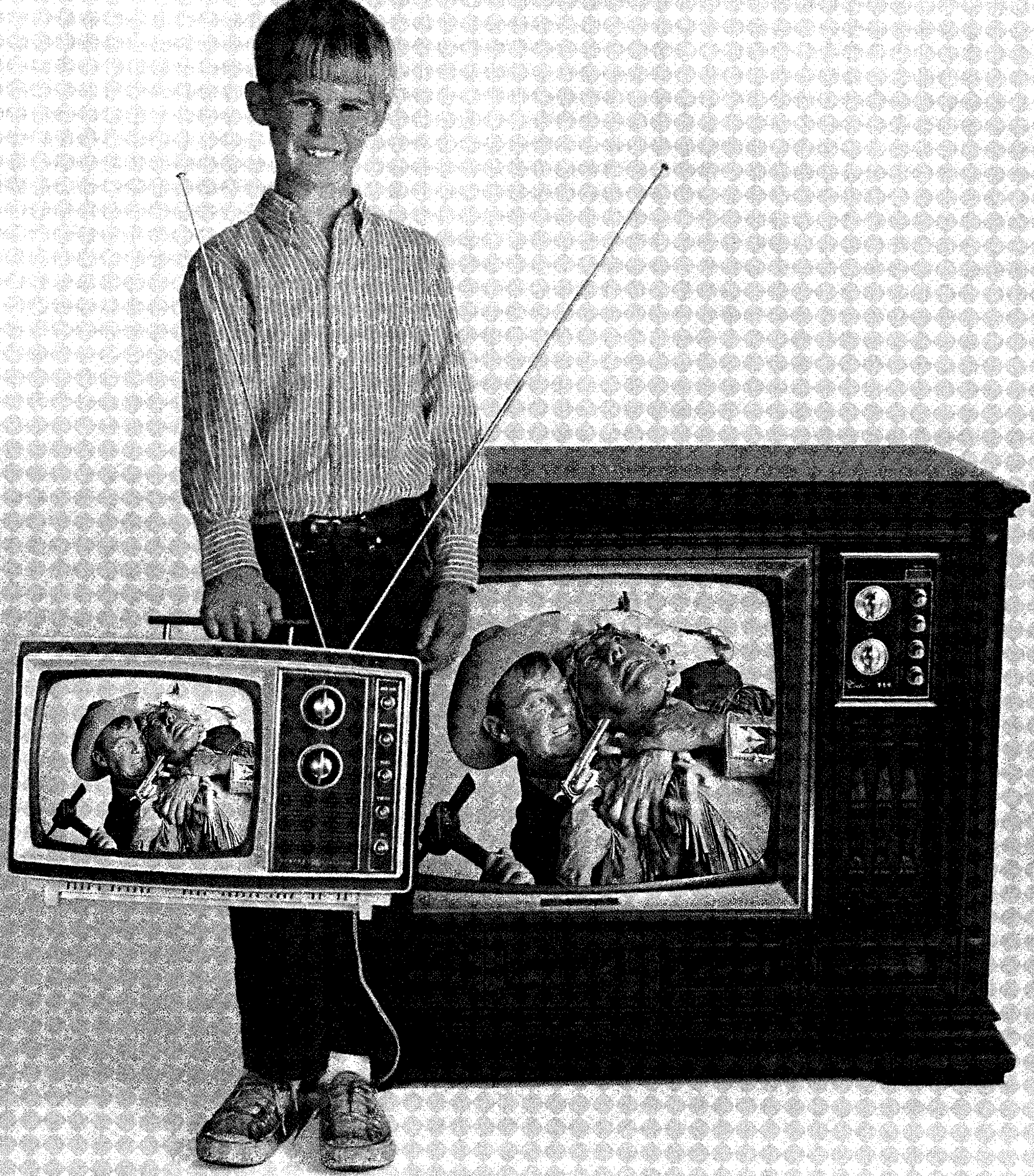
There's Gilbert and Sullivan at the Jamaica Opera. And Jamaican lullabies. And road diggers' songs. And our animals' songs.

Cheep. Tweet. Mockingbirds, finches, singing for their supper at Miss Salmon's bird sanctuary every afternoon at 4:00.

Tooteet. Tooteet. Whistling frogs at night. They sound like flutes.

Even the way we speak is sing-song. "Is ready, you ready, already?" means, are you ready?

For more about our warbling and garbling, see your travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, Miami, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Toronto.



Now color TV doesn't have to be big to be good.

Take a look.

We've put every bit of our color console know-how into Porta-Color.

Unlike the big boys, Porta-Color can be carried around, room to room, with one hand.

And it's half the price. $269.95.*

Of course, if you like big screen color that also happens to be a beautiful piece of furniture, tune in our color consoles with exclusive "Meter Guide" tuning. (It takes all the guesswork out of getting a good color picture.)

Either way, G.E. gives you juicy color.

Still not sold?

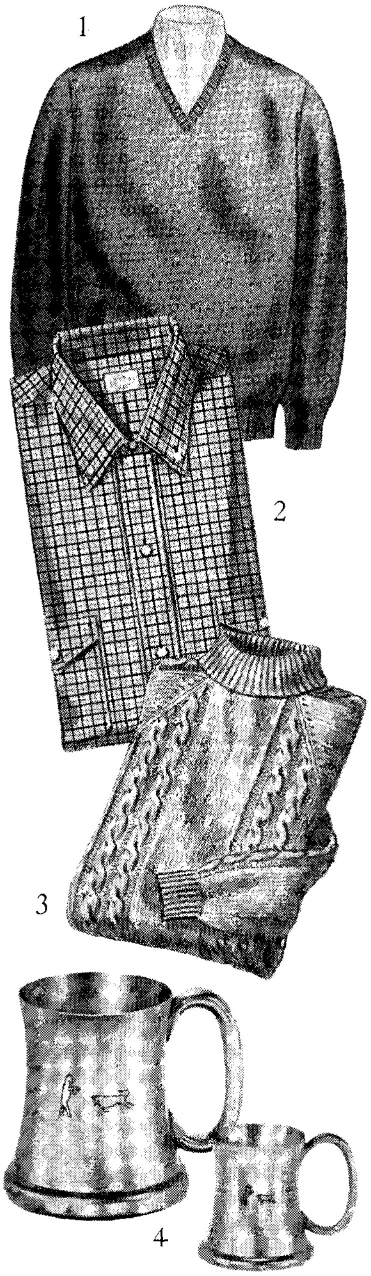
Take another look.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Simulated TV pictures.

DISTINCTIVE GIFTS EVERY MAN LIKES

featuring traditional items that are exclusive with us



CLASSIC PULLOVER SWEATERS in luxurious cashmere from Scotland. Natural, blue or green lovat, navy, black, wine, medium or charcoal grey, charcoal blue or brown. 38 to 46, $32.50; sleeveless style, $22.50

BROOKSFLANNEL SPORT SHIRTS made by us with button-down collar of our own 80% cotton, 20% wool blend. Red-black, blue-black, gold-black Tattersall checks. 14½ to 16½, $18.50; scarlet, blue, maize, hunter green, cream white, navy, beige, $15

CABLE STITCH SKI SWEATER, hand-knit for us in Denmark of blue, gold or green Shetland wool*, $42.50. Also Icelandic ski sweaters in interesting Viking designs, $50

ENGRAVED PEWTER for stock market investors, with bull-and-bear design. 12 oz. mug, $14.50; 2 oz. jigger, $6.50

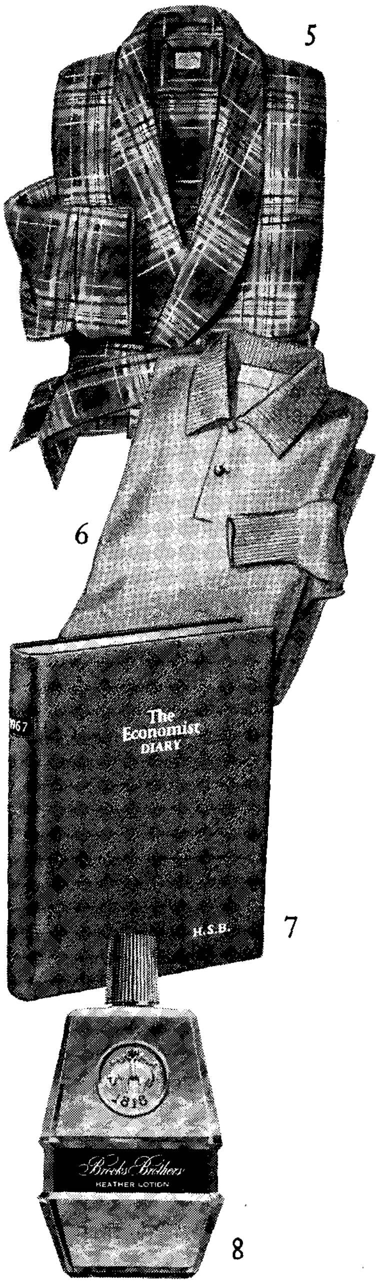
HANDSOME ROBES of lightweight wool-and-cotton in Campbell Dress (blue-green-white), Black Watch (navy-green) or MacDonald (red-blue-green) Tartans. Also in navy, red, black or blue, $37.50

SWEATER-SHIRT of lightweight wool knit from Allen Solly. Navy, black, London blue, burgundy or hunter green*. Long sleeves, $17.50; short sleeves, $16.50

THE 1967 ECONOMIST DIARY, our exclusive American edition of the superb diary published by *The Economist* of England. 13 months' diary, 40 pages of Americana and 32 pages of world information, 40 pages of maps in color. 8″x10″, spiral bound, red leather cover, gold leaf initials, $12.50

OUR EXCLUSIVE ALL-PURPOSE LOTIONS for after shave or shower. Heather—light yet tangy, or Lime—cool and invigorating. 6 oz., $5; 12 oz., $8.50. Also Herb or Sandalwood colognes. 6 oz., $6; 12 oz., $10

*small, medium, large, extra large.



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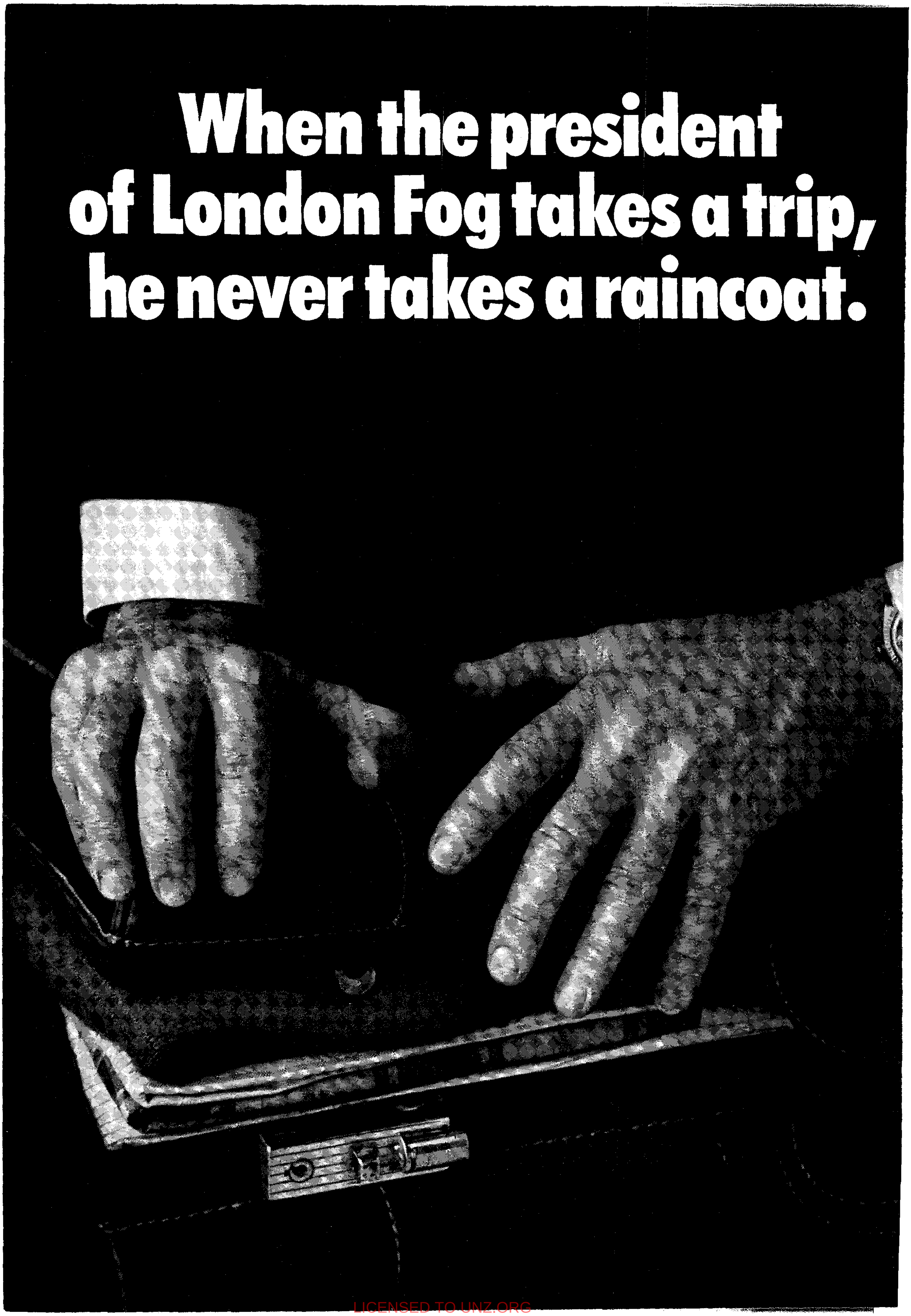

When the president
of London Fog takes a trip,
he never takes a raincoat.

Our president takes trips, but he never takes a raincoat. Or an overcoat. Or a top coat.

All he takes is his Maincoat.®

And he has nobody to thank but himself. The Maincoat was his idea.

It came to him 13 years ago when he thought that people might like to have a water-repellent coat they could wear in the sun.

So he began to make the Maincoat with an exclusive, water-repellent fabric you could wash and wear and he could weave into all sorts of colors and patterns.

And he tailored the Maincoat to fit people, not department store dummies.

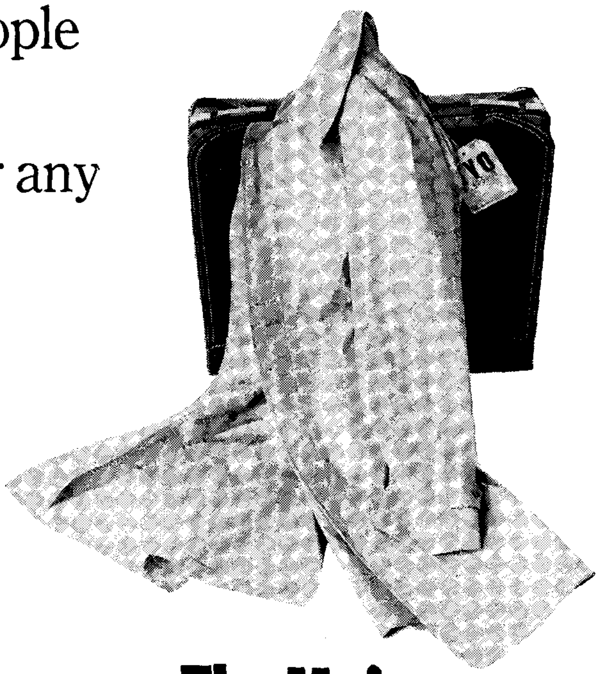
He made some with luxurious liners you could zip-in for winter and out for spring.

And every Maincoat he made, he made well.

This way, he thought, people would be proud to wear the Maincoat everywhere, under any conditions. Rain or no rain.

And he was right.

Come to think of it, he usually is. Maybe that's why he's president.



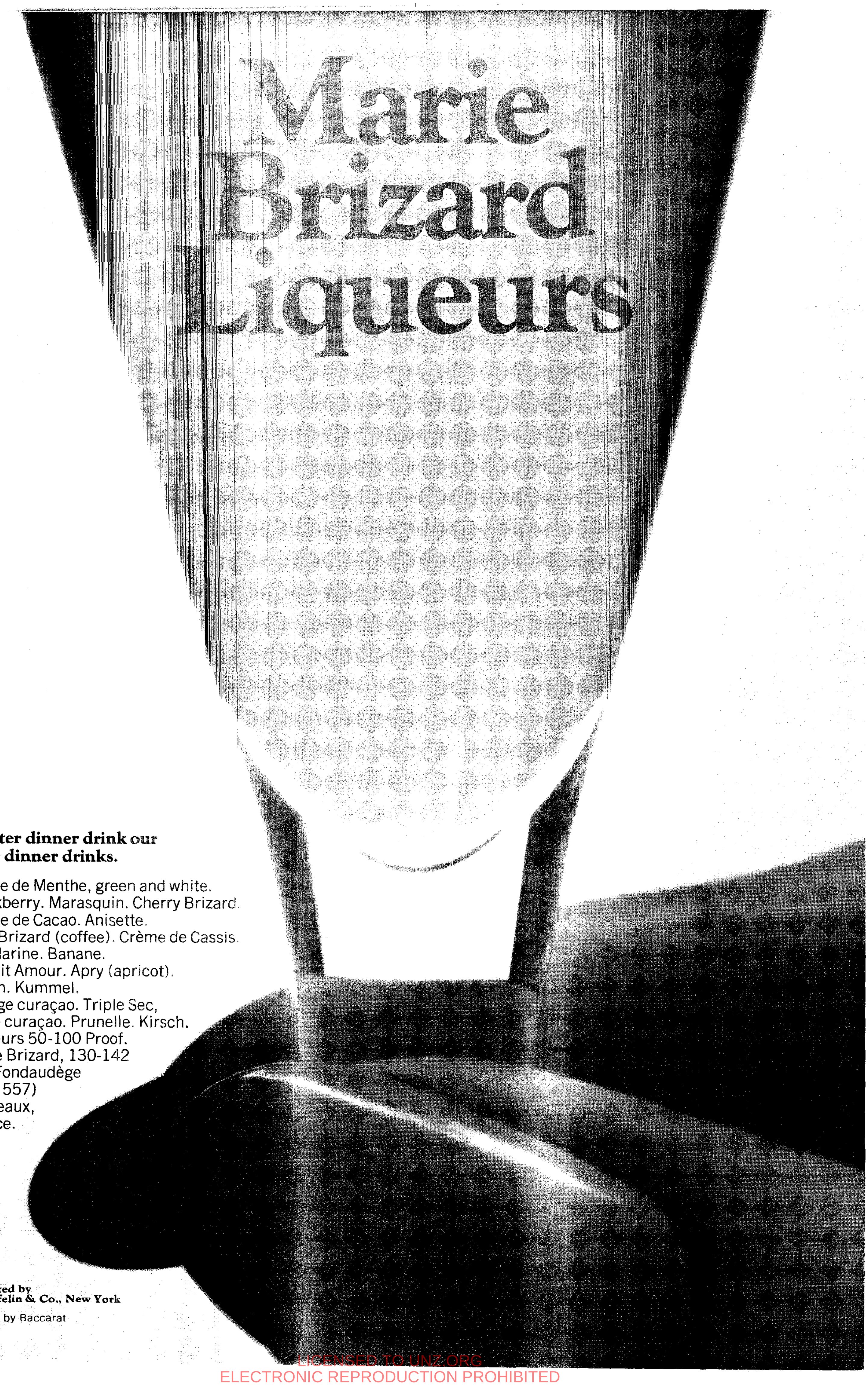
The Maincoat
by London Fog

The WHISP—a very light weight Maincoat of Dacron® Polyester and cotton. In bone, about $45. Slightly higher west of the Rockies. London Fog®, Baltimore, MD.

Fur by Georges Kaplan

"Aren't you wearing Tweed ( )?"

LENTHÉRIC LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK



After dinner drink our after dinner drinks.

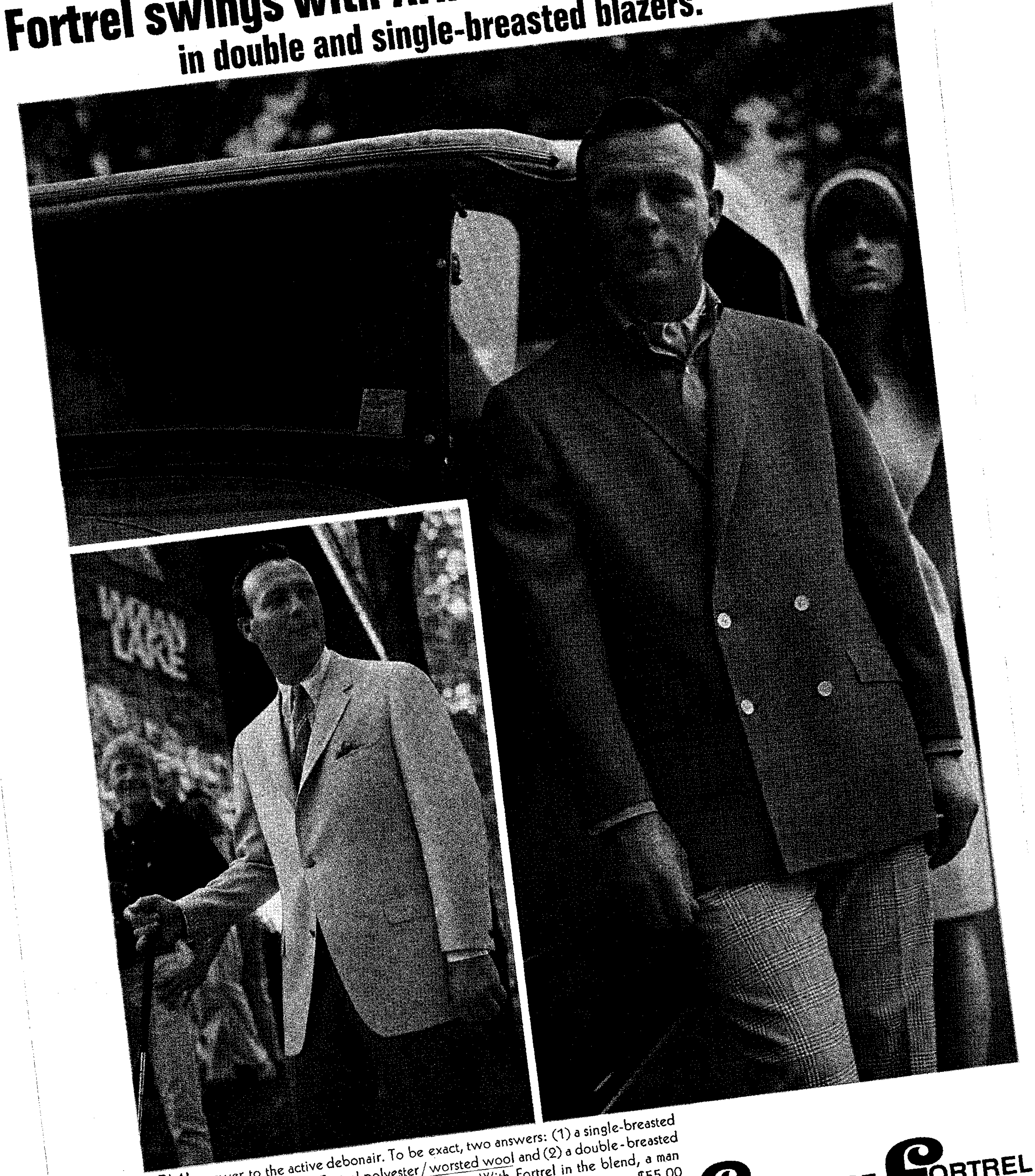
Crème de Menthe, green and white.
Blackberry. Marasquin. Cherry Brizard.
Crème de Cacao. Anisette.
Café Brizard (coffee). Crème de Cassis.
Mandarine. Banane.
Parfait Amour. Apry (apricot).
Peach. Kummel.
Orange curaçao. Triple Sec,
white curaçao. Prunelle. Kirsch.
Liqueurs 50-100 Proof.
Marie Brizard, 130-142
Rue Fondaudège
(B.P. 557)
Bordeaux,
France.

Imported by
Schieffelin & Co., New York

Crystal by Baccarat

Fortrel swings with Arnold Palmer and PBM...

in double and single-breasted blazers.



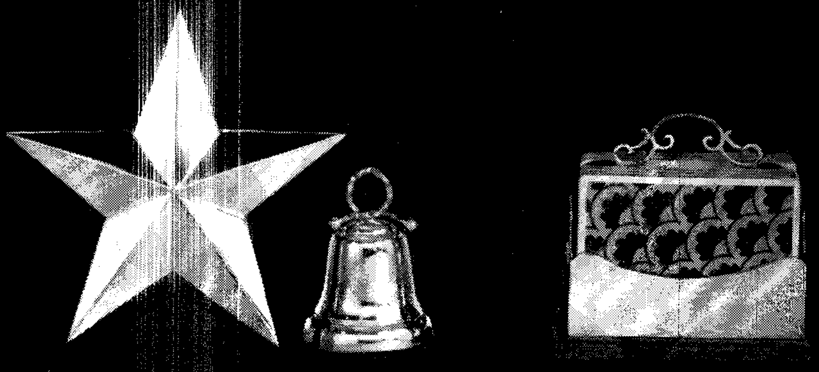
PBM's answer to the active debonair. To be exact, two answers: (1) a single-breasted Arnold Palmer sport coat of Fortrel polyester/worsted wool and (2) a double-breasted Arnold Palmer sport coat made with the great spirit. With Fortrel in the blend, a man doesn't have to pay for his fun with wrinkles. All he has to pay for are the coats—$55.00 for the double-breasted Fairway, $50.00 for the Doral. Both in blues, honeys, browns and warm brick colors. Paisley linings. All sizes. Available at fine stores everywhere.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE FORTREL
A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

The candles are lit. The wine is superb. The martinis are dry.

There are bowls of caviar and fruit and dishes of sweets.



There are decorations—and games people play...and everything is in Cartier sterling silver.

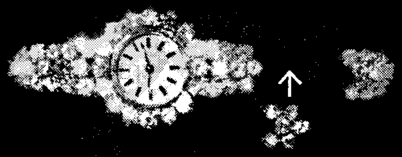
Candlesticks, 5½" high, $21 the pair. Wine bottle coaster with rosewood base, $55. Martini bucket, 1½ pints, $75. Silver and English Crystal caviar bowl, $70. Bowl, 7" in diameter, $135. Handwrought petal bowl, 6" in diameter, $60. Also available in 8" diameter, $110. Star ornament, $22. Also available in vermeil, $28. Bell ornament, $15. In vermeil, $18. Silver and mahogany card rack with two packs of Cartier playing cards, $28.

Cartier

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York • Plaza 3-0111 • Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach / Cartier, S.A., Paris / Cartier, Ltd., London

The Little-at-a-time Watch

and how you can make it grow on her.

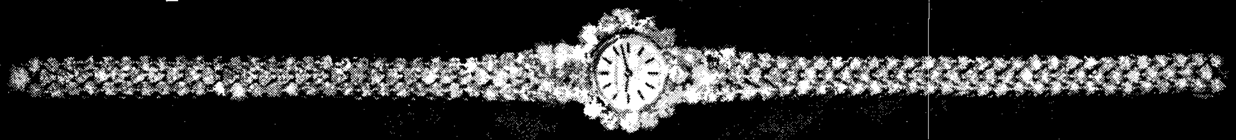


There are two ways to spoil a woman.

All at once.

Or in installments.

This watch works either way. You can add diamond links to the bracelet every now and then. Or in one fell swoop.



Say you give this watch to your wife for her birthday. In that case, you could add the first set of links on the next important occasion. Your wedding anniversary, for instance.

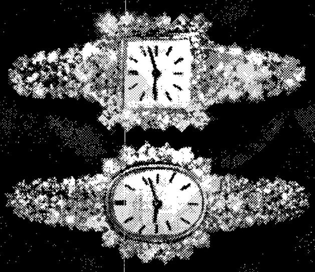
You can even make up occasions as you go along.

Each link has six flawless diamonds set in platinum, and when you've finished adding them all, she'll have an exquisite diamond bracelet.

She'll also have a watch with four generations of fine watchmaking behind it.

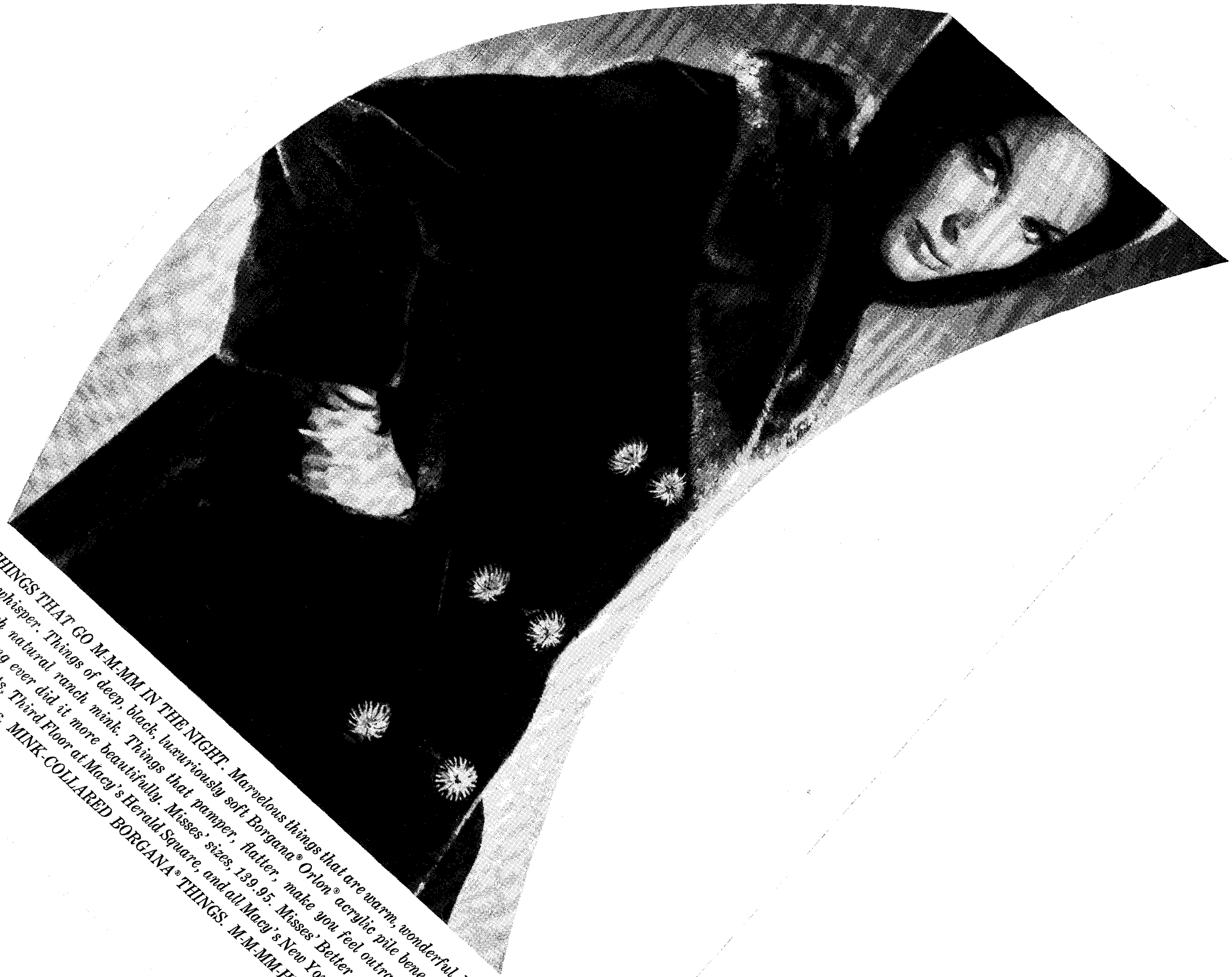
And you'll have given the woman of your life the time of hers...a little at a time.

MOVADO



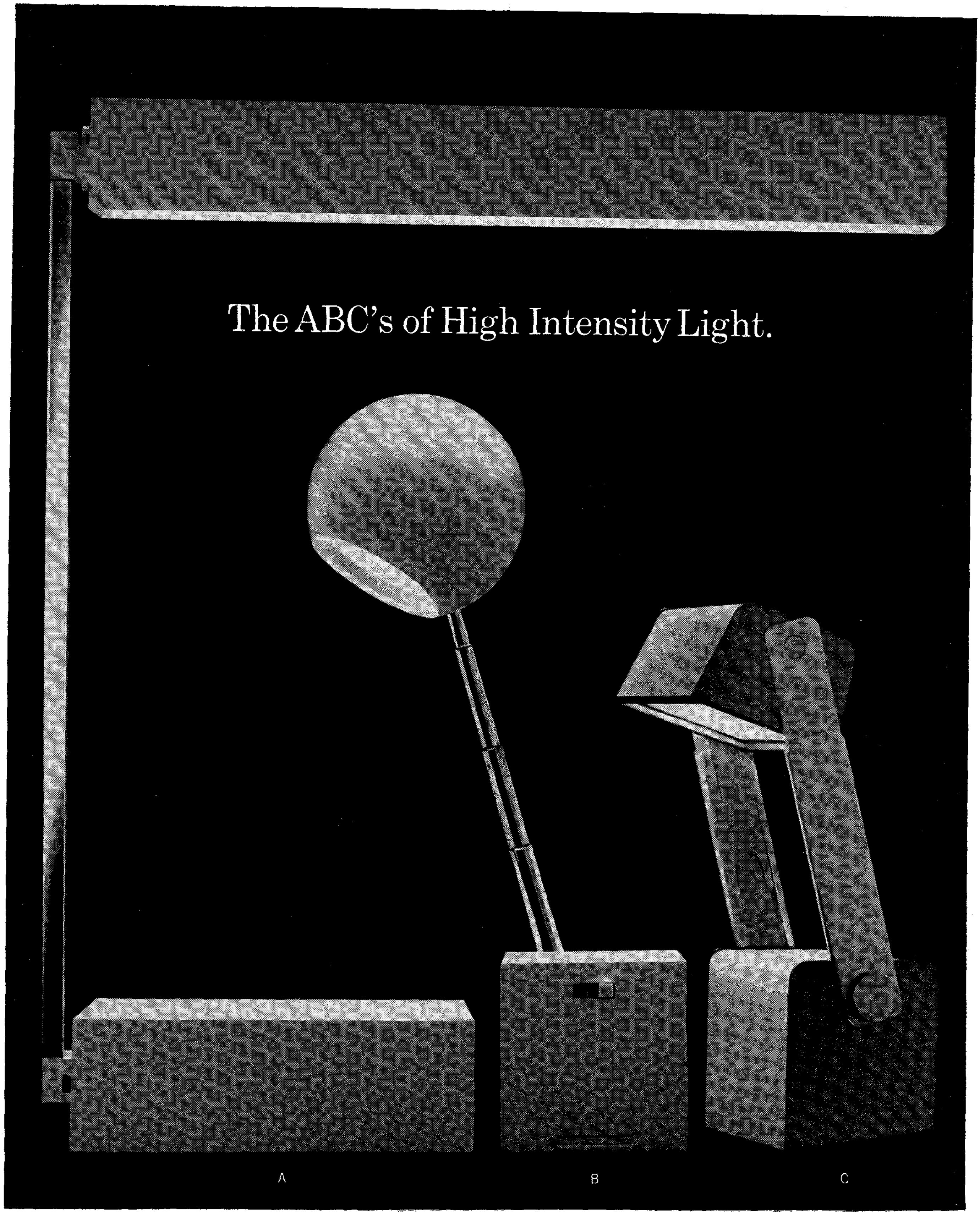
The little-at-a-time-watches in platinum and diamonds. Round model — $2,995. Square & oval models — $3,300. Complete bracelet illustrated — $7,150.

For the jeweler nearest you write: Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.



THINGS THAT GO M-M-MM IN THE NIGHT. Marvelous things that are warm, wonderful, light as a whisper. Things of deep, black, luxuriously soft Borgana® Orlon® acrylic pile beneath a collar of lush natural ranch mink. Things that pamper, flatter, make you feel outrageously female. No thing ever did it more beautifully. Misses' sizes, 139.95. Misses' Better Coats, Third Floor at Macy's Herald Square, and all Macy's New York stores. MINK-COLLARED BORGANA® THINGS. M-M-MM-HMM.

Macy's



High intensity light is a bright, pure white, concentrated light.

It makes reading, writing, sewing, piano playing etc. much easier.

It can take a number of forms:

A. Baton.

This is the first of its kind. A high intensity lamp with two bulbs. It gives a much wider spread of illumination than single bulb lamps do.

Which makes it the ideal study lamp. Put it on a desk. Over a typewriter. On a piano.

It's surprisingly flexible. Reverse its top. Swing its arm. Disassemble it in seconds.

And then take it home, in any one of four *color* schemes, for $23.95.

B. Lytegem.

This is the basic high intensity lamp, designed for any kind of close work.

But Lytegem has features that aren't so *basic. Such as an exclusive anti-glare band.* A head that swivels 350°. A telescoping arm.

And Lytegem is made so that bulbs last up to twice as long.

Lytegem is made beautifully. It's in the *permanent design collection of the Museum of* Modern Art.

You can have it in your collection, in any one of seven color schemes, for $18.95.

C. Courier.

This is the travel lamp. Use it anywhere. It converts from 120 volts to 240 volts.

Courier is adjustable in other ways, too. Its *arms telescope. Its head tilts. Its cord is detachable.* And it folds into a tiny, easy to pack unit.

Courier comes in three finishes.

One price: $17.95.

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LIGHTOLIER®
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CHANT D'AROMES
GUERLAIN

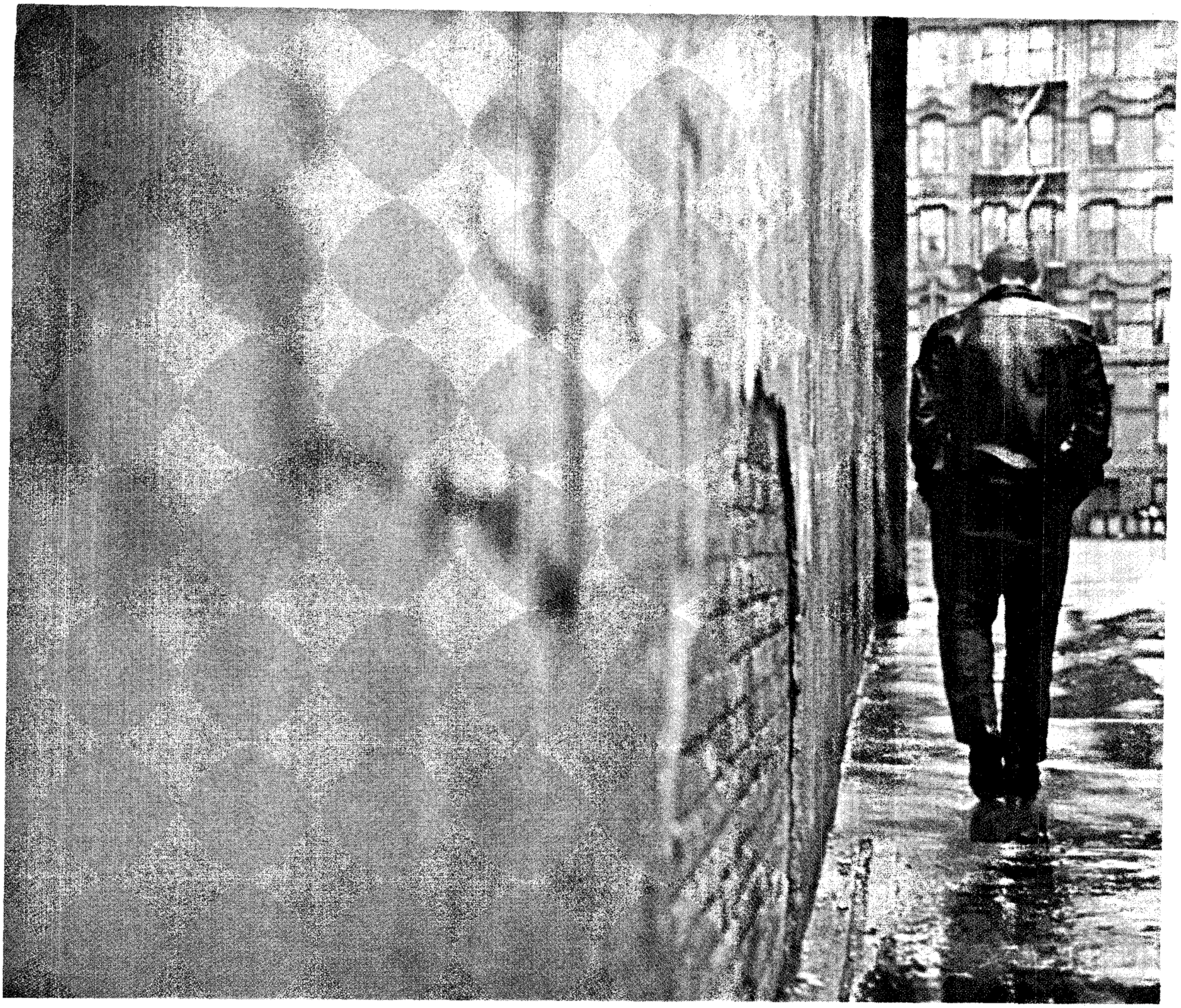
One of the marvelous things about
French women is French women.

And one of the marvelous things about French women is a great Guerlain perfume. Chant d'Arômes.

To be great, a perfume must do two things: it must express something for a woman that she would like to express herself; and it must say it in a way that can be understood by men.

For several years now, Chant d'Arômes has been speaking for thousands of French women, English women, Italian women, and to the men in their lives.

It has to be saying something.



I AM SCHOOL DROPOUT. I CANT READ GOOD.
I CANT GET A JOB. HELP ME PLEASE

He's seventeen. Scared. Broke. No job. No hope.

Why did he quit school? His biggest problem was reading. The average school dropout is *at least* two years behind in reading when he quits.

Reading problems are the main reason *a million kids a year* quit school.

Reading problems are the main reason one third of *this year's* freshmen will leave high school before they graduate. It happens in rural areas and in cities alike.

What can *you* do to help? Many communities now have programs to help backward readers. A few years ago, 20 volunteers in New York started such a program. Last year, this group had grown big enough to help over 20,000 children with reading difficulties.

Find out if there's a group working where you live. If not, talk to your high school principal and *start* a program.

It's a selfish cause. The future of your country is at stake.

FOR FREE REPRINTS of this advertisement, write: Box 555C, International Paper, 220 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Send me a man who reads!"

A series by International Paper

International Paper makes more paper products than any company in the world. Everything from frozen-food cartons to printing papers.

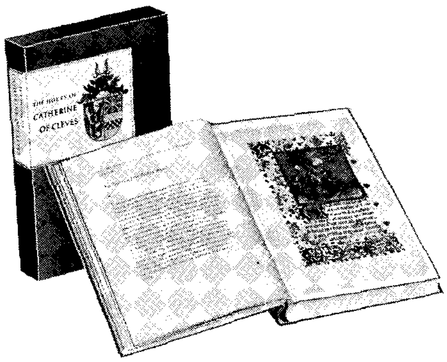
I-P believes the most important thing that's ever done with paper is *putting words on it.*

This advertising series is International Paper's contribution to the cause of *reading.*

©International Paper Company 1965

Ⓐ and "Send me a man who reads!" are marks of International Paper Company.

INTERNATIONAL PAPER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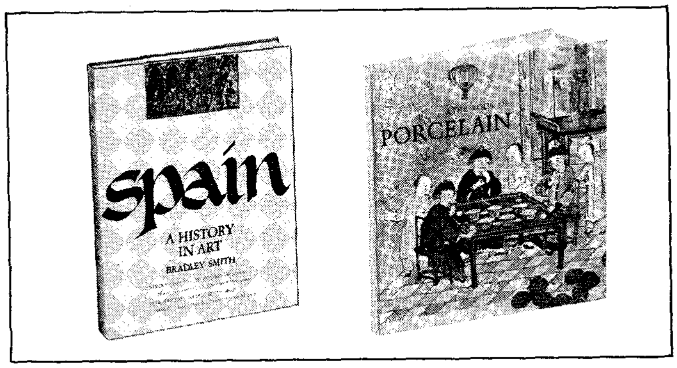
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A HISTORY IN ART
BRADLEY SMITH
PORCELAIN

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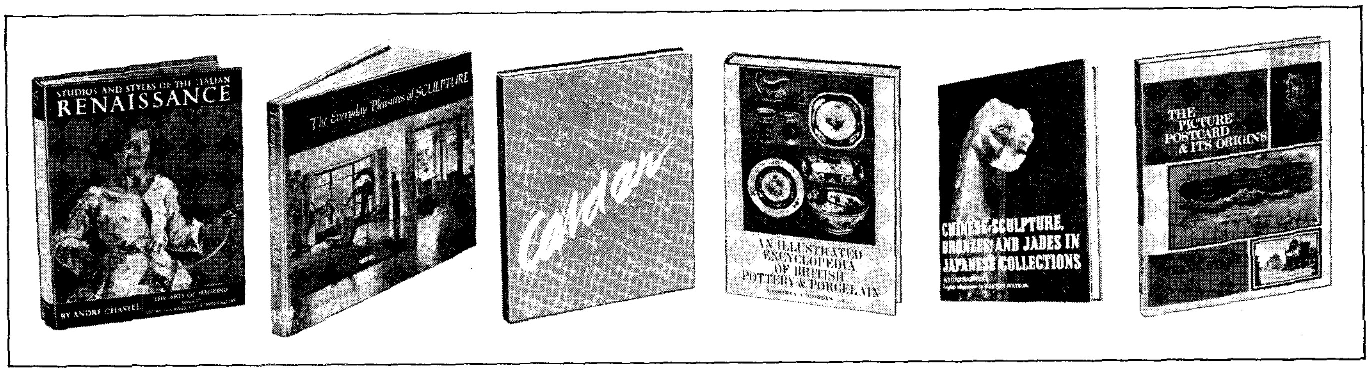
STUDIOS AND STYLES OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE
BY ANDRE CHASTEL
The Everyday Pleasures of SCULPTURE
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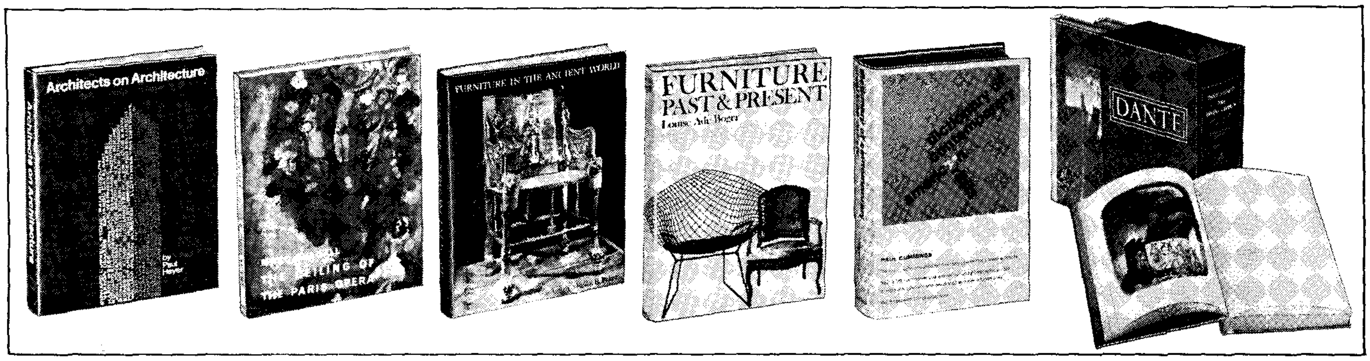
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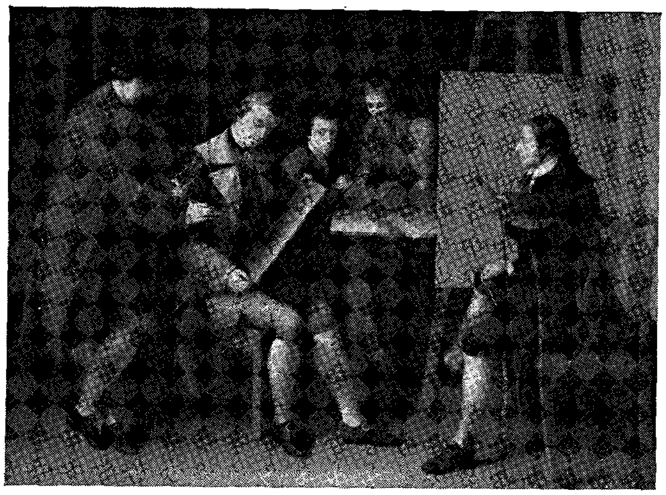

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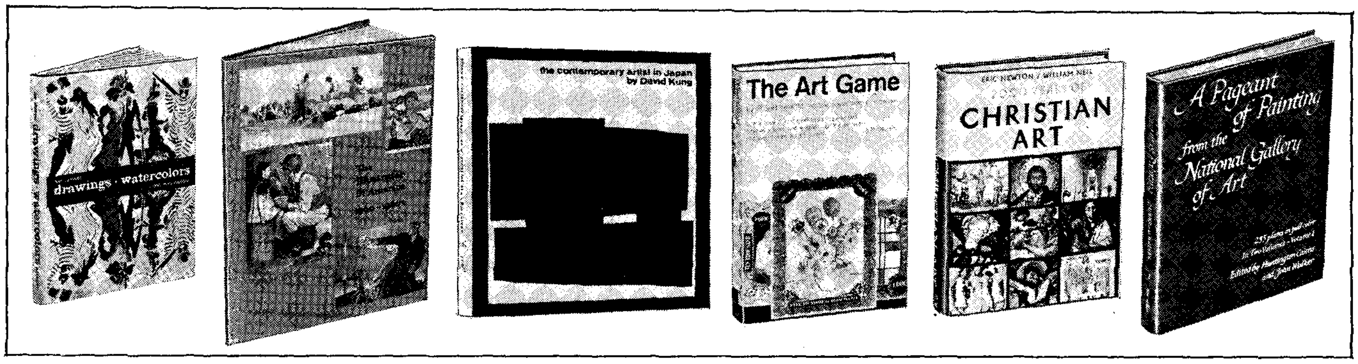
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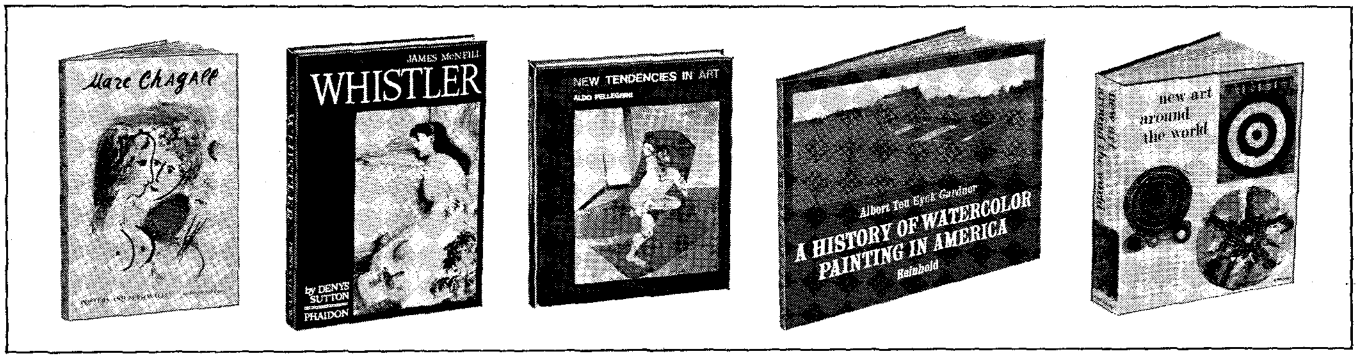
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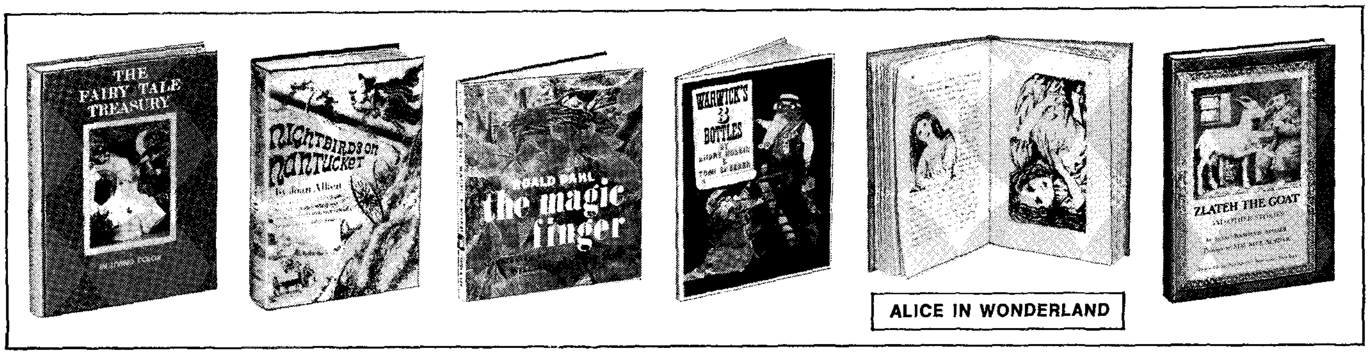
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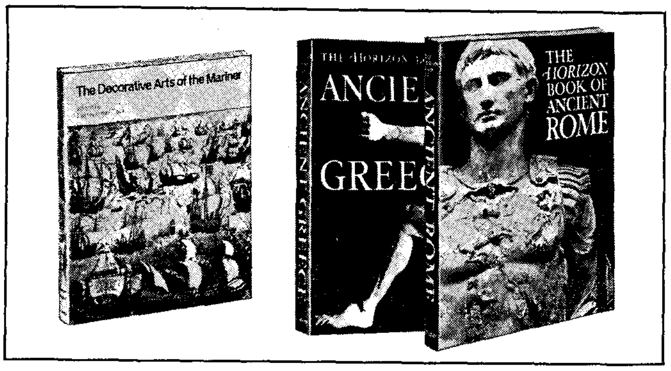
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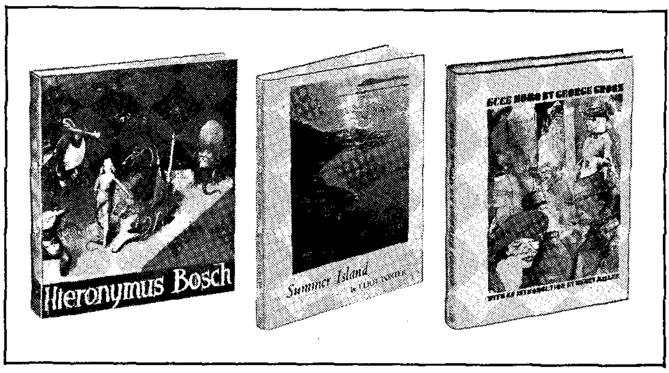

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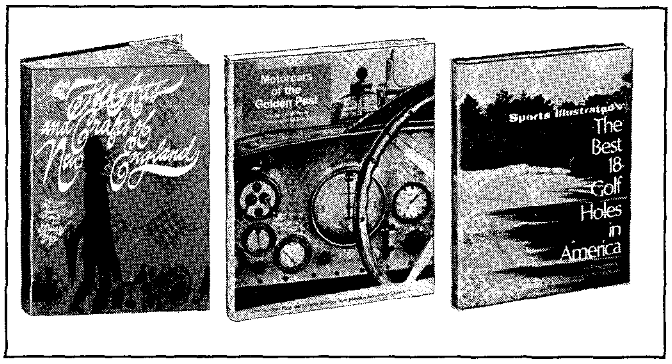
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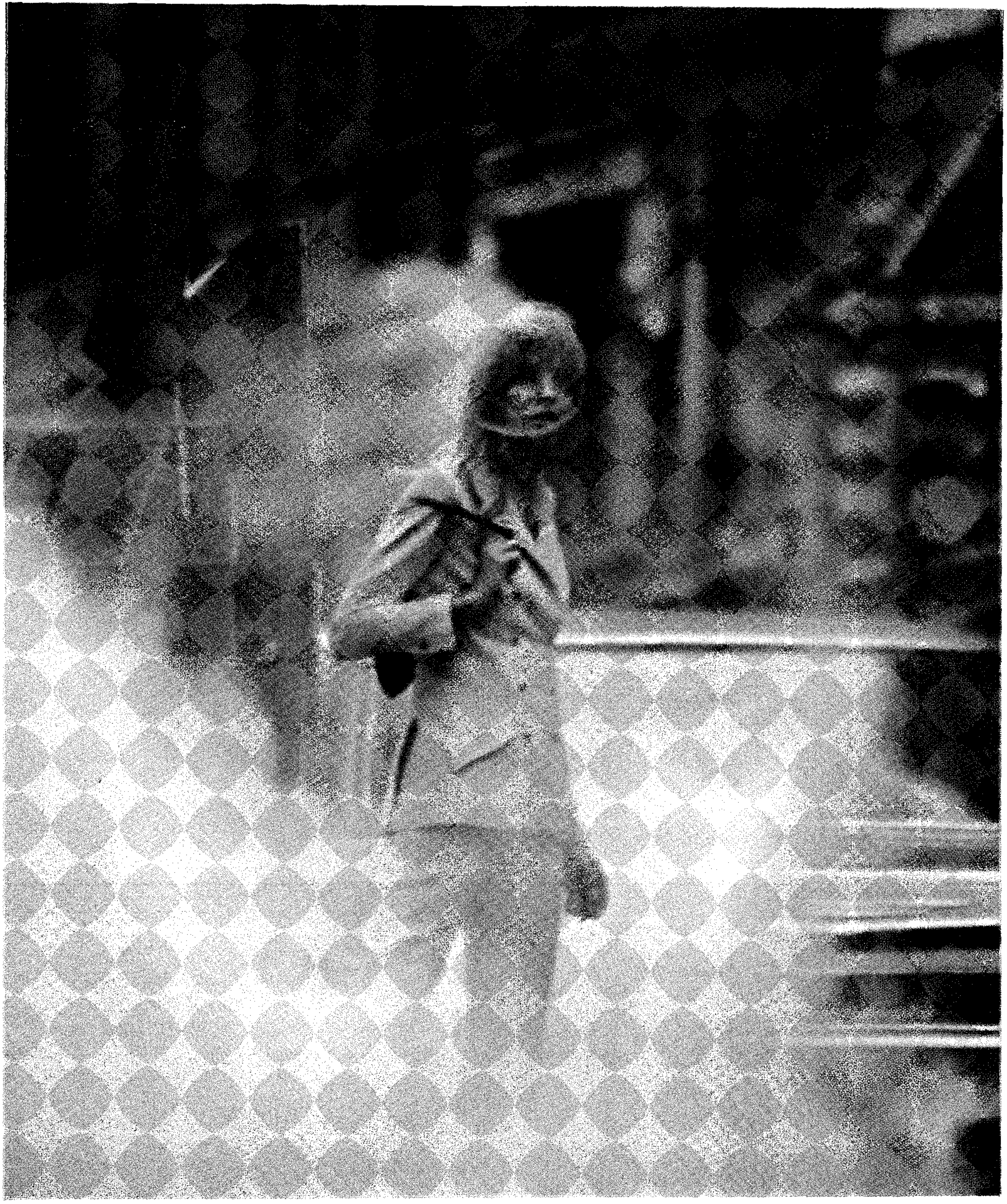

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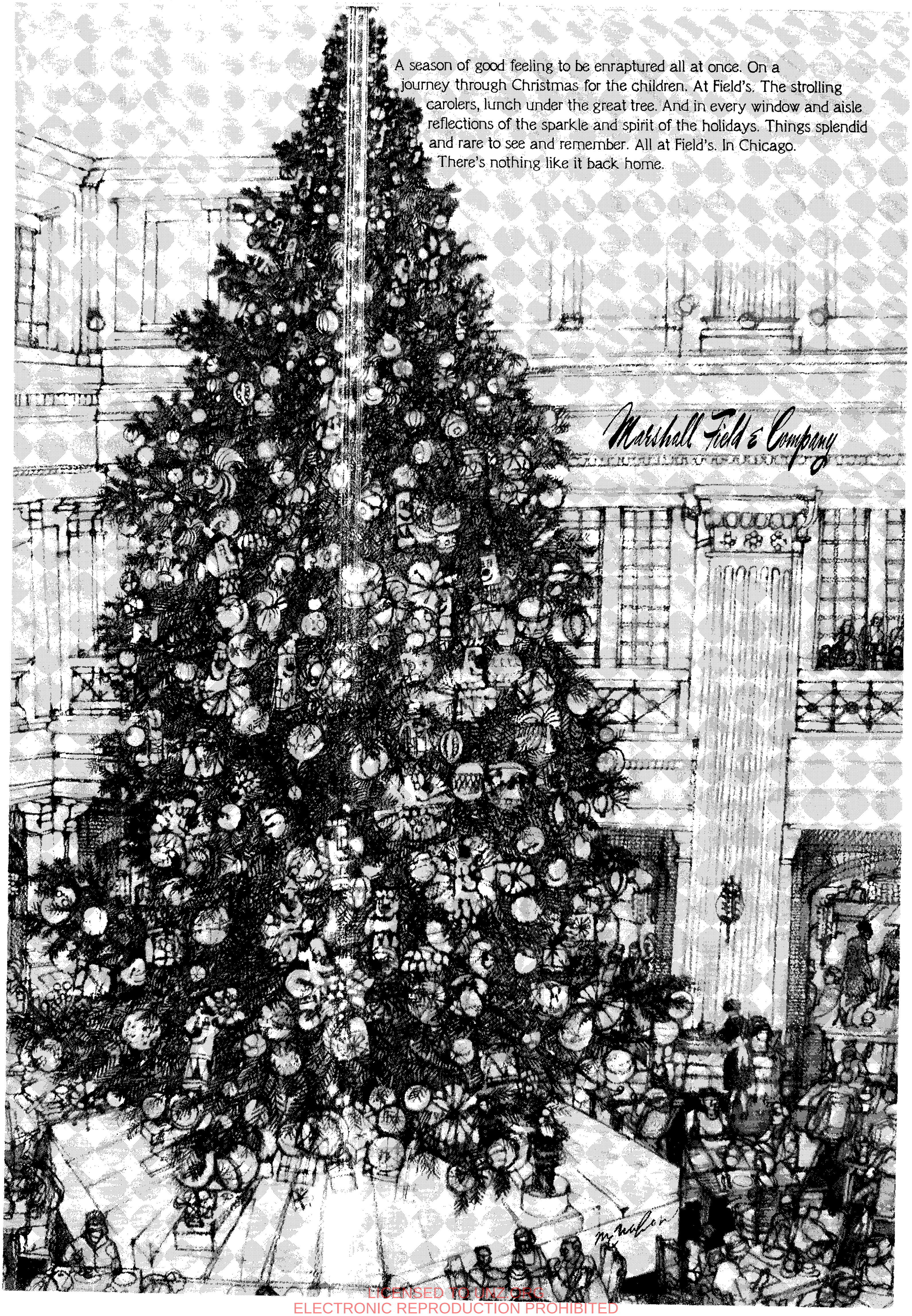

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Public Service Commission of the State of New York announced last week that it would permit the Consolidated Edison Company to raise its electricity rates by at least three per cent and would *then*, some weeks later (at a date still to be determined), hold public hearings on whether or not Con Ed should be allowed to raise its rates. "A spokesman for the commission [and what a job that must be!] said that it was relying on a 'seldom used' section of the Public Service Law," the *Times* informed us. The spokesman, obviously, had to think of something pretty quickly, so perhaps it is understandable that he failed to come up with the proper precedent. We have that precedent to hand; it is to be found on page 236 of our edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," at the conclusion of the trial of the Knave of Hearts:

> "Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.
>
> "No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterwards."

WE have always taken solace in the *Guide Michelin*. When the world is too much with us, we often find ourself reaching for one of the familiar little fat red volumes (our own collection extends back only to 1959), opening it at random to a city or a town, and reading the specialties of some restaurant we have never seen and no doubt will never see. Our well-thumbed 1959 edition just fell open to Dole, in the Jura, which, in addition to the *maison natale de Pasteur*, contains a one-star restaurant attached to the Grand Hôtel Chandioux. It features, according to the *Guide*, *truite à la gelée de Chambertin*, *poulet Alexandrine*, and *pigeon Val d'amour*. We find that softly repeating phrases like "*pigeon Val d'amour*" and "*poulet Alexandrine*" a few times and trying to imagine how they might taste and look has a remarkably soothing effect. We remember well the first time we actually worked up the courage to enter a *Michelin* three-star restaurant in Paris. After consulting our 1959 *Guide* and several friends, we chose Lapérouse, on the Quai Grands-Augustins, on the Left Bank. We had been instructed to order *la poire Lapérouse* for dessert, and, in our linguistic timidity, merely ordered *la poire* and were duly served an ordinary, unadorned fresh pear, which we consumed sportingly but with a sense of disillusion. (On a later visit, we added "*Lapérouse*" to "*la poire*" and were rewarded with an incredibly delicious concoction of warm baked pear and creamy sauce.) About the same time, we "discovered" the Relais de Porquerolles, in the Quartier Latin. We say "discovered" only because in the 1959 *Guide* it is listed, with a single star, in tiny, light print, dominated by Lapérouse, the next entry above, and Chez Hansi, the next entry below, both in large, dark print. It was, when one found it, a delightful restaurant. As its name suggests (Porquerolles is an island off the Côte d'Azur), it specialized in everything that could be harvested from the sea. Our own favorite menu was poached turbot with a light hollandaise sauce, small boiled potatoes, and a delicate green salad, with wild strawberries for dessert. All this was consumed in a décor of brightly decorated fish nets and was accompanied by a goblet or two of white Burgundy. In the years following 1959, we were pleased to note that the *Michelin* had raised the rank of the Relais de Porquerolles to two stars and was listing it in full-bodied dark type. We returned to the Relais whenever we were in Paris, and came to feel almost a paternal pride in its success. This year, as usual, when we opened our new *Guide*, we looked immediately for the Relais de Porquerolles. It was not there. It had simply disappeared. To us, it was as if a familiar Paris landmark—the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower—had vanished from the face of the earth without leaving any message behind explaining where it had gone, or why. The *Michelin* never explains itself, either to its readers or to the restaurateurs whose entire livelihood often depends on its judgments. It was the *Michelin's* "inexplicable decision"—so Rémy Zick (the Zick family founded and owned the restaurant) is reported by the *Times* to have said—to deny his brother Alain, chef of the Relais, a "consecration that he deserved" that caused him to shoot himself just before dawn on September 22nd. Rémy was quoted as saying, after he learned that the restaurant had been dropped from the *Guide*, "My parents founded this house in 1935. My father has been sick. Maybe that's it. But nothing has changed. I don't understand." We don't understand, either. We never had the good fortune to meet Alain Zick, but we admired and enjoyed the fruits of his creation, and his death, like

that of any artist we have admired, has saddened us.

Alias

THE fairly far-out four-year-old girl and her squarish father whose adventures we sometimes relate in these pages were both home sick with colds recently. Since the father was sicker than the daughter, she decided to entertain him by costuming herself as various characters and performing small original dramatizations. One of her getups consisted of a yachtsman's cap, storm boots, a sweater, and a kerchief tied to look like a cape. So attired, she burst into the sickroom and announced, "Beware! I'm Captain Schollberg!"

The father searched his mind for any Schollbergs he or his daughter might know, and, failing to find any, asked, "Why Captain Schollberg?"

The daughter considered this question for a minute and then said, "Don't you like Captain Schollberg?"

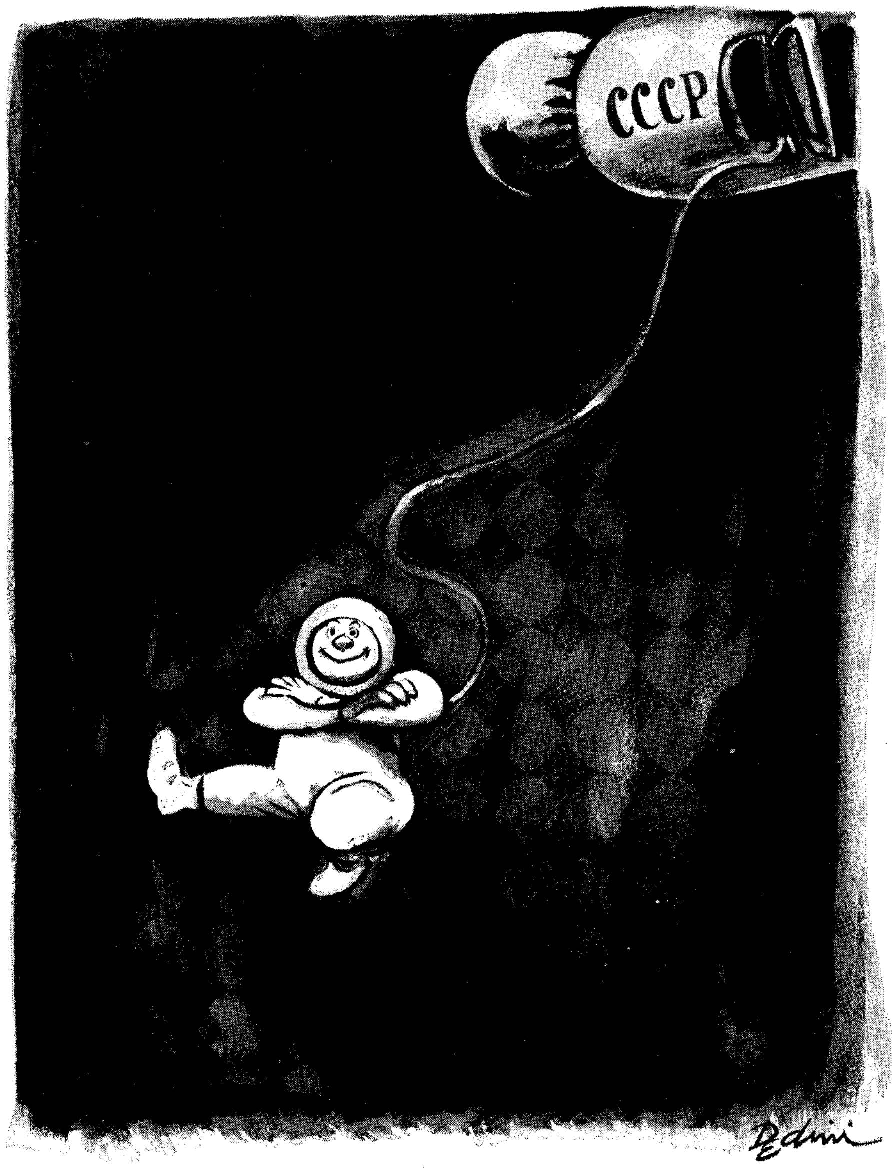
"Well, yes," the father answered, a trifle guiltily. "I just wondered why you picked that particular name."

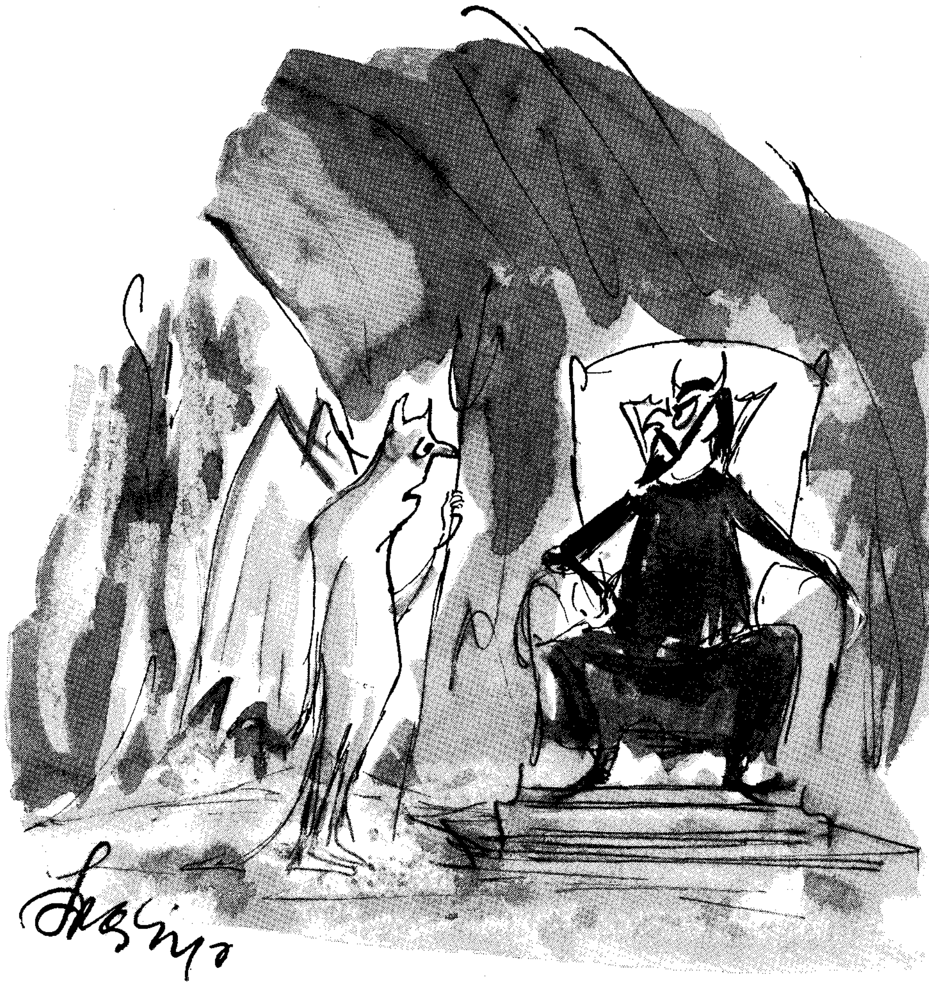
"All right, all right," the daughter said, removing her cap. "I'm *Mr.* Schollberg."

Wilson of Sotheby's

WE had coffee the other morning with one of the world's leading authorities on covetousness—Peter Wilson, a suave, sandy-haired man of commanding stature, who is chairman of the famous art-auction house of Sotheby & Co., of New Bond Street, London. Mr. Wilson's view of covetousness is that it is an exquisite passion, a civilizing influence of a sort; for some eight years he has found his gratification (as well as profit) in artfully stimulating and channelling this passion in scenes of high drama in the auction rooms. One of his best-remembered performances was given in 1958 as he auctioned off, in twenty-one minutes, seven Impressionist paintings from the collection of Jakob Goldschmidt for a total of a little over two million dollars. Among the seven was Cézanne's "Garçon au Gilet Rouge," on which the bidding rose to $616,000—a record price at that time for a painting sold at auction. Before knocking the picture down for that sum, Mr. Wilson asked, with a straight face, and with a plaintive note in his voice, "Will nobody offer any more?" Under his chairmanship, Sotheby's sales have yearly rolled up record volumes. Last season, the total sales volume in Sotheby's London rooms was $36,447,000, and Parke-Bernet here, which Sotheby's acquired two years ago, did a volume of $23,548,000. "There are very few people, I think, who can appreciate art without wanting to own it," Mr. Wilson said to us. "You have to covet art to really appreciate it. I sometimes think that if covetousness were in some magical way removed from human beings, there would be no more art at all. Of course, one can't really want to own a Gothic cathedral—though your Mr. Hearst did, didn't he? He had, it would seem, a real *need* to own those cloisters and whatnot that he bought, even if he kept them packed away in cases and never saw them again." Benignly, Mr. Wilson added, "I can well understand that need."

Since Sotheby's took over Parke-Bernet, it has been Mr. Wilson's custom to spend a couple of weeks at a stretch here three or four times a year, discussing the affairs of the firm and occasionally taking the rostrum himself for an important sale. Generally, when he is here, he stays at the Park Avenue apartment of Peregrine Pollen, Parke-Bernet's president, and it was there we had our conversation with him—in a small den, furnished with a walnut bureau of uncertain attribution, probably English, late eighteenth century; a white television set, possibly Admiral, circa 1964; and some non-vintage easy chairs. On the walls were some charming watercolors—two scenes of Africa and one of Florence—which, we learned, were by Edward Lear. Mr. Wilson was sitting in one of the easy chairs, with his back to the window. Our appointment was a breakfast one, and the early-morning sunlight, slanting in behind him, rimmed his large head with a dusty gold halo as he chatted of money and art, linking the two contentedly and without a flicker of unease. We asked him whether his firm was ever distressed by all the publicity currently given to art-auction sales and to the high prices extracted at them, and he laughed and said, "Lord, no! We're delighted. We find this—





"What do we do with all the guys who ate meat on Friday?"

shall we say stimulating? One may sneer, yet a picture *is* more interesting if someone has paid a lot of money for it, don't you think? All this publicity, by the way, is not as modern a phenomenon as you might imagine. I was looking just the other day at contemporary newspaper accounts of a sale—the Hamilton Palace sale—that took place around 1885. Three-quarters of a column was given to that sale by one newspaper *before* the auction—just describing what was to be offered. Nowadays, you'd be jolly lucky to get three or four inches for an advance writeup. And after that sale there were immensely long accounts of it in the press."

We asked Mr. Wilson if he would, from his special vantage point, compare the London and New York art markets for us.

After taking an appreciative sip of his coffee and remarking parenthetically that the opportunity to get away from British coffee was one of the rewards of his travels, he addressed himself to our question, saying, "Well, London is the center of things as far as public sales go—auctions. New York has far more dealers than we have, and far more private sales. The auction rooms of London, of course, are old-established institutions. We were founded in 1744, and Christie's just twenty-two years later. We've been for so long a part of public life; being seen at auctions in the eighteenth century was like going to Ranelagh or walking on the Row—the fashionable thing to do. While going to auctions has a kind of glamour here in New York, it has never been as glamorous as in London." He smiled. "We have modest hopes of helping it become so," he observed, and went on, "One of the differences to be noticed is that in the London auctions a high proportion of the things being sold have not been on the market in recent years—perhaps not for fifty years or more. They are brought in by people who did not know what they had. Important things may have been sitting on their sideboards or hanging on their walls all their lives, and they've never even bothered to look at them. In America, you do have an occasional exciting find, but it's much rarer to have some significant precious work come fresh onto the market like that. Just the day before yesterday, three Chelsea-porcelain figures came up for auction at Sotheby's. These were three figures that had been sold when the Chelsea factory went broke, in 1770. Needless to say, they are exceedingly rare objects. And now they suddenly appear. It's so fantastic that they should have survived and been kept all together. They must have been in the same family since the Chelsea sale. Well, obviously that kind of thing is not apt to happen in America. The agreeable surprises in America are more likely to be someone's bringing forward an Impressionist painting that he bought in the nineteen-twenties—not as an investment but for sheer pleasure—and now finding that it's worth money, a lot of money. That's always very nice."

We asked Mr. Wilson whether he altered his auctioneering technique when he presided at a New York auction.

"I find it quite terrifying here, compared to London," he replied. "The shape of the room throws me off. In London, the room is narrow. I can see all the bidders—those at the side out of the corner of my eye. At Parke-Bernet, the room is broad. You have to rely on bid callers—stationed on each side of the room—to announce the bids they see. For me, that quite destroys the personal relationship that I, as auctioneer, like to have with the bidders. I find it essential not to try to influence the bidders but to have a kind of line of communication with them. When it's near the end and you look right at the bidder who's being challenged—well, that's our moment of truth, isn't it? The secret of being a good auctioneer, I think, is to get the audience's confidence right away, and after that to dominate it—in the nicest possible way, of course. You get its confidence by having confidence yourself in the things you're selling, but without ever boosting these things in any gross, overt way. To comment on a work is a great mistake—you have to communicate telepathically your appreciation of what you're selling. And, of course, you must never betray, by the flicker of an eyelash, that you think the price for something has gone too high. That's the most off-putting thing an auctioneer can do. You shouldn't suggest prices are too low, either. That also leaves a bad taste."

We reminded him that his celebrated question at the sale of the $616,000 Cézanne had seemed to some people to make such a suggestion.

"Yes," he said. "That was a mistake—a monumental piece of silliness on my part. The room broke out in hoots of laughter, you know. It was like what happened at the famous Spiridon sale in Berlin in the nineteen-twenties. A Botticelli was being offered, and the bidding had reached what was in those days considered a fantastic price—something like two hundred thousand dollars. The auctioneer looked about, and then spoke the stock phrase 'There is still time.' People burst out laughing, and that was the end. Once the tension is broken, the thing is over—you can't restore the mood. The pace is important, too. You have to move the bidding along just a bit faster than someone who is dithering and trying to make up his mind would like you to go. Otherwise, it gets to be frightfully boring for the whole room—unless the particular object is terribly fascinating in some way. The audience must be amused. I can nearly always extract just one more bid for an object, if I want to linger and work at it, but I don't do it when it means slowing up the pace of the auction, for that depresses the entire atmosphere and, finally, the price level for the evening."

Mr. Wilson finished his coffee and stood up to leave for his day's work at Parke-Bernet. "By the way," he said, "did you notice the results of the Streeter Collection auction at Parke-Bernet? Over six hundred thousand dollars for a portion of a rare-book collection. And Americana at that! That's just about three times as much as our advance appraisal had led us to believe it would bring. I must say it's gratifying to see the way prices are holding up, despite the stock market's troubles. *Very* gratifying."

Prognostication

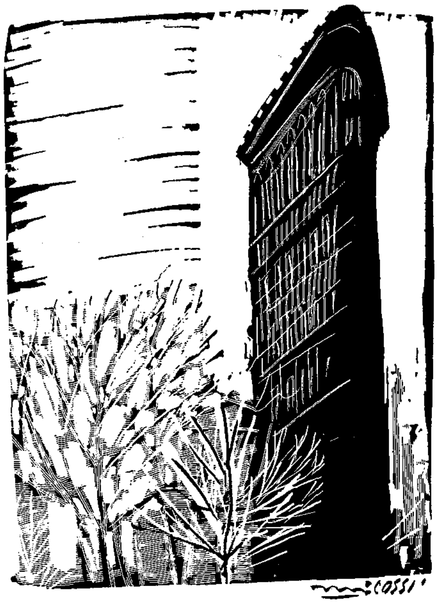
WHEN we were driving through Northampton, Massachusetts, the other weekend in a steady downpour, we switched on our car radio in time to hear the announcer say, "It will rain continuously all day today, and even more continuously later this afternoon."

Sounds of the Sea

THE traditional vast, brooding silence of the sea—beloved cliché of many a storyteller—is apparently an illusion. The inhabitants of the deep, by and large, make a considerable racket. Hunting predators produce noises like explosions, toadfish toot like tugboats, snapping shrimp sound like brush fires, and other creatures trumpet like maddened elephants or crack like ack-ack. From still others come clicks, pops, burbles, whistles, cheers, grunts, and raspings. This we learned, and heard, during a visit to the Natural History Museum's Department of Animal Behavior, which is in the attic and is reached by a narrow spiral flight of iron stairs. Down a dusty hall smelling of cats, in a spotless laboratory lined with goldfish tanks, we found Dr. William N. Tavolga, a research associate of the Museum and an associate professor of biology at City College, who gave us a rundown on the relatively new science of marine bio-acoustics—the study of the sounds and the sense of hearing of fish, crustaceans, whales, and porpoises. Dr. Tavolga, a thin, bespectacled man with graying curly hair, told us he is now working on the hearing ability of fish. At a table, his assistant, Mrs. Brigitte Cappelli, was systematically poking a panel of buttons and making notations in a book. Beside her was something that looked like a computer and was labelled *Audioichthyotron Mark IV* (a joke, Dr. Tavolga explained), and behind her was a row of boxes on the order of polystyrene picnic coolers, from which wires emerged.

We asked Dr. Tavolga why the sea always seems so quiet, if it isn't.

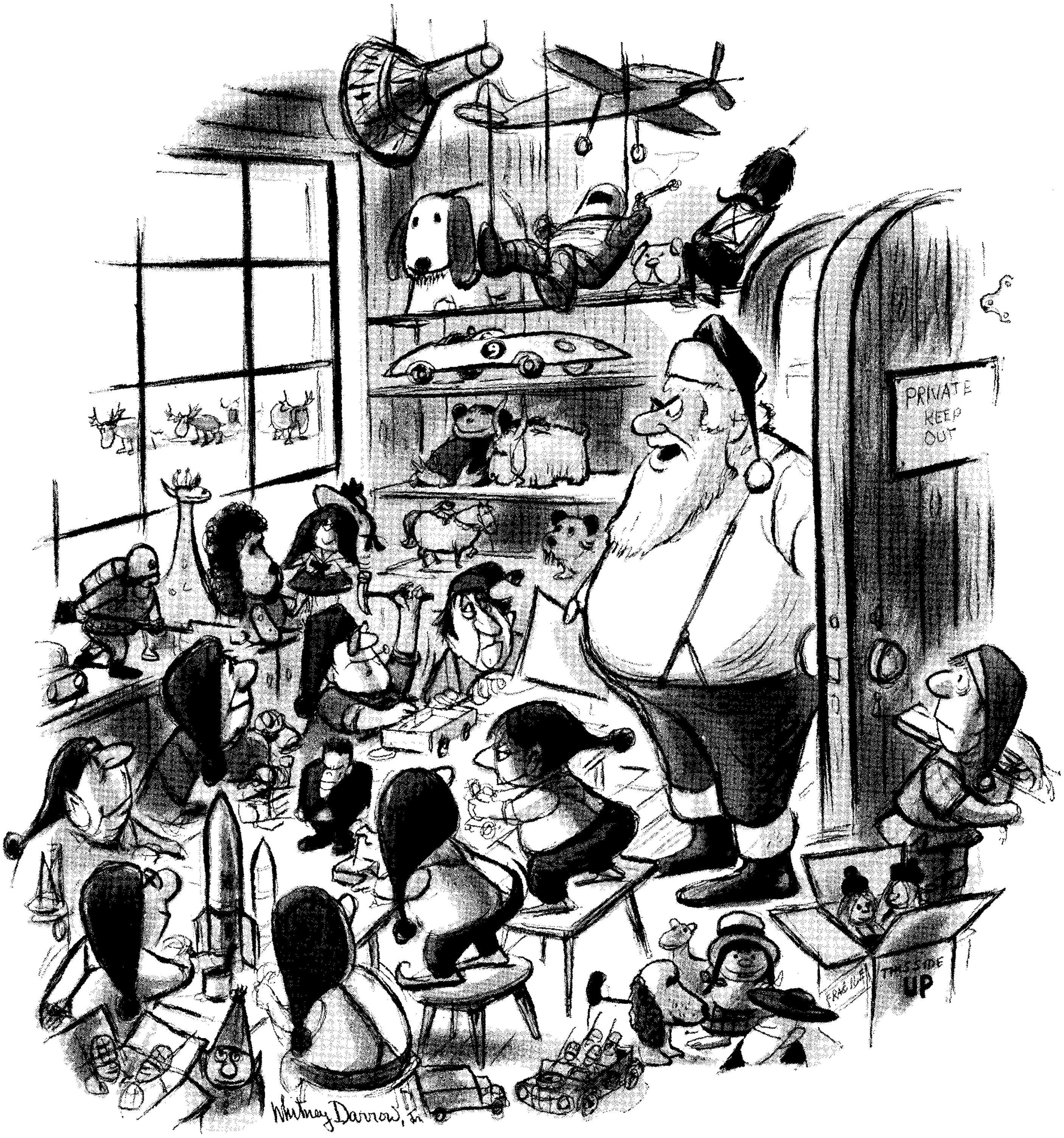
"It seems quiet because the surface of the water reflects ninety-nine point nine per cent of the sound that reaches it," he said. "We don't hear the fishes' sounds, and they don't hear ours. Also, although we can often feel a sound underwater, our ears don't work well in water. But instruments pick up the underwater sounds very well. It was chiefly intensive submarine work with sonar during the Second World War that started us off on fish sounds. No one had expected all the noises that were heard, and sonar operators were often badly confused by them; now the Navy devotes a lot of training time to the identification of underwater sounds. Sound carries better in water—both faster and farther than in air. That partly accounts for the cacophony so often heard. Sometimes the din is so great that a human being can hear it from the shore. I remember sitting on a dock one night in Florida and listening to the toadfish. They sounded like foghorns in the distance—absolutely clear. It must have been deafening down below. Now, when you're using underwater listening gear, you pick up everything. After the Thresher sank, somebody said he'd heard sounds like someone hammering down there. It was just some marine animal—a sound that used to be called 'the carpenter.' It sounds like someone hammering on a tin roof. Sperm whales make a similar noise."



We asked the Doctor how long he had been involved with underwater sounds.

"I got into this in 1952," he said. "I was working on fish behavior, and while I was down in Florida a friend stuck a hydrophone in a fish tank, and out came a lot of noise. In those days, the idea that fish produce sounds was fairly new. I got curious about the sounds, and the significance of sounds and behavior, and found that no one knew how much fish could hear, or whether they could hear anything at all. Theoretically, fish shouldn't be able to distinguish one kind of sound from another. Their inner ear has no cochlea, which is the device that enables mammals and birds to distinguish variations in pitch, but nonetheless they can distinguish both pitch and intensity of sound, though their range of pitch is more limited than ours—most fish are deaf to anything over high C, and hear best below middle A."

We asked if we might look at the Audioichthyotron, and Dr. Tavolga went over and opened it. Inside were a small tank of water and some wires. Dr. Tavolga reached in and grabbed a goldfish. "He isn't trained yet," he said, and, putting the fish in a large tank by the wall, replaced it with a fish from another tank. "Here we're finding out what sounds fish can discriminate between. With experimental animals, you have to be sure of a definite response, so we have these fish swim across a barrier in the tank when they hear an electronic sound. If they don't swim across, they are given a slight shock, which stops when they do cross over. They learn to cross and avoid the shock when



"I have an announcement to make. As of next March, because of conditions too advantageous to be ignored, I'm moving this shop to North Carolina."

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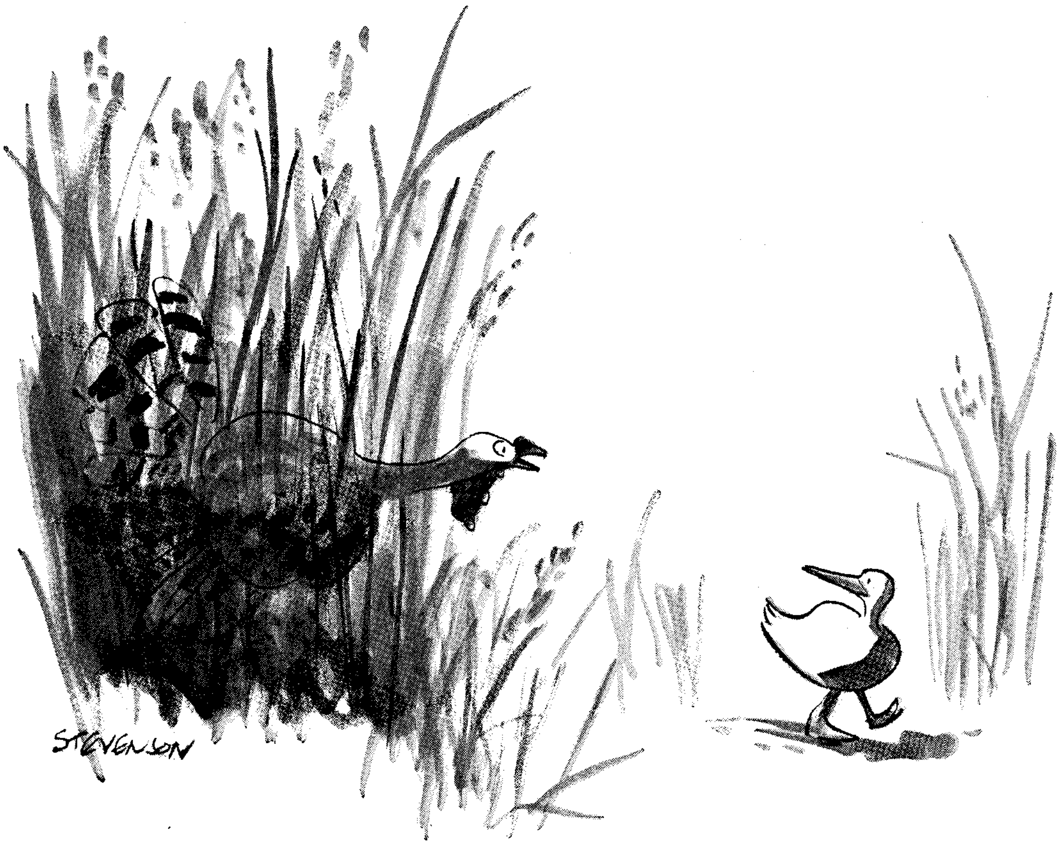
they hear the tone. The machine has an electric eye that reports that they have crossed and records how long they take. That makes the whole thing objective, and a lot less trouble for us."

The Audioichthyotron was on, and lighted numbers flickered across its face, marking the passage—in tenths of seconds—of time since the electronic sound had started up inside. Evidently, the fish hadn't noticed the event any more than we had, for in a moment the machine clicked and a new set of numbers flashed across it, indicating the time since the fish had started getting shocked. In just over a second, another click announced that the fish had crossed the barrier. The cycle started again, and Dr. Tavolga said, "Each time the fish crosses before the shock, the intensity of the tone automatically goes down. When the fish fails to cross, the intensity goes up. Then we find his threshold."

We bent to look into the tank, but the fish had evidently learned quickly, because it was over the barrier while we were still bending. Another cycle started, and we saw the fish regard the barrier with what appeared to be suspicion, and then cross over, taking its time. Rising, we saw that the Audioichthyotron had posted the numeral 2 under the heading "Avoid," and a time of three-tenths of a second. We silently applauded the fish,



"Psst, buddy! What's the date today?"

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and Dr. Tavolga closed the machine.

"Most of the work gets done in a lab like this," he said. "It takes a lot of time. Occasionally, I go out on oceanographic vessels—usually with students. For me, it's always interesting. I love to be on a boat. And it's a tremendous experience for the students, who are ordinarily just beginning to appreciate the time and energy it takes to get some information from the sea. You lower a grab three thousand metres, and it takes several hours. You hope the grab reaches bottom. Then you hope that it closes. Then it takes a couple of hours to pull the grab up, and maybe the thing is empty. Last year, we once spent half a day at this sort of thing and came up with a handful of sand. We studied every grain. I kept telling the students, 'Appreciate this. The boat is costing five hundred dollars a day.' There was nothing unexpected in the sand, but it was another sample, from another position. The sea is so large that all you can do is take a drop here and a drop there. Eventually, it correlates. Summers, my wife and I go to Florida; we've just bought a house and a boat there. I can go out, put down a hydrophone, and do sound fishing as well as regular fishing, which I enjoy. I do some bonefishing. To a game fisherman, bonefish are tops—very spooky fish, which you have to stalk quietly. Summer before last, I went for bonefish every day. I was able to find out which sounds are most irritating to bonefish, and discovered that their hearing appears to be no better than that of other fish. It's just that they respond better. You know, while I'm here, I get a letter on the average of once a month from some manufacturer wanting to know what sounds are most attractive to fish, because he'd like to make a new kind of lure. I have to write back that I don't know. I suppose, actually, the sounds of fish feeding may be attractive to other fish—'Ah! Someone's having dinner. Why don't we go join them?' They do gather."

We asked where the research is going now.

"Well, in a sense, the fish tell *me that* whenever we solve a problem," Dr. Tavolga said. "We're not near to solving anything just now."

We asked to hear some fish, and, explaining that the fish in the tanks at the moment—goldfish—don't make noises, the Doctor switched on a tape recorder.

"These are sounds you can just hear if you put your head underwater," he said, starting the machine. A sound like cavalry pounding across the Western plains came on, and he said it was made by marine catfish from the Gulf of Mexico. After a short pause, there was a sound like a large office full of typewriters. That was some fish eating, he told us. Next came a series of Bronx cheers. That was a sea robin. Then there was something like a creaky gate, which was a spiny lobster.

"Now, this is a hydrodynamic noise," the Doctor said as the tape recorder produced an explosion. "It's the noise made by fish moving through water," he continued, and broke off as a series of booms indistinguishable to us from those made by jets came on. "These are jacks, attacking a school of smaller fish. Each time they turn in the water, you hear one of those explosions. Underwater, your ears wouldn't be able to hear them but you could *feel* them."

As the sounds continued, Dr. Tavolga said, "The ack-ack noise is made by the grouper, a relative of the sea bass. Marine catfish bark like seals, and a chorus of tens of thousands of them, which you hear sometimes, makes a roar like a full gale." There was a torrent of squeaks and barks. "Those barks are actually the clicks that porpoises make, and if you slow down the tape you can distinguish between clicks," he said. "They are what porpoises use in their sonar. The noises that sound like barks were made out of water; the clicks go so fast they seem to be barks. The other sounds that porpoises make—the squeaks—are what they communicate with." There was a series of loud reports, getting faster and faster and louder and louder. "These are sperm whales approaching the ship," Dr. Tavolga explained. The noise stopped. "They went under the ship," he said.

Singular

SOME members of the Modern Language Association gathered for cocktails in a New Haven restaurant recently, and their amiable, articulate conversation was suddenly stilled by a call for attention from the restaurant's manager, who had an important announcement to make. "Will the owner of the white 1966 Chevrolet in the driveway please give their keys to the parking-lot attendant," the manager said. There was a two-measure rest, and then the Modern Language Association people answered, in loud chorus, "*His* keys!"

THE VILLAGE EXPLAINER

LAST summer, about the middle of August, I came down with a bad case of cultural anomie, brought on by overexposure to the electronic media. I tried all the latest remedies—opium, raga chanting, even a séance with Madame Grushenka, an East Village medium who supposedly had the message—but my condition grew steadily worse. Finally, I decided that the only solution was to fly the urban coop and seek out some rural peace and alienation.

Nothing was stopping me. Like most of us semi-nomadic information gatherers, I lead a fairly unfettered existence. The problem was where to go. Certainly not the Hamptons, whose once pristine beaches were aswarm just then with television crews video-taping multi-media Happenings. Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard teemed with communicators of every stripe, so I had been told, and Nantucket's concentration of transistor radios was reportedly jamming Telstar relays. I had almost made up my mind to give Easter Island a whirl when I happened to think of the Hotel Beulah in Glover's Valley, an idyllic upstate dell I had driven through two years before. By midafternoon of the following day, I was deep in the Adirondack fastnesses, driving with my head out the window to breathe the terpenes and also to keep from having to hear Rimski-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" for the ninth time; the dealer who rented me the Impala that morning had neglected to demonstrate how to turn off the stereo tape deck, and after four hours of intermittent fiddling with the controls I had given up. Coming to a picturesque crossroads, I paused to ask directions of a roadside yokel, who, after a few unsuccessful attempts to hear me over the hi-fi din, reached in through the window and with a flick of one calloused finger silenced the contraption.

"Thank you kindly," I said, trying to figure out which knob he had manipulated.

"Twarn't nothing," he drawled. "What can I do fer you?"

I told him where I was headed, and it turned out that he lived right in Glover's Valley himself and would appreciate a ride into town. He unshouldered his pitchfork, stowed it carefully in back, and climbed into the front seat beside me. Glancing sideways at him as I gathered speed, I felt a mounting sense of serenity. He looked to be anywhere between forty-five and seventy, firm-jawed and leather-skinned, and blessedly uncommunicative. "How's crops?" I inquired.

"Pardon?"

I repeated the question and then, sensing his uncomprehending stare, jerked my thumb toward the back seat and added, "Been haying, haven't you?"

"Oh," he said, "you mean that thing." He flicked a bit of fluff from his Wranglers. Then he said, casually enough, "I don't suppose you city fellers have thought much about the interrelation between the pitchfork and the digital computer?"

Anticipating some creaky rural thigh-slapper, I grinned and admitted that I had not.

"Thought as much," he said, with a low chuckle. "That often surprises folks who ain't put their minds to it."

A silence ensued.

"What put your mind to it?" I said at length, still waiting for the wheeze.

"Well, partly I just like to think about such things," he said, straight-faced. "Down Glover's Valley way, they call me the Village Explainer. And then partly a brand-new almanac I been readin', by a feller name of McLoon."

"An almanac?"

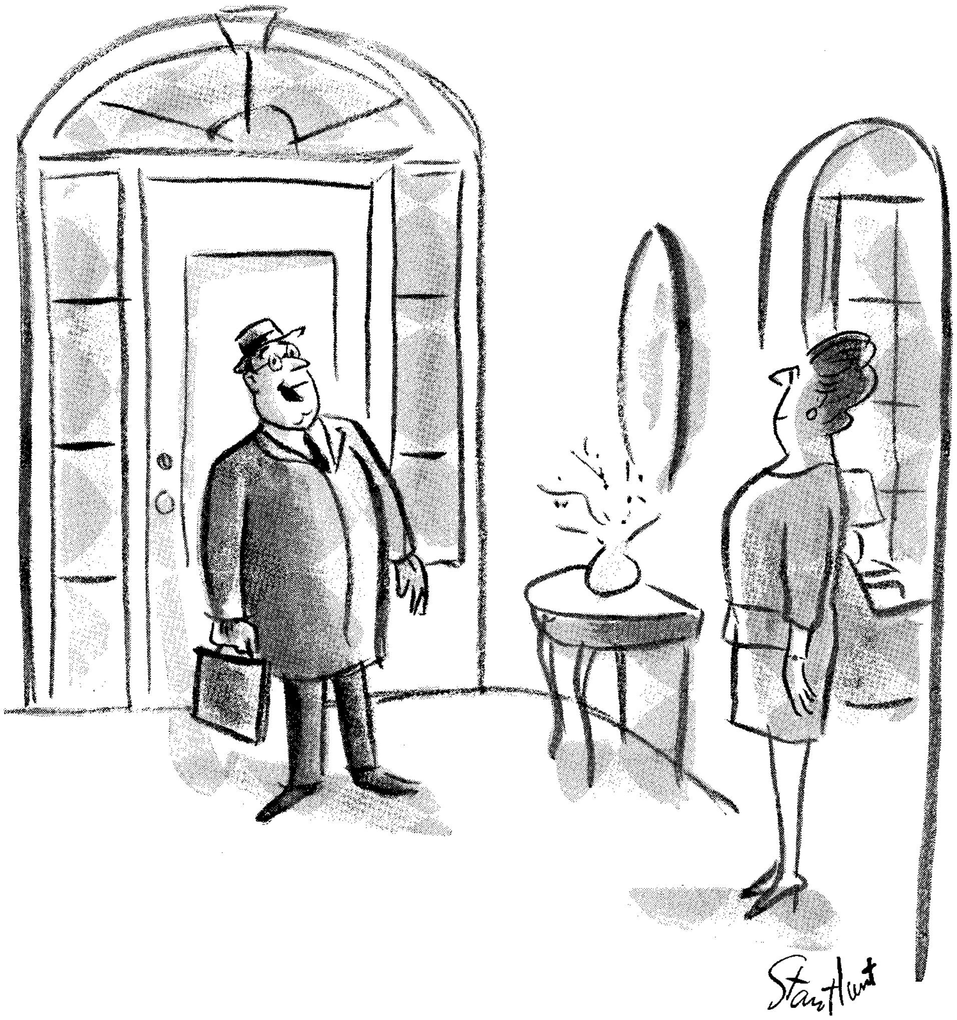
"Yep, a plantin' calendar. But it's full of puzzles and pithy sayings for the long winter evenings. And plumb sensible stuff by this here McLoon. All about the new electronic dinguses and what they're a-doin' to us."

"Good God," I said, my serenity fading.

"Yep, up here old man McLoon is sure nuff *dernier cri.* Never would have thought up this pitchfork-into-computer business if I hadn't gotten onto his thinkin'. You see, the pitchfork, or the hayfork or dungfork, as an extension of the arm made its appearance sometime in the Late Bronze Age."

"Very interesting," I croaked. "Had any rain up here lately?"

"Pitchforks revolutionized the accumulation, storage, and retrieval of agricultural aggregates," he continued, waving aside my attempt to change the subject. "As you might know, though,



"Well, the frost is on the punkin, baby, the cows are in the corn, the bulls are in the market, and I'm turned on."

ET QUID AMABO NISI QUOD AENIGMA EST

Then watching the unposed beggars pose
I saw the subjects that occasion offered him
doubtless never intrigued the master
as they intrigue us:
Harvest, the Kermesse, Justitia, Skating.
He took down suffering—and those insanely
rush-hour comments on where some action was—
first as a means to chaffer his betters, those
lumpish onlooker burghers, too often viewed
at a distance.
Obviously, though, he was
moved by dolts; the highly sketchable maimed;
the cloaks in which you feel fleas mincing
and see where rats, by night, nibble. Just what
inner occasion let him see things—
things as they were—
is not clear; only that he needed them.

Take "Blind Peasant, Begging"—the dazzled eye,
wild stare of a winter deer begging food or
safe passage from where he's been cornered. But
smiling, incongruously—a wily smile,
up-to-no-good, you think. Yet the whole body
in rapt and freehold peace. Not ignorance, this
indifference to the pains which make him up.

Or take all these little fellows
clumping about with hats over their eyes
all looking squashed, like dwarfs, chin flush with chest
and neck sinking its root in shoulder thew:
this swirl of dying dancers might have been called
"Ataraxy Among the Accident-Prone"
or "Survival Through Indifference, As Seen
in the Peasants of Breughel."
After so many
scrapes as patently planed their knotty faces
the living showed through; lives, like their profiles,
gathered a certain definition from
cold fires and dry trenchers. Chill days grew light
and marvellous when each got circumscribed,
like three-time losers the second time around.

I thought of others: people I knew, whose smiles
stolidly flickered like home movies; some who
displayed lapsed attitudes, say, toward going out
in the rain (without coat or rubbers) all day;
the crowded minds, decreeing against the crowd,
or sailing alone at night in rising weather.

Madness may well
be a crowded mind. But fury comes to the
stripped life. The soul that would survive its strife
grows
accident-prone, carefully careless
with its flesh. —Not the stink, taste,
the sore of having been so wanting long,
the dizzy or the colic of haste

it is the *against,*
the gainsaying of the hap bidding
hapless to death's gain: deathward, weighted,
wearied sunless, the cringing, the hulk strange
of a presence, a space change, a win time dons
when you gag in the gorge of the timing,
the falling, the false surrender:
sleeping in doorways, sailing alone at night,
who wryly bear their limps, their abdominal
pains, all mornings after, hanging and hanging,
lousy shirts, the pocked forearm, and scarred wrist.

—STEPHEN SANDY

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new technologies invariably create new stresses and strains within the whatchamacallit—the social fabric—and if there had been any students of media around in the Late Bronze Age they could have predicted some hard trouble. Too bad, though—there wasn't any. The social stresses created by the development of the pitchfork led to local disputes over storage and retrieval rights, and those there in turn led to warring and carrying on throughout Central Europe, with pitchforks being used for the first time as weapons."

I started to interpose a comment on the stunning Adirondack vista that unfolded to the left of us, but he overrode me. "The military factor was thus added to your social and religious matrix," he went on, "and out of the interaction among these forces came the three-tined pitchfork, like that old one we have in the back seat."

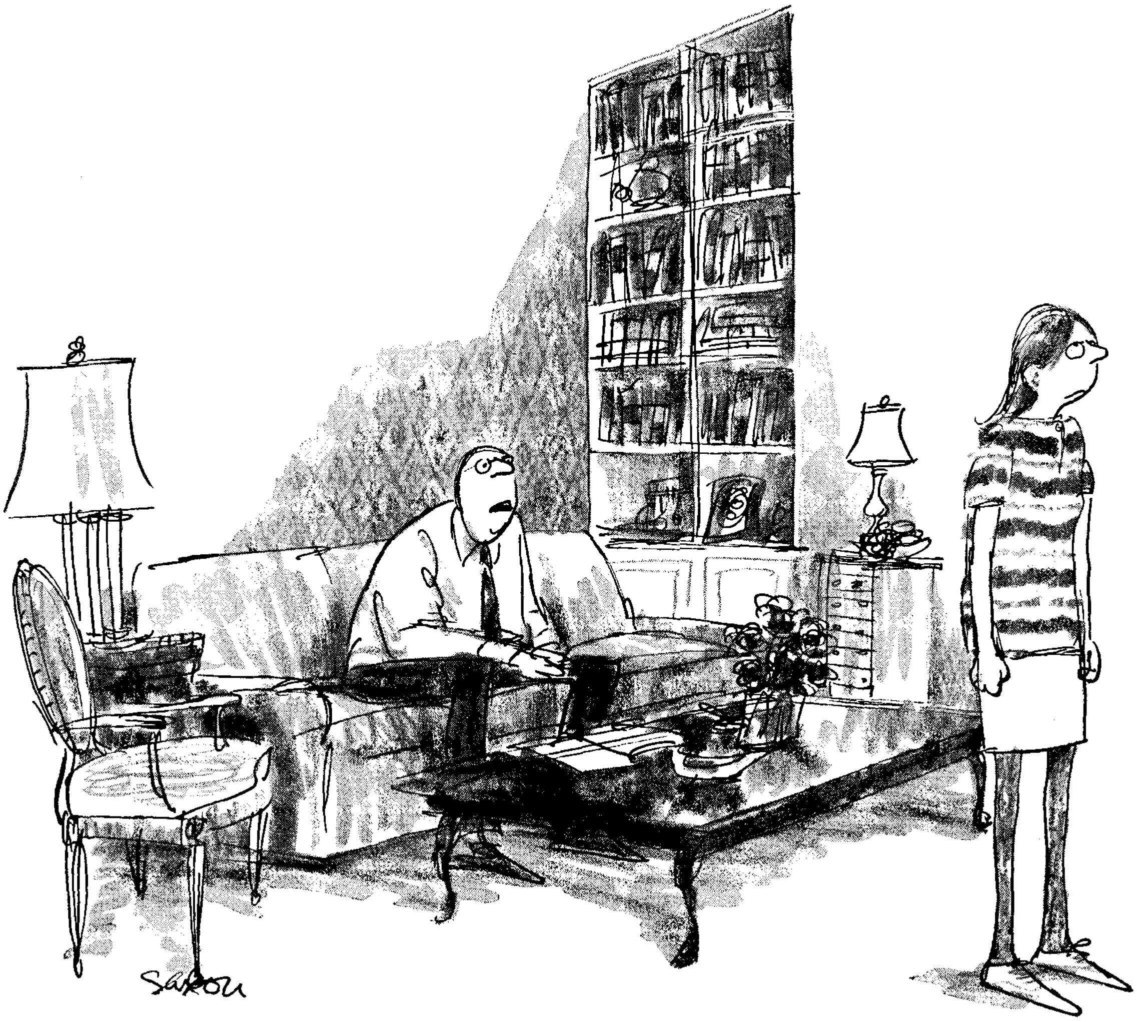
"Now, *wait* a minute," I said.

"It's no accident," he went on inexorably, "that the binary numbers, plain old one and two—the basis of all digital-computer operations—can also be added up to give you the number three. Computers are just three-tined pitchforks *extended.* You see, Mister? It's the sort of insight some folks don't pick up right away, but that's because they're still bogged down in the old, lineal, one-thing-after-another culture. To us students of media, it's as plain as the nose on your face."

"The hell it is!" I snorted, succumbing to an all-too-familiar exasperation. "Suppose you just tell me *how* pitchforks evolved into computers."

"Be proud to," he replied. "Essentially, what we're dealing with here is the transformation of a cool medium into a hot one and then back to a cool one again. Like makin' horseshoes, see? Pitchforks were originally cool and tribal. Everybody in that there Late Bronze Age was integrally involved in the process of pitchforking, and this situation continued more or less unchanged until the fifteenth century, when Mr. Gutenberg's invention of movable type converted the pitchfork into a hot medium. It was about this time that you began to have pitchforks turning up in popular illustrations of the hottest place of all, heh-heh!" He paused, giggling appreciatively, and went right on again. "Now, some folks might try to argue that pitchforks had started to heat up even *before* Gutenberg—like for instance, when they were used as weapons in the Central European pitchfork wars. Such arguments just show an all-fired ignorance of the nature of media. It should be plain as plain that the way a medium is used has nothing at all to do with its temperature. Using pitchforks as weapons didn't change their iconic significance, which remained agrarian, tribal, and cool as all getout."

"Which way here?" I moaned as we neared a fork in the road.



"I'd like to make it clear that I am not speaking for my generation. I am speaking for your mother and myself."

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"Left. Now, it's clear today that the old, Gutenbergian Hell has been replaced by the new, decentralized, all-inclusive field of electronic awareness. As for the pitchfork process, why, it's simply shifted its environment. The accumulation, storage, and retrieval of agricultural aggregates—snapbeans, mushmelons, corn; you know: *food*—is basically indistinguishable from the accumulation, storage, and retrieval of information by cool-as-a-cucumber computers, because food *is* information. Food for thought. That answer your question?"

"Perfectly," I said, through clenched teeth. "How much farther to Glover's Valley?"

"'Bout half a mile. Now then, once you've got straight on the pitchfork-into-computer bit, why, you're onto all kinds of dandy new perceptions. It's a simple matter to see that the Apollo and Gemini space capsules are adaptations of the good old New England hooked rug, to cite just one example, and that all those new, infrasequential, total-mesh dances you city folks are doing now—the Watusi and that confounded sort of thing—are just contemporary manifestations of ancient Nilotic crocodile cults. In fact—"

"Enough!" I cried out. "I'm a sick man."

"In fact," he went on imperturbably, "we students of media can now demonstrate that everything is directly related to everything else, through the phenomenon of implosion. The Oriental fellers have known this for centuries, and anyone who doesn't see it now is just not thinking implosively. With the exception of a few fragmented individuals who refuse to join in the fun, we're all playing our interchangeable roles and warming once more to the tribal embrace, which is integral and mythic. We are merging our separate identities in the cool mosaic of equilibrium and stasis, and our tactile all-at-onceness is providing the numinous feedback that— Say, what's yer rush?"

Having entered the incorporated limits of Glover's Valley, I couldn't wait for deliverance. The Impala was doing fifty-five down the maple-shaded main street, and when I turned into the Hotel Beulah's driveway the anguished squealing of the tires perfectly echoed the state of my nerves.

I made it up the steps to the front porch of the Beulah, still accompanied by the Village Explainer, who insisted on carrying one of my lighter bags. He paused there to introduce me laconically to a gaggle of oldsters sitting on the veranda with their chairs tilted back, whittling. "Up from the city," the Explainer explained, nodding my way.

The oldsters looked me over knowingly. "Cultural implosion's got him down, I bet," one of them observed.

"Hung up on print technology, just like the rest of 'em," said another. "Well, Mister, if you're looking for a way to get with the web of electromagnetic interprocess, you've come to the right place. Up here we've got real *perspective* on these things."

"Pleasure to have you," said a third. "We were just swapping perceptions about the effects of air-conditioning on hot media like radio. Maybe you'd care to join us?"

"*Now* what's the trouble?" said the Village Explainer, as I tore my Gladstone from his hand and stumbled down the stairs.

"Got to get back to town," I called over my shoulder. "Appointment tomorrow . . . just remembered . . . stupid of me." In scrambling behind the wheel of the car again, I must have brushed the correct knob with my knee, because all the way back to New York I had "Scheherazade" going full blast. There wasn't much I could do about it, so I just kept my eye on the highway median and let the message take care of itself.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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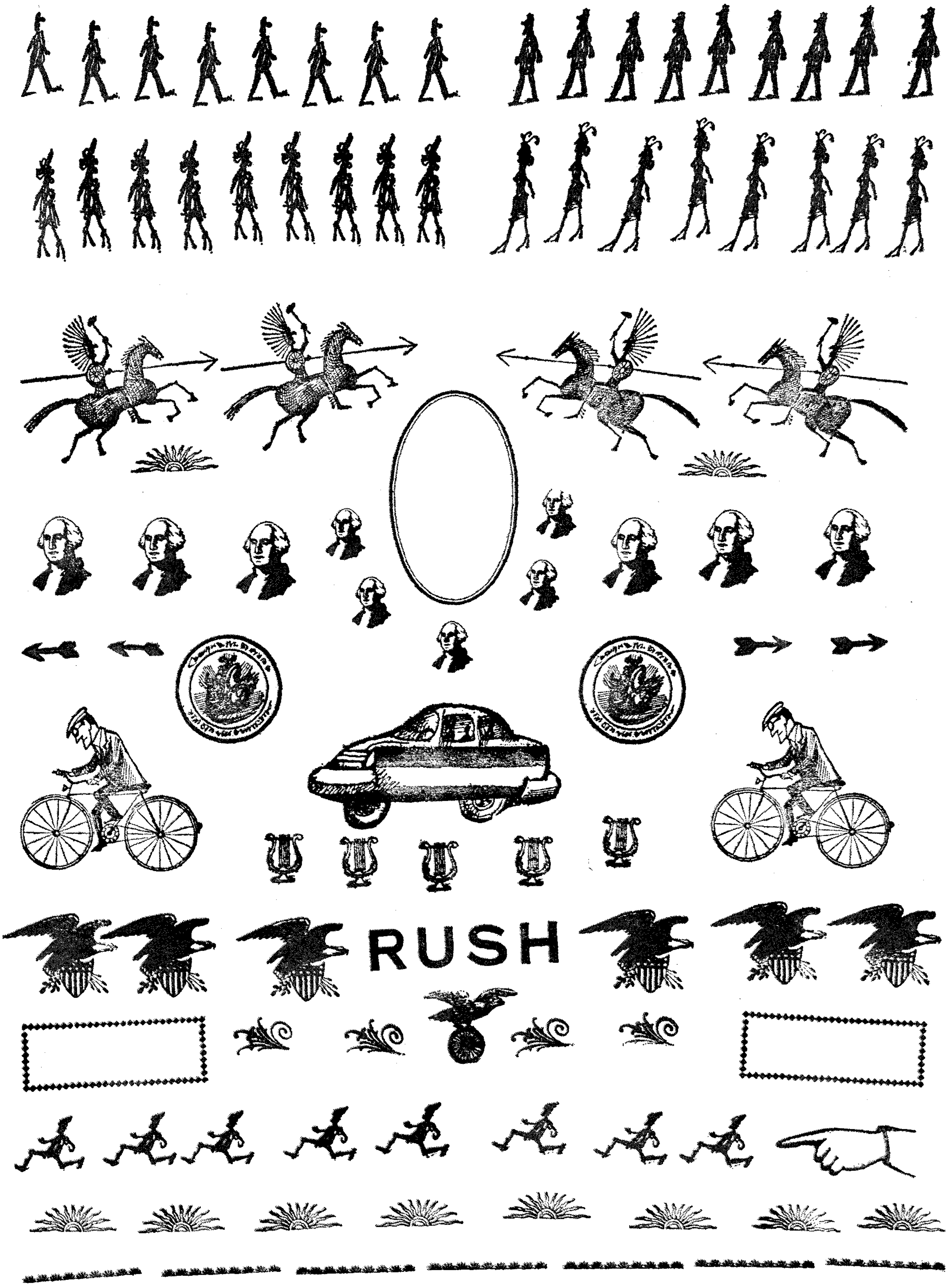
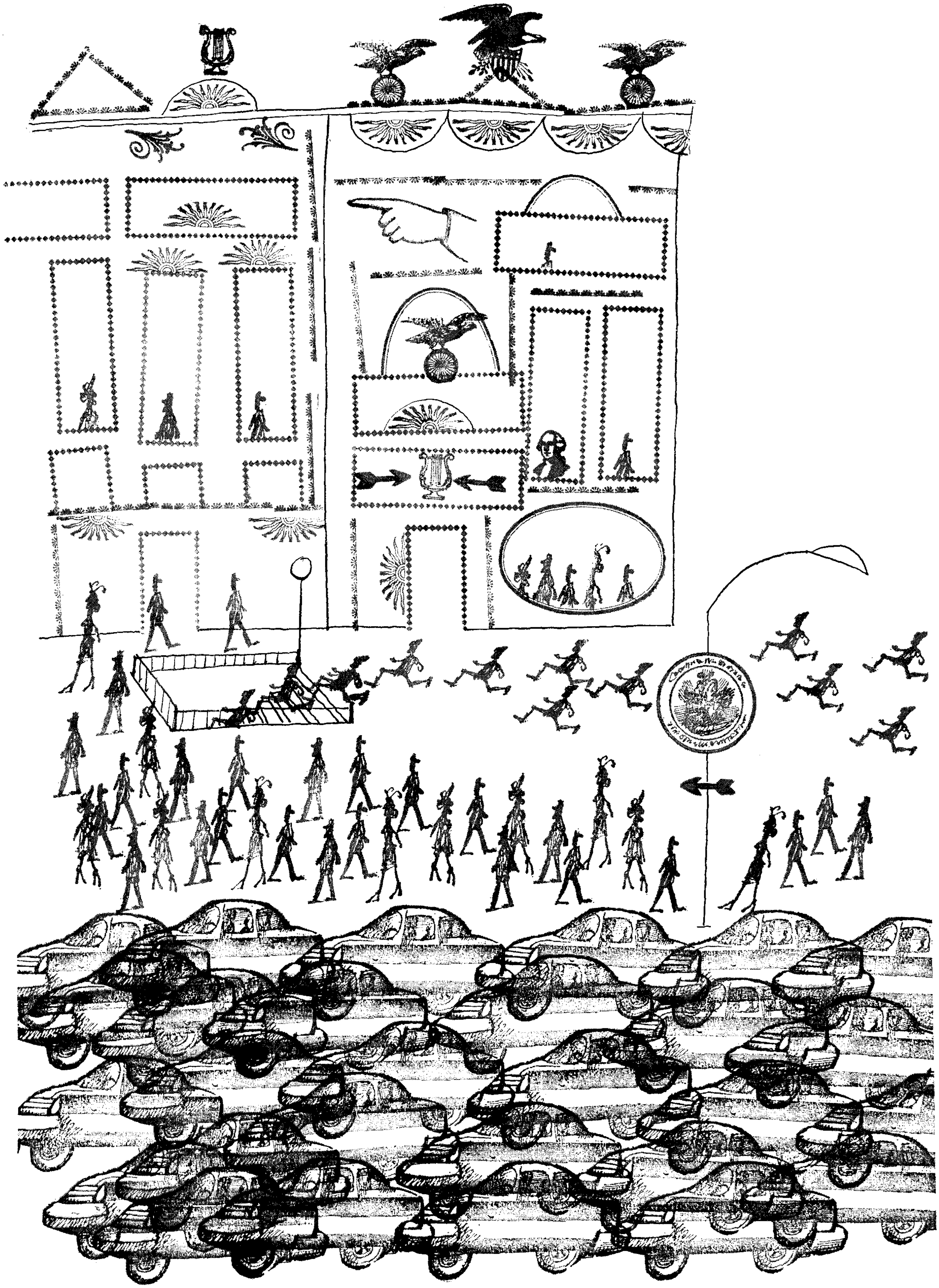
Absolutely every room in the Schoeniths' contemporary home exudes Christmas—from the living room where Holly Girls (wearing short red velvet dresses banded in fake white fur) dispatched champagne cocktails right down to the bomb shelter, full of mistletoe and holly.

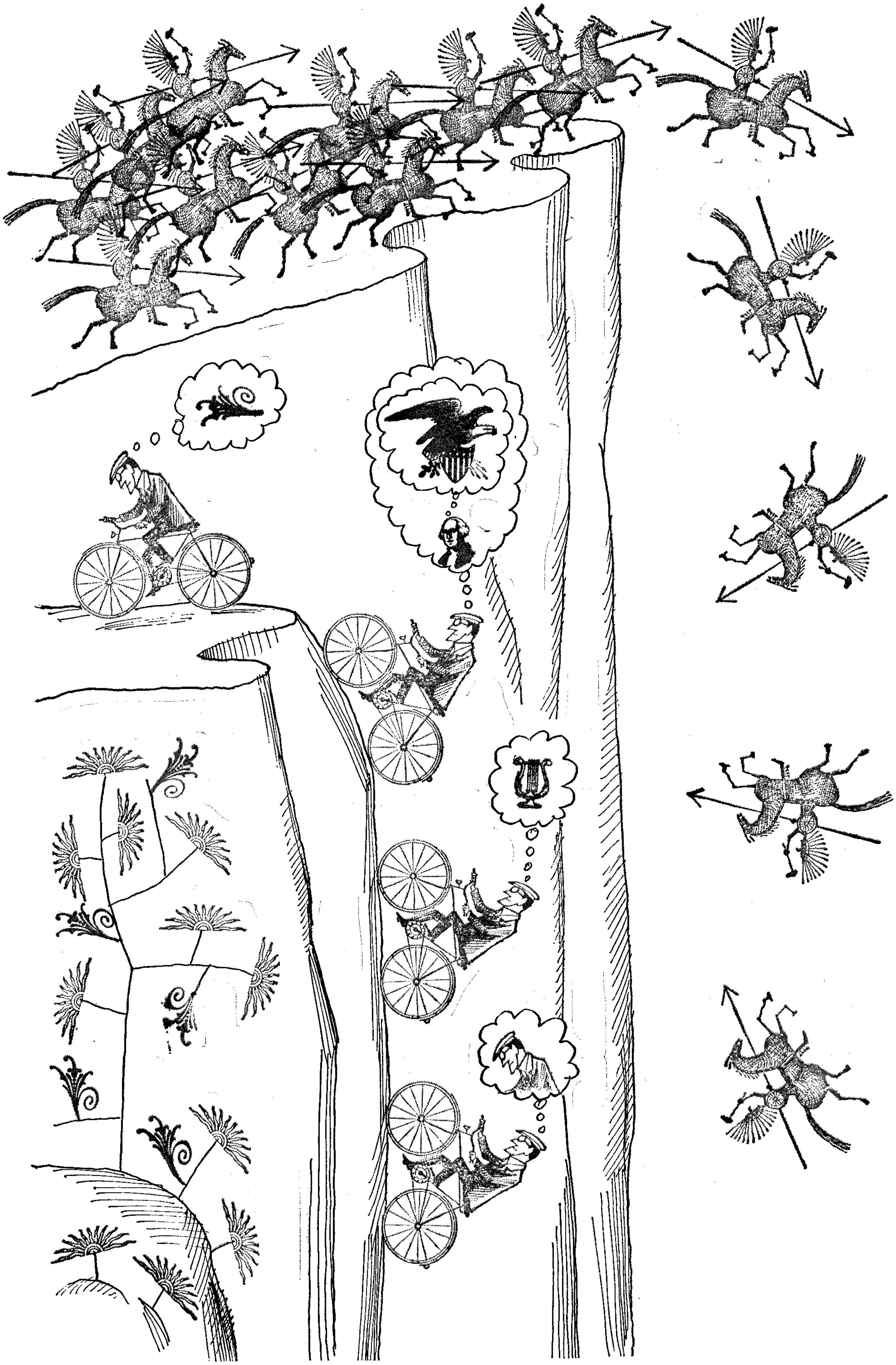
—*Detroit News.*

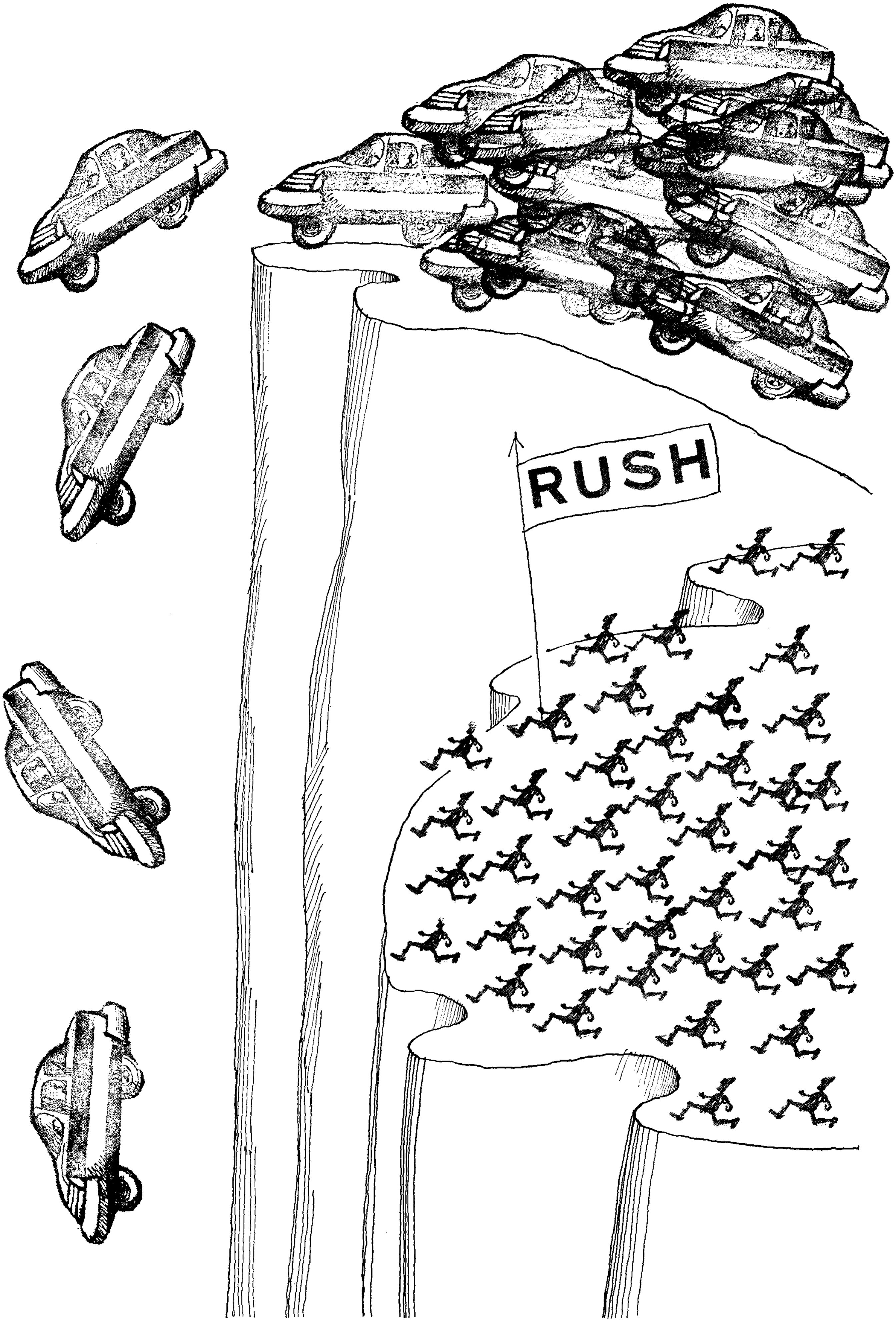
And delicious dried soups?

RUBBER STAMPS





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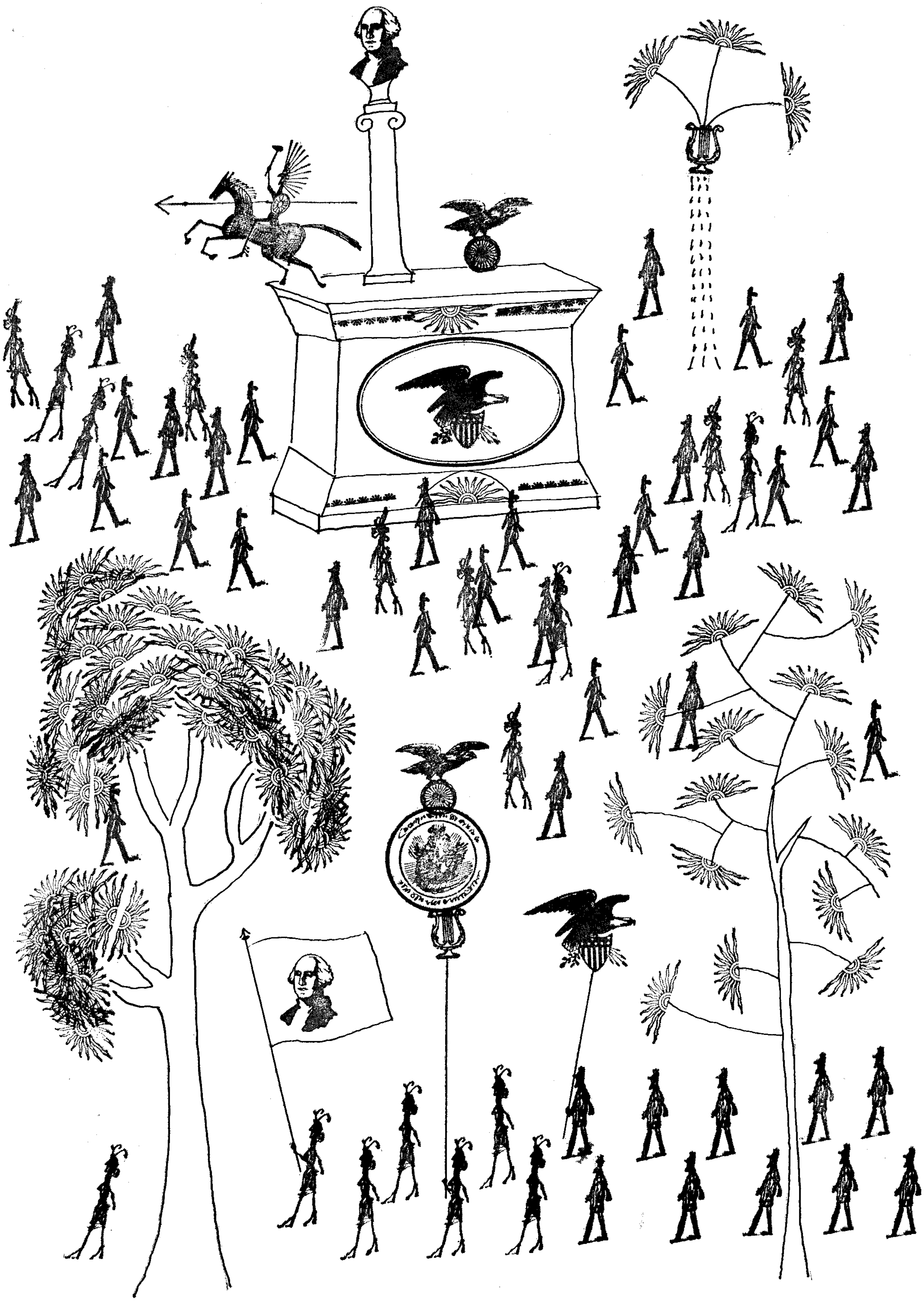
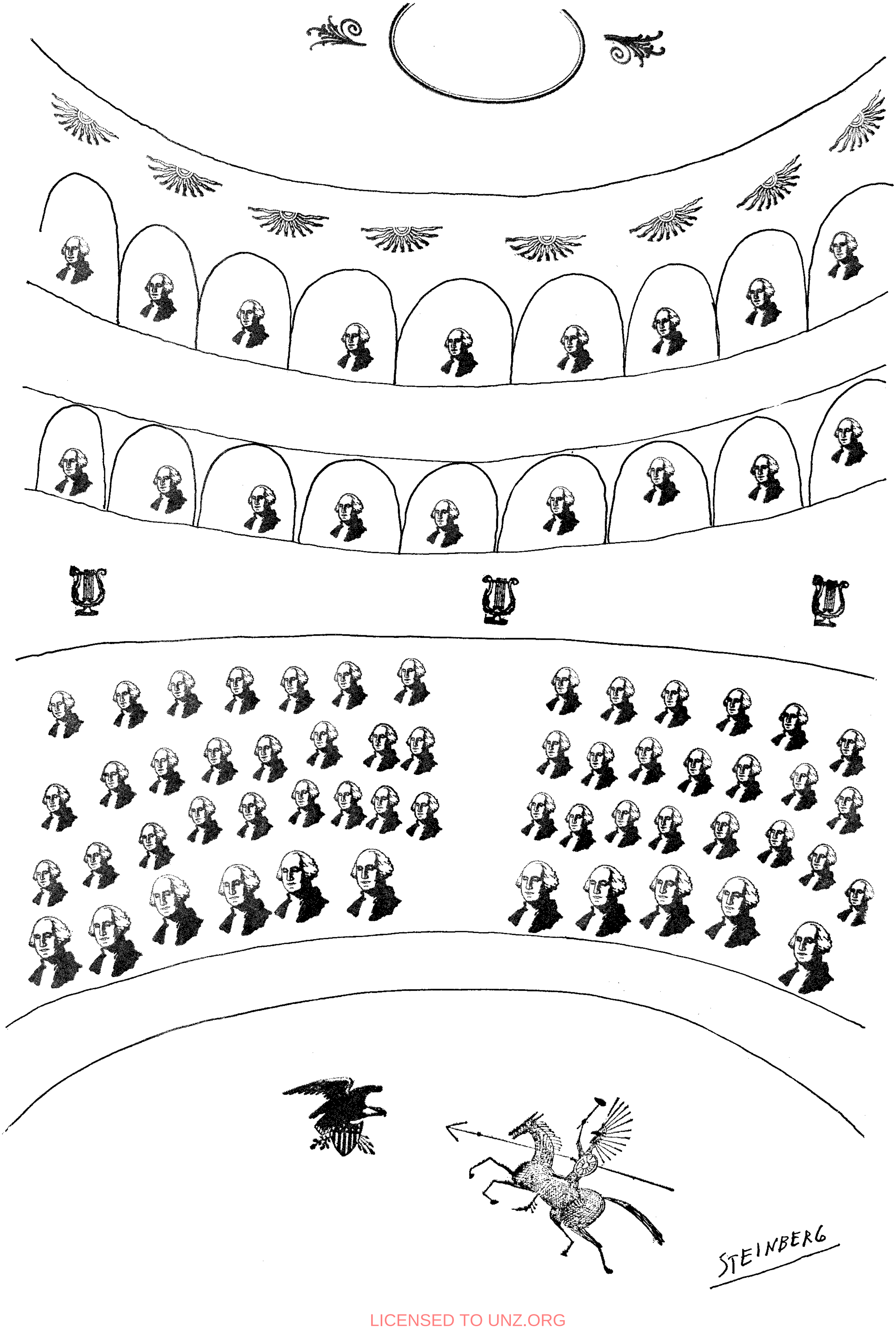



STEINBERG

A REPORT

"THE boots are not authentic," says M. Monnerot. "Authentic boots must exist somewhere, but I have never found them—at least not in my size. Everything else seems real."

He stands with his hands on his hips, scowling at himself in the glass. He wears the uniform of a Waffen S.S. superior officer, but the effect is patchy, and for a good reason—the components of the uniform were bought separately. Willi has no emotional feeling about the uniform whatsoever, but his sense of order is offended by the decorations. No soldier could possibly have been simultaneously on so many fronts, and if you look closely you can see that some of the ribbons are not even German. M. Monnerot is an impostor, though he looks impressive. Next to him, a man in civilian clothes appears ridiculous. Willi, the civilian, looks as if he exercised some marginal trade, such as photographing tourists as they come out of the Louvre, or asking thirty selected families how often they clean their shoes; but he is a translator, entrusted with difficult and often secret texts, at the rate of eleven centimes a word.

M. Monnerot is small of eye; he pulls the cap sideways and down so that his gaze is shadowed. According to one of the detectives who have been following him (his wife is trying to obtain evidence for a divorce), he is handsomer in uniform than Himmler, whose picture hangs on the wall, but not nearly so effective as Heydrich, who strides beside Himmler. Heydrich's greatcoat swirls, his arm swings; the whole sense of the picture seems to be menace and movement. He wears a sword. M. Monnerot is on the lookout for one like it. Swords are easy enough to find, but every time he buys one he compares it with the photograph and some detail seems at fault. Could it be that Heydrich had a sword specially made for himself? Willi, questioned, shakes his head. It could be true; it seems to him that during his childhood in Germany he heard opposing opinions—for instance, his mother believed that very high-up Party members spent rather a lot on their own adornment, but his father knew better, and maintained that every pfennig of tax collected was somehow or other returned to the people.

"Oh, Mr. Bing! Yoo-hoo, Mr. Bing!"

Upon M. Monnerot's table, folded, are two red, black, and white flags. One came from the Flea Market, where several merchants now make a specialty of Nazi souvenirs, and is said to have flown high in Kiev. There is no way of proving it, but as it may have come such a long way, he paid more for it than he would have for any of the others.

He turns to Willi and says, "I am not blaming you, but I don't think the flag *you* sold me is authentic."

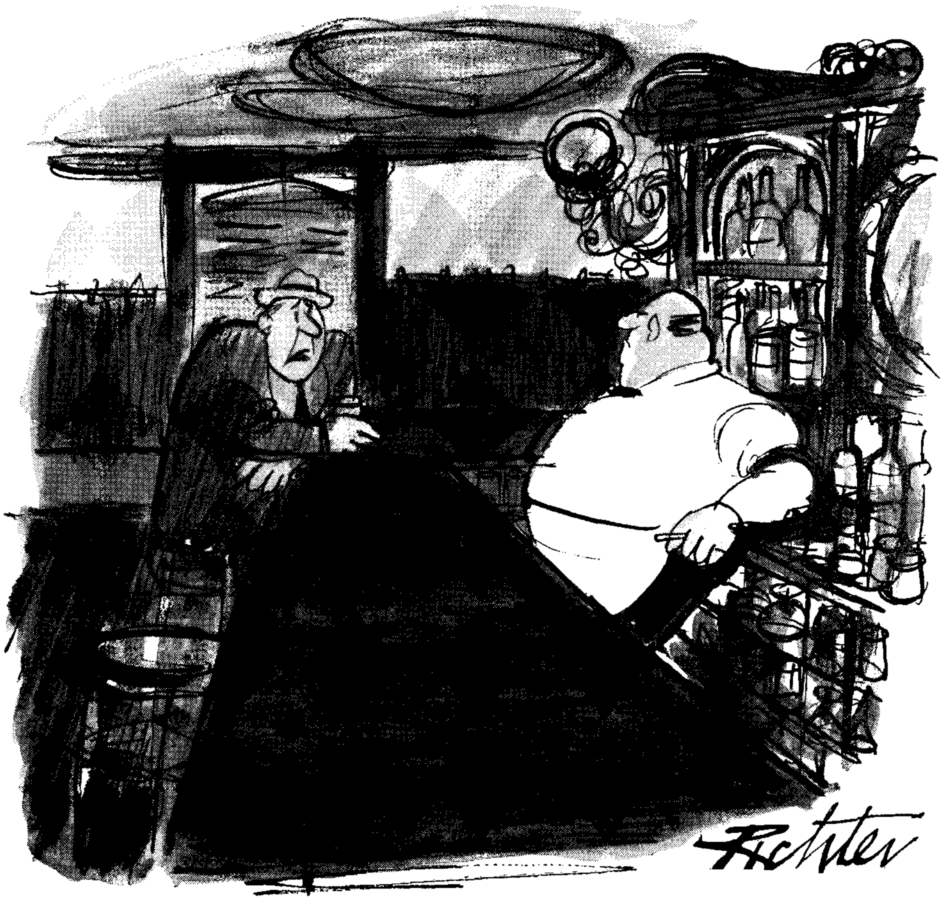
Of course it is not. When Willi was asked for a flag he said they only existed in films; and when M. Monnerot insisted, first wheedling, then raising his price to three hundred francs, Willi went to the Bon Marché department store and bought red, black, and white bunting and made a passable flag. His first try was nearly a failure—he had his swastika running counterclockwise. He had to unstitch it and sew it twice. He soaked the flag in salt water and let it dry, then dipped the flag, folded, into a solution of Javelle water. Thus, battle-marked and travel-marked, the flag was welcomed by M. Monnerot, and envied by some of his friends, who are also collectors.

"The size of the swastika seems wrong," M. Monnerot now complains. "I don't know why, but when you compare it with some others—a friend of mine pointed it out to me."

Willi says solemnly, "The Kiev flag must have been made after 1942. In 1942 the size was standardized. Now you have one of each."

"You are right," says M. Monnerot. "I have one of each."

WILLI would like to share this joke with someone, but with whom? He is in the confidence of M. Monnerot's wife, and knows she is having her husband followed. She is hoping to catch him at something, but so far he has been careful: he has never stayed out overnight, and never brought a woman into his house—he knows better. "I respect my wife," he has often told Willi, "and her part of my life is sacred." Willi knows that although Mme. Monnerot might enjoy the story about the flag she could make trouble for Willi later on. She might be so enraged to think of her husband spending money foolishly that she could not resist telling him. Willi knows, from experience, that mortal enemies often end up in each other's arms. Also, if M. Monnerot keeps his mistress out of his home, it is simply because she has a place of her own, Rue du Commerce. Part of the detective's report describes how M. Monnerot has to fight for parking space on that busy street—how he tries to intimidate his oppo-



"I mean, if you did have a rice paddy, Mac, how would you feel if somebody came along and sprayed poison on it?"

• •

nent without actually coming to blows. He becomes so red in the face that the author of the report thinks he might die of a stroke one of these days. Willi knows more than the detective, but he keeps his information to himself. Perhaps he could sell what he knows—but no; the truth is, he doesn't trust any of these people an inch.

He has seen the latest report, which begins, "The situation has not changed. M. Monnerot leaves his office on the stroke of twelve and, after fetching his car in the garage behind the Madeleine, drives in the thick of midday traffic to the corner of the Avenue Émile Zola and the Rue du Commerce. As he can never find a place along the curb, he leaves his Ariane double- and even triple-parked while he buys two small filet steaks, or one lean *entrecôte*. At the greengrocer he buys two apples or two bananas. Occasionally he omits the fruit and walks half a block to buy two vanilla yoghurts. He pays cash everywhere and is not known to have any debts. Recently he obtained control of a dry-cleaning establishment, Rue du Commerce, which he wanted to name Mon Pressing. However as there are four establishments by that name in the telephone book he has changed his mind, and the sign now reads 'Pressing Brigitte.' M. Monnerot has a valid reason for his daily trips to the Émile Zola-Rue du Commerce area of the city."

Willi could add that the apartment on the Rue du Commerce where M. Monnerot has his share of the steak, fruit, or yoghurt was occupied from May to July by Fräulein Ilse (Bobbie) Bauer, born of a French corporal with the Army of Occupation and a seventeen-year-old German bilingual stenographer, in Coblenz, May 5th, 1947. Before taking up residence in the Rue du Commerce, Bobbie was *au pair* cook, housemaid, laundress, and governess in the home of M. and Mme. Laurent, their daughters Chantal and Eliane, baby Charles, and gray poodle Tisane. Bobbie had a room on the sixth floor of the apartment building, along with the servants working for other families, and students to whom the rooms were rented at two hundred francs a month. Some rooms contained clandestine Spanish families, one member of which—wife, sister, fiancée—was employed as a maid, and who, by means of mattresses piled in the daytime and distributed on the floor at night, was able to house four or five persons in a room already filled by a single bed, a chair, and a wardrobe. The students have their meals at the university restaurants, and the space taken in the Spanish rooms by alcohol stoves and saucepans is devoted, in their chambers, to a record-player and the records of Jacques Brel, Georges Brassens, Barbara, Guy Béart, and Bob Dylan.

Although she was nauseated by the smell of cooking oil from the Spanish quarters, and disturbed by the records in the students' rooms, Bobbie spent her evenings upstairs. The Laurents had never invited her to share their television. Because her mother had borne her at the age of seventeen, Bobbie was afraid to go out alone until after her eighteenth birthday. Once another girl took her to the Select, in Montparnasse, where she met Willi. She told him about the Laurents, and that on the sixth floor there was one toilet, Turkish style, without a lock, and one basin with a cold-water tap, and that her favorite poet was Lamartine. Willi advised her to go home to Coblenz. She said she could not until she had learned enough French to become a bilingual stenographer; her mother had married a man who was interested in Bobbie, and (showing off her French) she was *de trop* at home.

On her eighteenth birthday, her French hosts invited her to watch a film on television. The program was already under way when she arrived. She slipped into a chair. Eliane and Chantal sat cross-legged on the floor, rapt, though the white wobbling square on the lower left-hand corner of the screen was an official warning that the program was not recommended for children. M. and Mme. Laurent did not turn their heads when Bobbie entered the room. Bobbie was extremely puzzled and depressed by the film, which had no action whatever, but showed ugly, unkempt, naked women standing in a field of tall grass, in a disorderly queue. She believed it at first to be a film about prehistoric people; she thought it could be some lost tribe in a jungle, perhaps in South America. The jumpy light and abrupt camera movements suggested the scene had been filmed from the wrong distance, and by an amateur. Presently the image changed to an abstract design of white faintly striated in gray, which, when the picture became sharper, was seen to be a pile of bodies. As Bobbie half rose from her chair, M. and Mme. Laurent swung away from the screen. She saw their profiles, then their faces. Mme. Laurent said bitterly,

A DAY IN THE CITY

(BOSTON–NEW YORK)

I. A Taste of Queens

The dead in Queens lean westward from their stones,
Bidding granitic and marmoreal
Adieux to their descendants, who go west
A better way across the bridge to lodge
Like unspent bullets in high offices
And spiring living rooms up in the air.
Low grow the tenant cabins—stucco, brick,
Half-timbered, double-numbered—where the quick
Who were not fast enough groom their feat sons
To leap the river and, for love or money,
Fall stunningly upon the stony city.
Here Maple Towers ("Now Renting 3-Rm. Apts.")
Now towers without a tree, its swimming pool
A blue oasis in the asphalt plain
Where caravans of Carey buses ply
From Flushing to their caravanserai
In that gray fret of city over there,
Bearing us strangers straight to our desire.

II. The Amair Tower

Amair, whose lightfoot jets transship today
Across the Pole to where tomorrow starts,
I do not like your *pied-à-terre*, which squats,
Arrived and immemorial, upon
Diminished traces of that lovely gray
Novembrist town bespoke by the old school
Who specialized in rainy afternoons
Enclosing incandescent *thés dansants*,
From which the singles and the couples went
On by tall lemon cab to their affairs
Down at the Café Brevoort or upstairs
Above the Plaza's titles and palms. Now I
Am escalated to a mezzanine
From which I will be launched into an air—
Which fifty stories circulate—as rare
As the rich breath of couchant unicorns
Or levant chairmen at the dormant board,
Whose low end I will sit at and, like Molly,
Bloom into smiles and, yes, say yes to folly.

III. High Places

Sitting in conference with the president,
I am at first a trifle hesitant
To pierce his thin-skinned sphere with my harsh voice
And possibly dissipate his corporate choice
Of fruitwood furniture and cosmic view—
Look! Look! Canarsie! Inwood! Greenpoint! Kew
Gardens! United Nations Plaza!—true
Embodiment of everything that's ex-
Travagant in American life but sex,
Which is supplied in minims by Miss Hatch
Outside his office door to each fresh batch
Of clients, underlings, and impressees,
Who, on his bounty, sail the seven seas
Of his blue, black, calm, manic, angry moods,
This king of men and emperor of goods.
We talk across two tankards of his pale
Impeccable imported English ale,
Which break out in a fine cold sweat, like me,
In his stern presence. Can my dim words be
Reaching their destination? Yes, sir. He
Nods in his waking sleep and sanctifies
My views in every echelon of eyes.

IV. East Forty-second Street

Acutely, the late sun interrogates
The street held in its custody, casting
New light on western faces, shadowing
Each subject with the long arm of the law
Of relativity, gilding the back,
Benighting the east front of everyone.
In front of Longchamps, on a burning brass
Standpipe stained orange by sundown, a tall green
Girl worth her weight in meadows, orchards, trees
Sits waiting for her date to claim her long,
Cool fall champaign, capped by black scuds of curls,
And stage a pastoral with her as Phyllis
And him as Colin, awkward, forward, witty,
Against the pre-cast forest of the city.

—L. E. Sissman

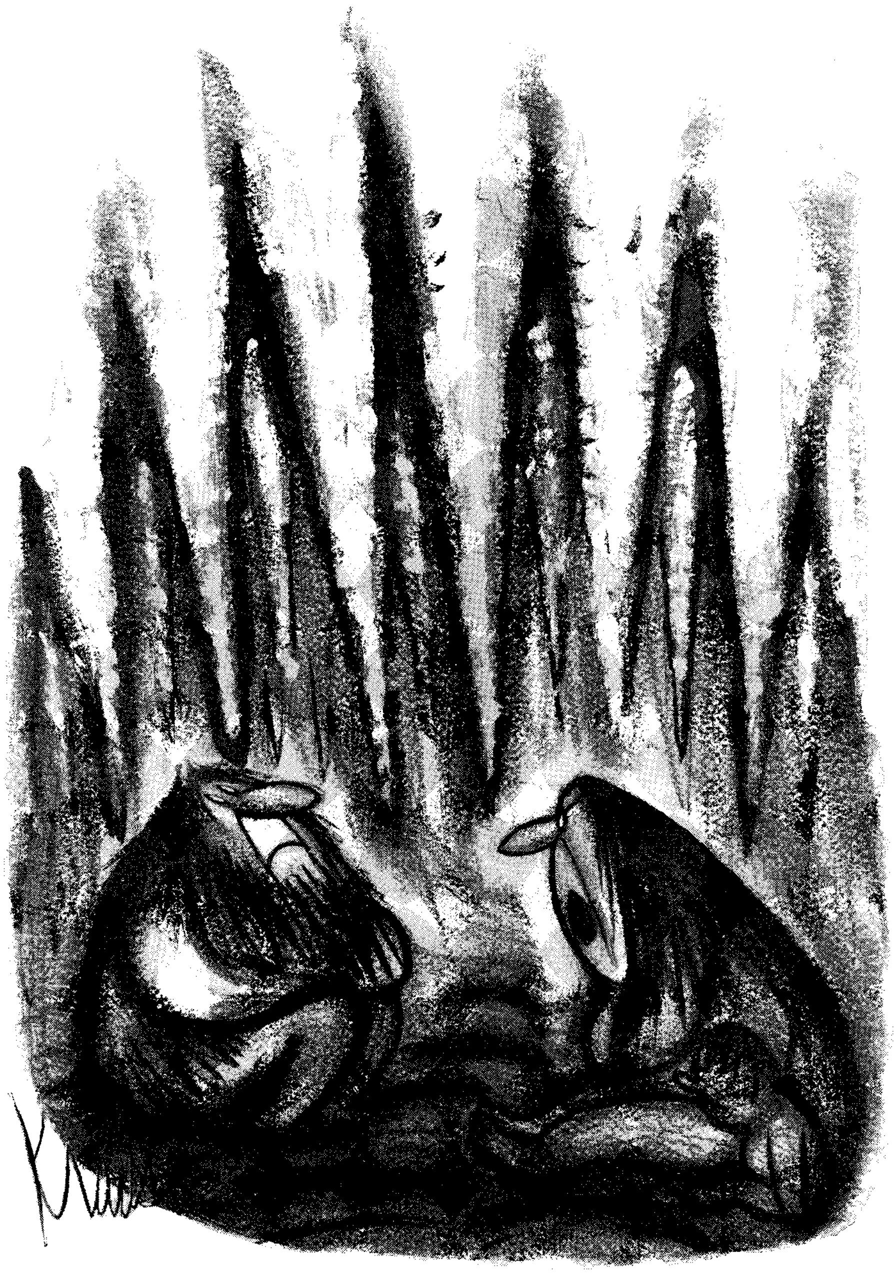
• •

"*You* did this," and her husband said, "If it wasn't you, it was your father."

Bobbie left the room, ran down the stairs, and walked in the spring night as far as the Trocadéro. The fountains were playing. A number of tourists took pictures of the Eiffel Tower and the lighted water. M. Monnerot, who was on his way to dine with a friend from out of town at Le Petit Marguery, and had stopped at the Trocadéro to admire the view, discovered Bobbie without her purse, without her coat, without her identity card or passport, and without a key to get back into the Laurents' apartment house. She was weeping bitterly. After a short conversation during which she shook her head several times, she joined the two men for dinner.

The apartment on the Rue du Commerce—as Mme. Monnerot knows—was bought, as an investment, by M. Monnerot's unmarried sister, who lives in Lyon and never goes near the place. Nevertheless, *the telephone is in her* name, and the gas, light, and water (though the bills are paid by successive tenants) are in her name, too. No tenant has ever been given a lease to sign, and the concierge is bribed. Bobbie moved in as one more incarnation of M. Monnerot's sister. The arrangement lasted less than two months. Fräulein Bauer was frightened by M. Monnerot—no one knows why. She *made the mistake of calling* M. Monnerot at his office, and the greater mistake of calling him at his home. That telephone call was, in fact, the beginning of Mme. Monnerot's suspicions, and the reason she began receiving detectives' reports. By the time the detectives began working, however, Bobbie had disappeared. Someone told Willi she was seen with a suitcase around the Gare de l'Est. Perhaps she followed his advice and went home. The official report knows only this: "M. Monnerot's sister's apartment is occupied by Mlle. Brigitte Vanderplank, who is a French citizen. Mlle. Vanderplank works for a wholesale

dress firm as hostess and model when coats and dresses are shown to buyers in Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, and Switzerland. She is twenty-four, and speaks French, Flemish, and several German dialects. It is to her apartment that M. Monnerot takes his daily steak, et cetera. Sometimes he and Mlle. Vanderplank meet and shop together. In that case she chooses the food and he pays. He sometimes allows her to drive. When the car is parked to his satisfaction he rushes to open the door for Mlle. Vanderplank, helps her out, and kisses her hand. M. Monnerot has told a few friends that he is on close terms with a young countess who belongs to a family from the northern part of France. Mlle. Vanderplank wears an apple-green suit and white shoes. She carries a white purse with a gold chain. She has been described variously as 'exquisite,' 'undernourished,' 'common,' 'distinguished,' but all are agreed that she has blond hair. M. Monnerot has told Mlle. Vanderplank that he was a secret agent in the last war, and also with the paratroops. Mlle. Vanderplank has been heard to say that her landlady's brother (as she correctly describes him) is a decent citizen; his patriotism is unquestioned; he believes in republican institutions; he detests the Americans, the British, the Russians, the Chinese, and he despises the Germans for having been defeated in the last war. Some time ago Mlle. Vanderplank asked for a lease 'to show her parents,' who, she said, were concerned about her housing arrangements. M. Monnerot drew up a lease, and filled out several 'receipts' for the monthly rent. Mlle. Vanderplank had the lease and receipts photocopied in the presence of two trusted friends, one of them a solicitor, and returned the originals to M. Monnerot, who tore them up."



"It's always tomorrow. Tomorrow you'll do something about the stalactites."

• •

"WHAT do you think?" said Mme. Monnerot when Willi had read the report. Willi seems to her the very bastion of common sense. He may be ready to sacrifice his principles, but no one can say what his principles are. He does not appear venal. He is extremely discreet, and no trouble to women.

Willi sticks to the information in the report. He speaks like a rational machine. He tells her that, one, M. Monnerot has not committed an offense that can be proved. Two, she has no grounds for a divorce. Three, Mlle. Vanderplank is the legal tenant of the apartment (though the landlady's brother has yet to discover this) and has photocopies of receipts.

"Is there anything you know and are not telling me?" she pleads.

"No," says Willi. "All I have is an enlarged photograph of an officer's sword, which he said he wanted."

"Then nothing can ever change," says Mme. Monnerot.

"No, nothing," says Willi, which might be the expression of a more general belief.

"He is odious," she says. "Why do you waste time doing favors for him?"

"Oh—you know," says Willi vaguely.

He thinks to himself, One, I need the money. Two, it stops him from nagging. Three, I am not sure; I must be expecting something.

Expecting what? He sees the faked flag, the dead decorations, the symbols counterclockwise, and feels bewildered, as if he had been given permission to laugh. "Tell him," he says, and breaks down. He cannot stop laughing. It is disgraceful; he sees Mme. Monnerot is offended. He cannot stop, and begins to weep. "Tell him," he says, when he can draw breath, "tell him I'll look for the boots." —MAVIS GALLANT

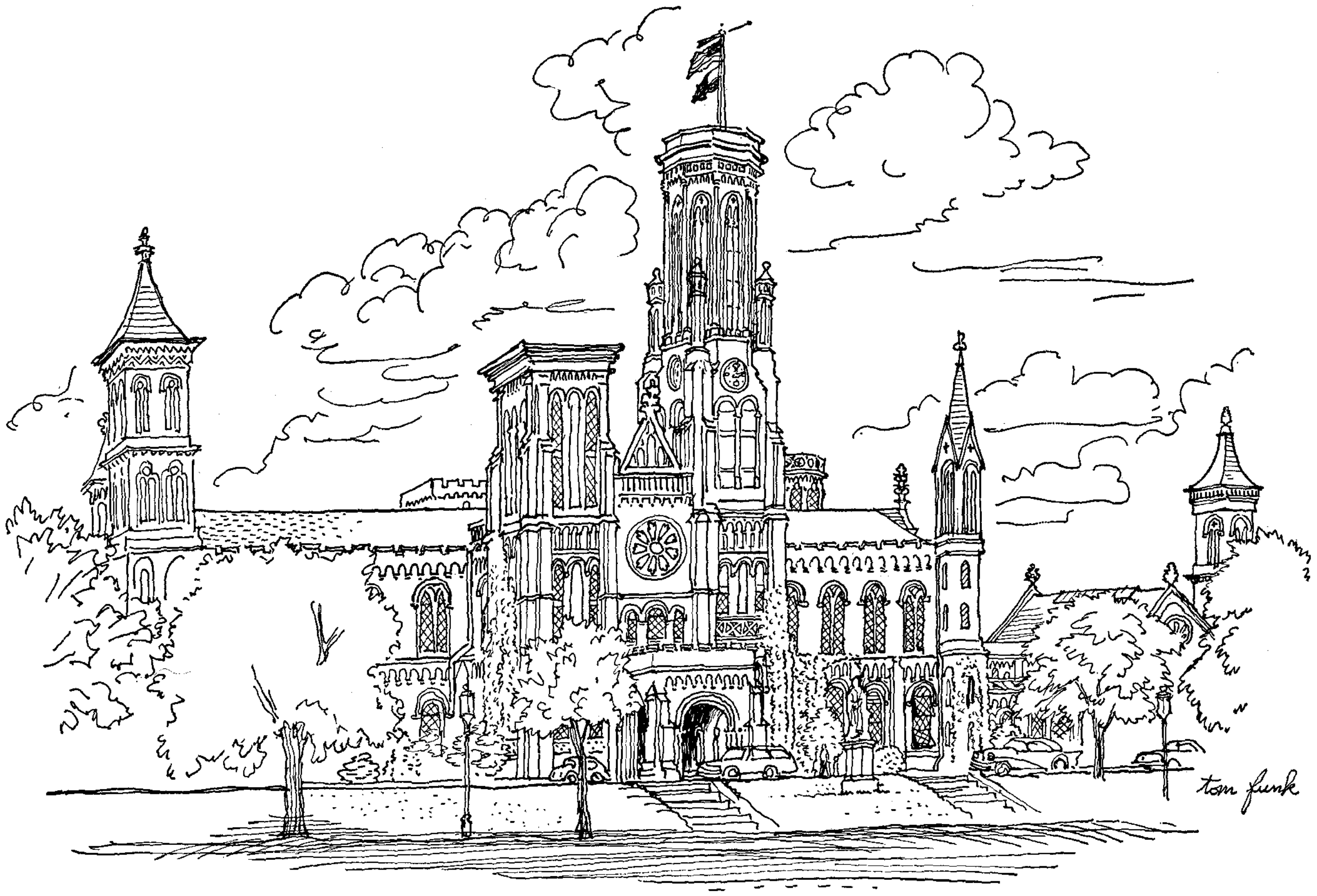
•

The book pinpoints the problems, shows you how to clear away the fog . . . tells how to bring your sentences back to life, tone up your organization of ideas, cut out the deadwood. There's pointers on grammar, too, but they're not overpowering.—*Kiplinger Book Report.*

We'll say!

PROFILES

THE ENIGMATIC BEQUEST—I



I ONCE read an article by Evangeline Adams, the renowned astrologer of yesteryear, that told me a good deal about myself; it said that Aquarians, or persons born between the twentieth of January and the nineteenth of February, of whom I am one, are more likely to fall in love with an institution than with a private individual. A suspicion, in which I hope private individuals near and dear to me will concur, that this statement is an oversimplification does not alter the fact that at the time I came across it, in the nineteen-thirties, I had a crush (to which I have since publicly confessed) on the New York Public Library, Central Division, chiefly because on the third floor, opposite the main reference room, it had a gallery containing two hundred and forty-four remarkably dirty and flaky paintings (among them "Deer Drinking," by Rosa Bonheur; "Grandmother's Birthday" and "The Rejected Suitor," by Václav Brožík; "The Young Mother" and "The Secret," by William A. Bouguereau; and "Puzzled," by G. H. Kotschenreither), a couple of marble statues, and, in the middle of the room, four big wooden cases of seashells (nineteen thousand of them), corals, minerals (all of them unidentified), fans, brooches, jewel boxes, teacups and salad spoons with views painted on them, carved-ivory figurines and paper cutters, and other articles of virtu. I like surprises, and my initial pleasure at running into these incongruous objects was enhanced when, on a second visit, on a Sunday, I found that their room was closed tight as a drum, though the rest of the Library was open. I presently learned that the gallery's contents—which included, additionally, some fourteen thousand books and pamphlets, among them four hundred and forty different editions of the Bible, set on shelves protected by padlocked wire grilles—had come to the New York Public, along with $172,549.93, as the result of an 1891 bequest to the Lenox Library, its corporate predecessor, from Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, the widow of a rich sugar refiner, whose will had specified that they be displayed "in a separate room or compartment" and "never be exhibited . . . on the Lord's Day."

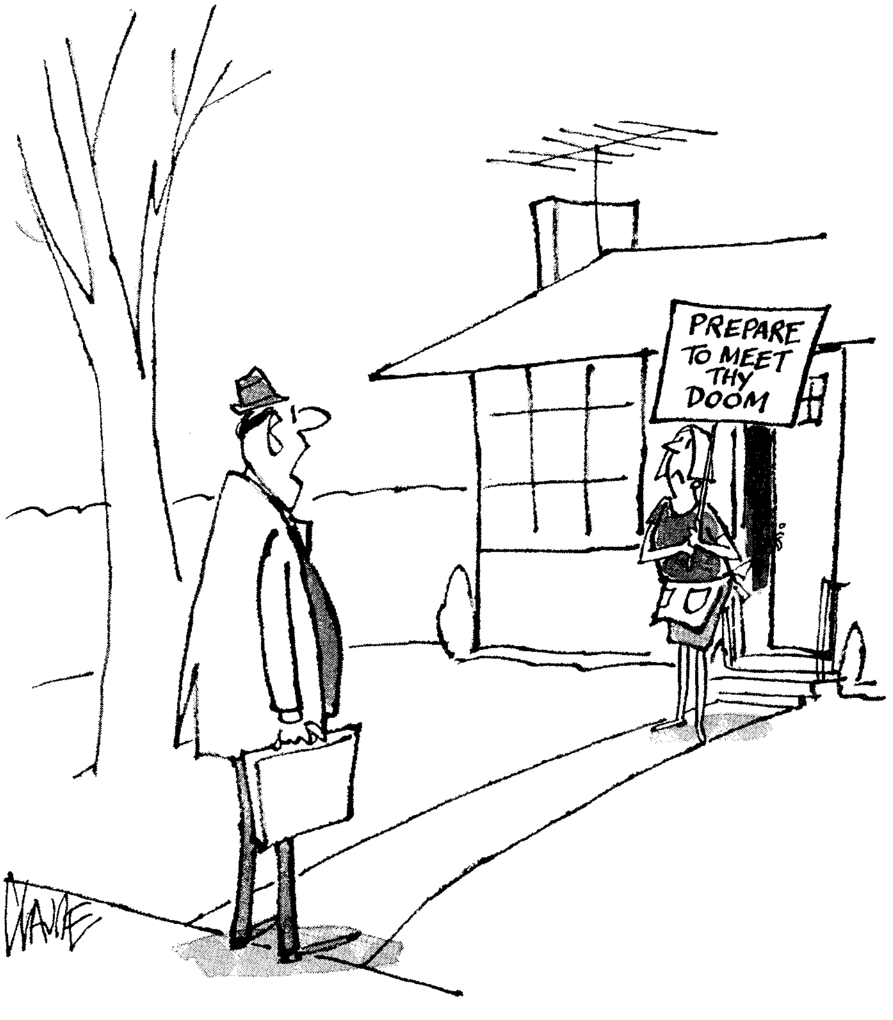
As if this eccentrically furnished and irregularly administered fixture were not enough to turn a man's head, I soon discovered, in the course of other lovesick trips to the Library, *more* surprises: that "Glass Houses" and "Fall Flight," two novels, both with American heroines, by the late Eleanor Medill Patterson, who wrote them under the first of her two married names, Eleanor Gizycka, were housed not in the main stacks but in the Slavonic Division, in Room 216; that a magazine article of mine entitled "The Motorcar Touring Society," which was a chronicle of an early automobile club's mad careerings to Tuxedo Park and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's house at Garrison-on-Hudson, and which had been privately reprinted in a hard-cover edition of a hundred and twenty-five copies, with forty-one plates, by the club's president, Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin, was card-indexed as being in the Science and Technology Division, in Room 121 (but was not to be found there, having presumably been filched by a bibliophilic nuclear physicist); and that a card listing "The Coming Reality," an essay by William Saroyan in the December, 1939, issue of *Theatre Arts Monthly*, bore in its lower left-hand corner the words "No subj."

Cissie Patterson's books are still regarded as Slavonic on Forty-second

Street, Mr. Gallatin and Mrs. Fish still repose, *in absentia*, under Science and Technology, and Mr. Saroyan's reality is still a main-reference-room enigma (I checked up on these things recently), but I am no longer in love with the Public Library. I am no longer in love with the Public Library because its Stuart Collection (except for the books and pamphlets) was moved out in 1944, following a successful petition of the Library trustees to the Surrogate's Court to "liberalize" Mrs. Stuart's will. Thus bereft, I cast about for another suitable object for my Aquarian affections. Fond thoughts of the American Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Botanical Garden, Cooper Union, and the Pierpont Morgan Library assailed me, but I was living in Washington at the time. One morning, as I was seeking solace from my exile in a stroll along the Mall, the great red-brown sandstone, towered and turreted, Norman-Lombard Smithsonian Institution Building—the first of the Institution's several halls, with a cornerstone laid in 1847—loomed up in the distance, and my search was over. What hit me was love at first sight, but it was reinforced by visits to the castle and to some of the other Smithsonian buildings—primarily the adjacent Arts and Industries Building, with a cornerstone laid in 1879—where a hodgepodge of everything from an 1834 silk dress "made of silk produced from cocoons raised by Abigail Sherwood on her father's farm in Fairfield County, Connecticut" and a golf ball initialled "W. G. H.," which once belonged to President Harding, to the first jet-propelled airplane convinced me that I had found Miss Right. As luck would have it, I later had occasion to interview Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, a famous astrophysicist who was then the seventy-two-year-old Secretary, or head, of the Institution, and at the conclusion of our talk he said, "Would you like to hear me sing?" "Yes, Mr. Secretary," I said, and he, standing up and striking a pose, proceeded to render, in a confident, musical voice, several old French love songs. I am susceptible to surprises provided by personnel as well as by exhibits when it comes to forming an institutional attachment, and I was hooked.

Progress was slow, however, owing to circumstances. In 1945, I returned to New York, where I had a flirtation with Cooper Union but continued to think about the Smithsonian. My thoughts received a jog in 1963, when an old friend of mine, S. Dillon Ripley, was elected its Secretary. I knew him for a colorful, energetic man, full of surprises, who, after graduating in 1936 from Yale, where he took part in dramatics and thought briefly of becoming a professional actor, had spent eighteen months in New Guinea, Tahiti, Samoa, and the Fiji and Solomon Islands, shooting and skinning twelve hundred birds, among them a pair of Biak owls, *Otus beccarii*, previously represented in museum circles by a solitary specimen that had been deposited in the Genoa Natural History Museum in 1875. In 1942, he had joined the Smithsonian as an associate curator of birds but soon moved to the War Department's Office of Strategic Services, where, as chief of its Secret Intelligence branch in Southeast Asia, he combined the training, equipping, briefing, and dispatching of spies into Java, Sumatra, South Burma, Malaya, and Siam with the conducting, after hours, of an avifaunal survey of Ceylon and the collecting of several species new to science. During his postwar years at Yale University's Peabody Museum of Natural History—which he joined as an associate curator in 1946 and of which he became director in 1959—he found time to develop, at his country place in Litchfield, Connecticut, one of the greatest collections of living foreign waterfowl in America. He also continued to acquire birds by hand, net, trap, shotgun, slingshot, purchase, barter, gift, and deputy all over the Far East. In 1949, he made a survey for the Assam government (as he graduated from ornithology into zoology) of the great Indian rhinoceros, which he pronounced a thoroughly unsocial animal. ("Two adults are never seen together except during a fight or when mating.") In 1958, he gave a lecture in French at the University of Moscow on the ecology of the large mammals of North America, and two years later presided over a Congress of the International Council for Bird Preservation in Tokyo, where he urged each of the fifty-two member nations represented to proclaim a national bird, and where, in a laboratory conversation with the Emperor, a marine biologist, he brought him up to date on the Peabody Museum and presented him with a rare old marine worm from the bottom of Long Island Sound.

In 1964, not long after his assumption of office at the Smithsonian, I


PREPARE TO MEET THY DOOM
VAN

"*Now* what's wrong?"

"If you're going to be winging down to Rio, you can steal me, too!"

• •

called on the Secretary; I found him on the second floor of the eclectic building that had captured my fancy twenty years before, in a room containing an American flag and the blue-and-gold Smithsonian flag, a big flat-topped desk, a wood-burning fireplace, brass-and-glass gas chandeliers that had been converted to electricity, Victorian chairs, and a couple of enormous glass-fronted bookcases surmounted by busts of Lord Byron and Joel R. Poinsett, the first United States Minister to Mexico and President Van Buren's Secretary of War. "This is part of the apartment of Joseph Henry, the Smithsonian's first Secretary," said Mr. Ripley, a Harvard Ph.D. who does not like to be called "Doctor;" he was wearing a dark Edwardian suit with heavy white stripes and an Ivy League button-down-collar shirt. "Henry lived here with his family from 1855 until his death, in 1878, and a number of his colleagues lived in the building, too; several of the bachelors among them had rooms in the tower—the biggest tower, that is, which is twelve stories high and has one room to a floor. Its original staircase has been replaced by an elevator, and the rooms, which are now used as hideaway offices or for storage, all have trapdoors, in case the elevator breaks down. I've restored Henry's rooms to something like their original décor, and we're in the process of similarly redecorating a dozen other rooms on this floor. I think the inside of the building ought to match its outside, at least as far as is practically possible."

He conducted me on a tour of his outer office, or reception room, which he said was once the Henry bedroom and which at the time of my visit harbored an old roll-top desk, another real fireplace, several 1870 straight-backed chairs covered with red damask and cut velvet, two Indian paintings by George Catlin (the Smithsonian has nearly five hundred of these), and two real secretaries (ladies). The adjoining Regents Room, used for small meetings, was hung with portraits of the first three Ripley predecessors with their dates of office—Henry (1846-78), Spencer F. Baird (1878-87), and Samuel P. Langley (1887-1906). A hall outside contained pictures of the next four Secretaries—Charles D. Walcott (1907-27), Dr. Abbot (1928-44), Alexander Wetmore (1945-52), and Leonard Carmichael (1953-64). "Four of the eight Secretaries are alive, including me," Mr. Ripley said.

THE Smithsonian Institution, which often is, but does not like to be, called the Smithsonian Institute, owes its name and existence to a contingent residuary bequest, eventually amounting to $541,379.63, in the October 23, 1826, will of James Smithson, one of four illegitimate children—two sons, two daughters—of the first Duke of Northumberland of the third creation. Smithson died in 1829; a prior beneficiary of his estate, which was left in trust, died in 1835; and the Institution was established by Act of Congress in 1846, after a number of prenatal roadblocks had been demolished. Conceived by its first Secretary as primarily a scientific-research and scientific-research-disseminating body, it is today a unique congeries of thirteen governmental, or quasi-governmental, units in which science, art, the humanities, and a few things that seem to fall somewhere in between are conjoined in an impressive, if rather helter-skelter, manner. Its annual income, which in 1846 was a little over thirty thousand dollars, now hovers at around forty-five million (if such a sum can be said to hover). This is derived partly from private funds (whose capital fluctuates in the neighborhood of twenty-nine million dollars and throws off around a million dollars a year), partly from federal-agency contracts and grants (over eleven million in 1966 from the Department of Defense, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the National Science Foundation, and the Atomic Energy Commission), and partly from the District of Columbia (a million and a half annually). Most of the money, however, comes from federal appropriations recommended by the Bureau of the Budget and authorized by Congress (over thirty-one million dollars promised for 1967), so that the majority of the Institution's twenty-six hundred employees are under Civil Service. It is run by its Secretary (*not* under Civil Service), who is responsible to a Board of Regents that consists, ex officio, of the Vice-President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the United States (who since 1850 has traditionally been elected chancellor, or head of the board), and three senators and three members of the House of Representatives (chosen by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, respectively), plus six private citizens (recommended by the Board

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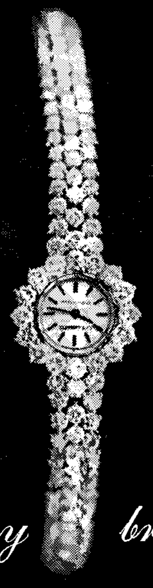

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of Regents and elected by joint resolution of Congress), of whom two must be residents of the District of Columbia. Two meetings (other than those of subcommittees) are held annually. At the moment, the Regents, besides Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey, Jr., and Chief Justice Earl Warren, are Senators Clinton P. Anderson (New Mexico), J. William Fulbright (Arkansas), and Leverett Saltonstall (Massachusetts); Representatives Frank T. Bow (Ohio), Michael J. Kirwan (*idem*), and George H. Mahon (Texas); John Nicholas Brown, of Providence, a great real-estate owner and amateur of the arts; William A. M. Burden, a New York venture capitalist, gourmet, oenophile, Vanderbilt descendant, and former president of the Museum of Modern Art; Robert V. Fleming, advisory chairman of the board of the Riggs National Bank, in Washington; Jerome C. Hunsaker, of Boston, formerly head of the Department of Aeronautical Engineering at M.I.T., who designed the airship Shenandoah and the NC-4, the first flying boat to cross the Atlantic; Crawford H. Greenewalt, of Wilmington, Delaware, chairman of the board of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and a noted ornithologist who specializes in hummingbirds; and Caryl P. Haskins, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, an outstanding research scientist who, for relaxation, crossbreeds Angulifera and Promethea moths at his place in Connecticut.

The Institution over which this galaxy of public servants, scientists, and multimillionaires presides is every bit as heterogeneous as its Board of Regents. Among other things, it conducts, or participates in, research expeditions all over the world (two thousand to date), and, in a complicated exchange operation, annually disseminates to learned institutions, learned individuals, embassies, and missions in every part of the globe, including the United States, more than a million packages (1,461,720 in 1966), weighing nearly a million pounds (1,041,492 *idem*), of learned and other publications, some of which it publishes itself but most of which (the *Federal Register*, the *Congressional Record*, the *Yale University Bulletin*, and the *Oregon Law Review*, for example) it merely bundles up and transmits. (The Smithsonian not only weighs its outgoing packages but sometimes takes pictures of them; in its *Annual Report* for 1913 it ran a photograph of a "portion of 2,000 packages of the Proceedings of the Eighth International Con-

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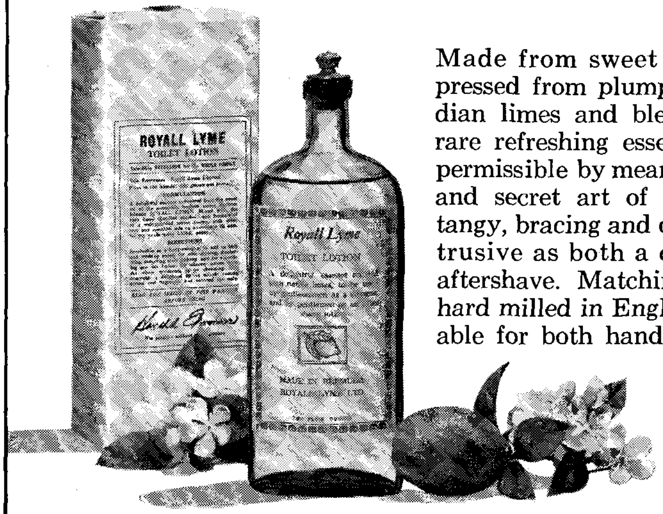

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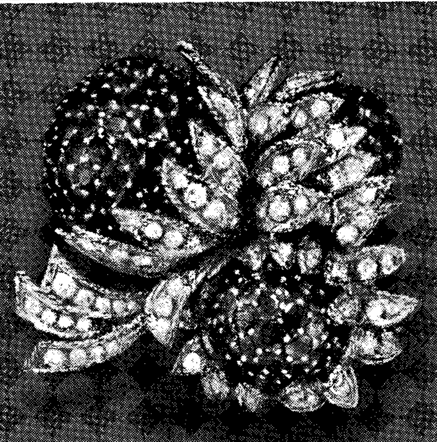

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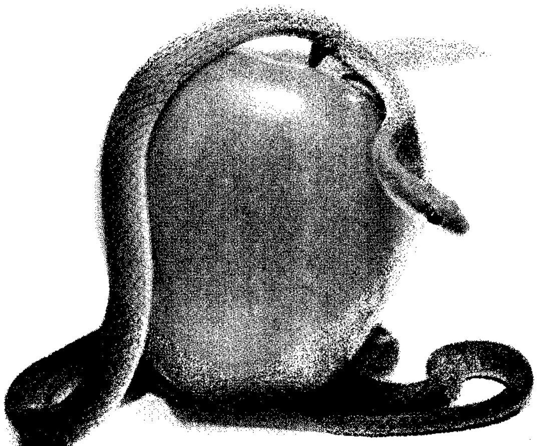
gress of Applied Chemistry received by the Exchange Service for distribution abroad" in which most of the packages, labelled with their destinations, were upside down.) It gravely answers, always over the signature of a high administrative officer, by postage-free mail, sixty-five thousand questions and requests for information a year, many of them odd ("Because of my steadily increasing interest in bats, I would like to obtain at least five bats alive for study. Is there anyone who has good ways of catching bats on your staff?" . . . "I would like some information about the Civil War. Send me whatever you can" . . . "I wood like some information about muskrat's. I thank you"). It studies the moon (through a hundred and twenty volunteer Moonwatch teams), and tracks artificial earth satellites at fifteen different stations. It restores early musical instruments and teaches people to play them. It gives visiting research appointments to undergraduates (who get up to eighty-five dollars a week and have access to study collections and staff curators), "predoctoral interne appointments" to graduate students (who get up to a hundred and sixteen dollars), and similar but grander postdoctoral "associateships" to Ph.D.s of at least five years' standing (up to nineteen thousand dollars a year), and it awards grants for archeological research and excavation abroad. It entertains foreign heads of state and museum directors, runs a zoo of three thousand animals, and additionally offers to the public, free of charge, a bewildering variety of exhibits, culled from its natural-history, technological, archeological, ethnological, historical, and fine-arts collections, and comprising an estimated sixty million items, which it *thinks* are worth a billion dollars. (Ten million of these holdings are stamps, another ten million are mollusks, thirteen million are fossils, and an estimated sixteen million are insects.) These exhibits attract eighteen million visitors a year, including babies in strollers, strolling repeaters, and schoolchildren (thirty-three thousand a year), who are taken on guided tours by Washington Junior League volunteers specially briefed and trained by the Institution.

Whether the eclecticism of the Smithsonian has violated the charter of its founder is a moot point. Smithson's will postulated the setting up "at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian institution [he wrote a small "i," but it has been a big one ever since], an establishment for the increase



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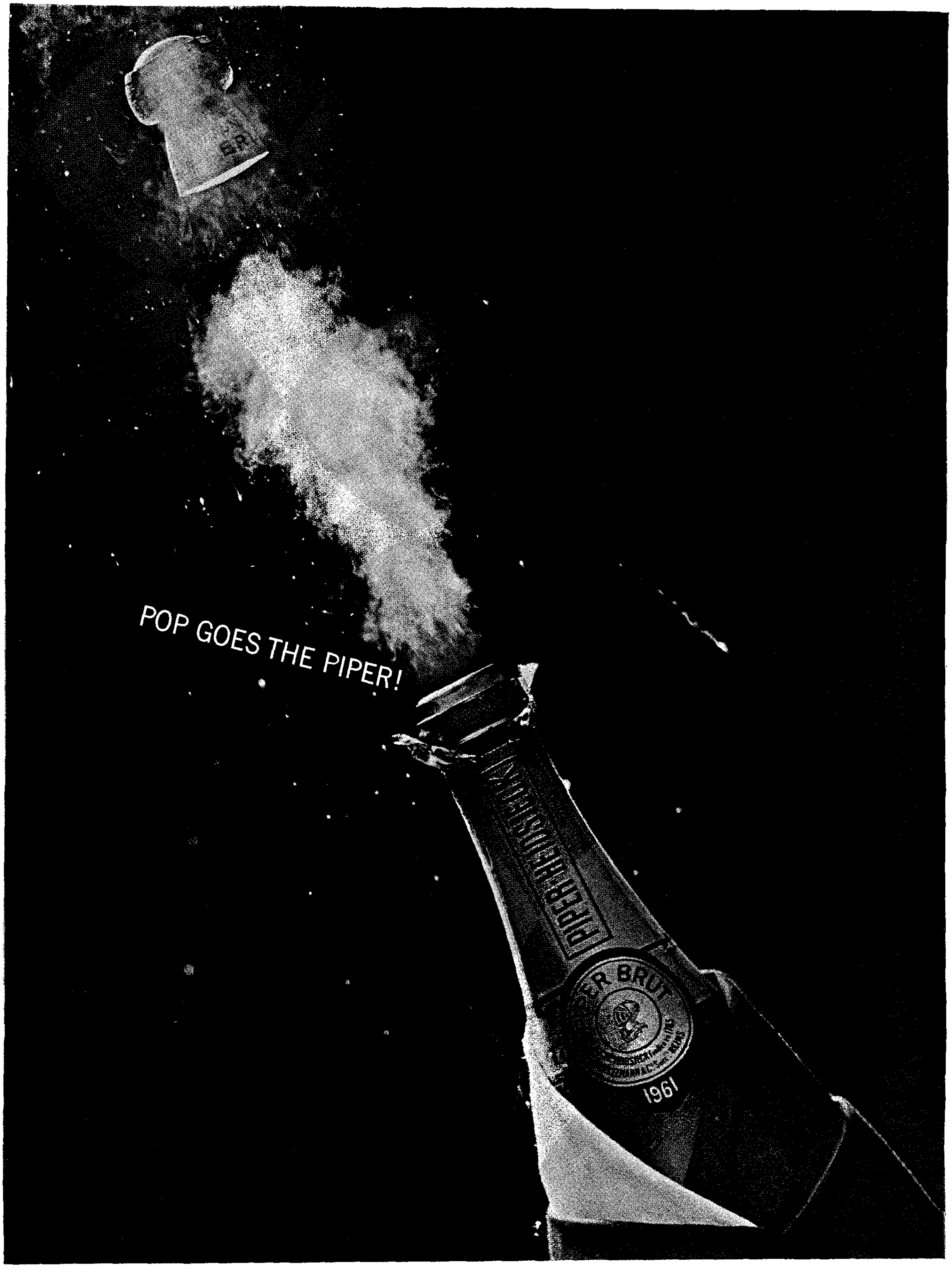
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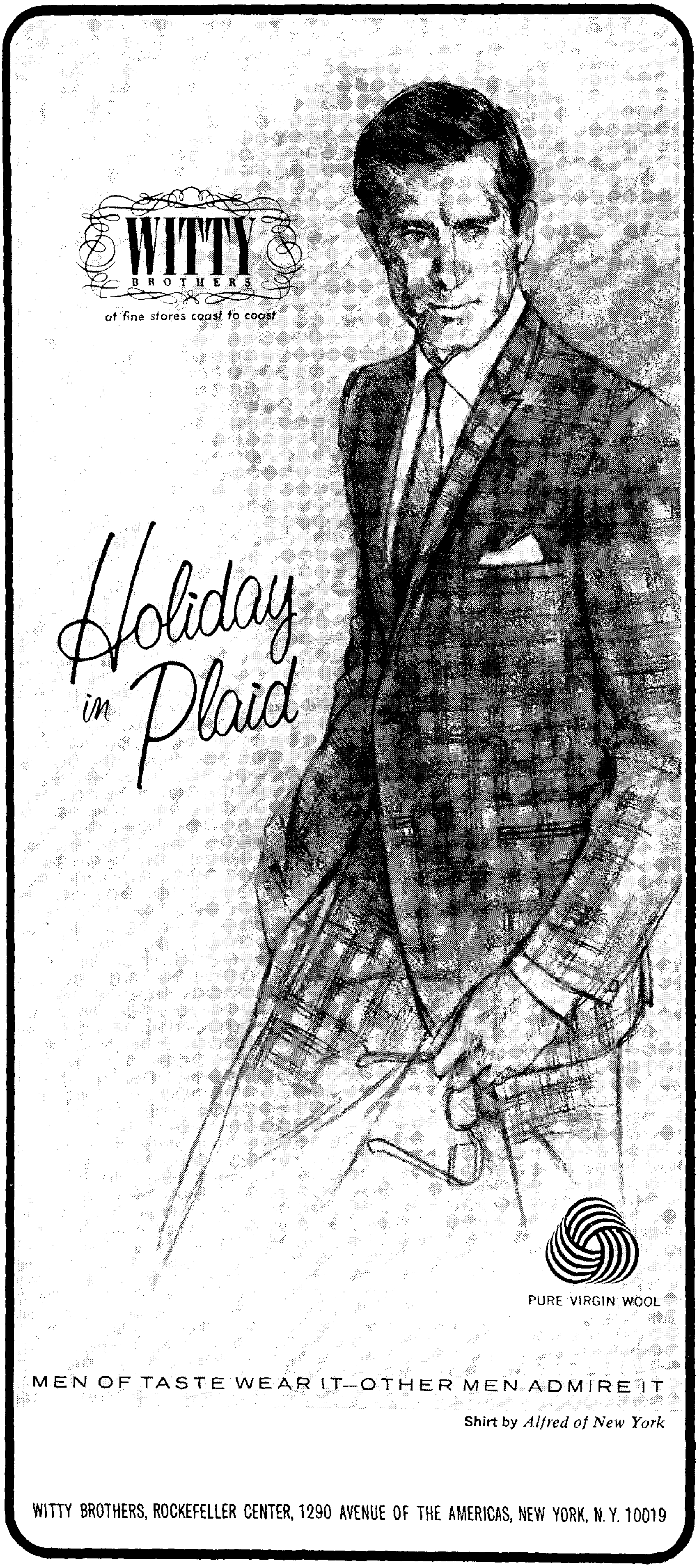
and diffusion of knowledge among men." In any event, the catholicity of activities that may or may not have been sanctioned by this vague phraseology has permitted their purveyor to be called with equal justice (by more or less affectionate critics) "the nation's attic" and (by Secretary Ripley at a recent dinner of the Board of Regents) "this temple of learning." The major components of this temple, or attic, all but two of them situated in Washington, are listed on the Smithsonian's letterhead as the United States National Museum, the Museum of Natural History, the Museum of History and Technology, the International Exchange Service (the publications-disseminating outfit), the National Zoological Park, the National Collection of Fine Arts, the Freer Gallery of Art, the National Gallery of Art, the National Air and Space Museum, the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, the National Portrait Gallery, the Radiation Biology Laboratory, the Science Information Exchange, and—the two ultra-Washington fixtures—the Astrophysical Observatory, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute, which administers a thirty-six-hundred-acre tropical-biology research station on Barro Colorado Island, in Gatun Lake. These add up to fifteen, but the Kennedy Center, although legislatively established under the Smithsonian umbrella in 1958, has as yet no physical existence, and the United States National Museum *consists of* the Museum of Natural History and the Museum of History and Technology, the latter of which was dedicated only in 1964. Some of these dependencies are more directly administered than others; the National Gallery of Art, although by Act of Congress a dependent of the Smithsonian, to which it must submit its annual report, is the independent possessor of an endowment fund in the millions (figures not published) for purchases and salaries of top officials, is the exclusive pleader to the Bureau of the Budget for its going expenses, and is governed by its own board of trustees, while the Freer, with a seventeen-million-dollar endowment fund (published) for purchases and salaries, is more or less dependent on the Institution for housekeeping expenses.

In addition to, or in line with, these responsibilities, the Smithsonian lends the White House pictures and furniture and is legally accountable for its "artistic and historic objects . . . when they are so declared by the President;" op-



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erates, out of Lincoln, Nebraska, a program to rescue Indian and other archeological remains threatened by government dams in the Missouri River Basin; maintains, at Suitland, Maryland, a twenty-one-acre "restoration facility," manned by a superintendent and twelve mechanics, where a collection of two hundred-odd airplanes, among them the *Enola Gay*, which bombed Hiroshima, and the *Sacred Cow*, in which Presidents Roosevelt and Truman travelled to peace conferences, are being overhauled and refurbished for display in a forty-million-dollar National Air and Space Museum recently authorized by Congress; annually collects more than a hundred thousand interim progress reports (summarized in not more than two hundred words apiece) on grant-supported scientific research projects and makes them available through its Science Information Exchange to researchers (over forty-two thousand last year) who may want to know who is doing what in their fields; carries on a "travelling exhibition service" that arranges art shows, almost entirely of things that do not belong to the Smithsonian, in three hundred American museums and a few museums abroad; has a scientific conference center on an estate near Baltimore that was bought with funds provided by an anonymous donor; owns a Massachusetts Avenue house, another gift, where it keeps an assortment of American paintings and gives cocktail parties; examines bones for the F.B.I. with a view (frequently successful) to the identification of their late owners, and similarly appraises seeds and fragments of leaves and twigs taken from the clothing of crime suspects with an eye to pinpointing the scenes of murders; retrieves from customhouse seizure, on whose smuggled booty it has first call, jewelry, carved ivories, dresses, and so forth (more than half a million dollars' worth of confiscated material, or material obtained by trading off confiscated material with jewellers, has been acquired in this way for the Museum of Natural History's Hall of Gems and Minerals); and, for seventy years or so, has been a mother superior to the American Historical Association and the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who must (by acts of Congress) annually turn over to the Secretary of the Smithsonian a manuscript report of their proceedings.

The listing on its letterhead of a museum and a center that exist only on paper, the sponsoring of art shows of non-Smithsonian art, and the photo-

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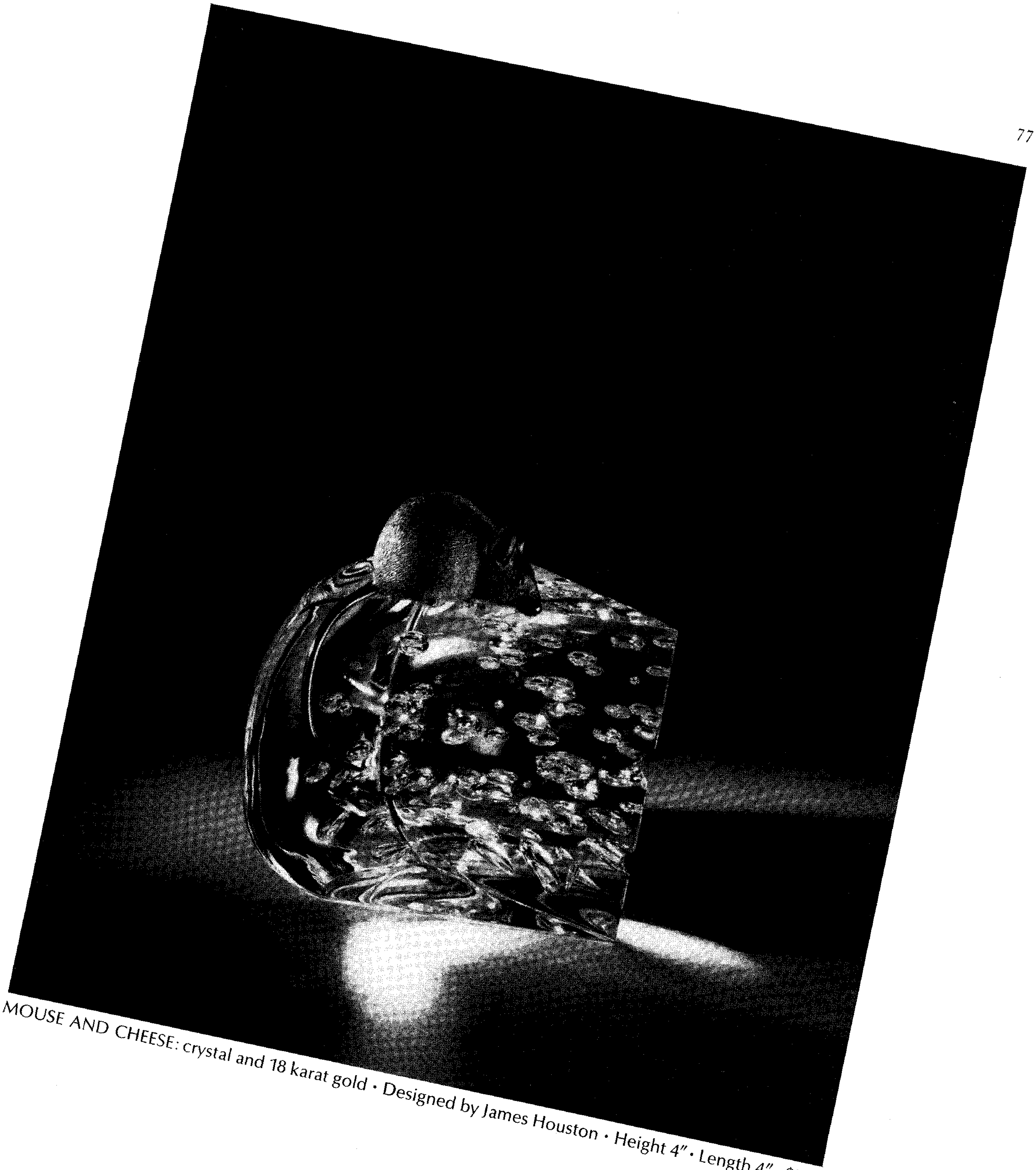

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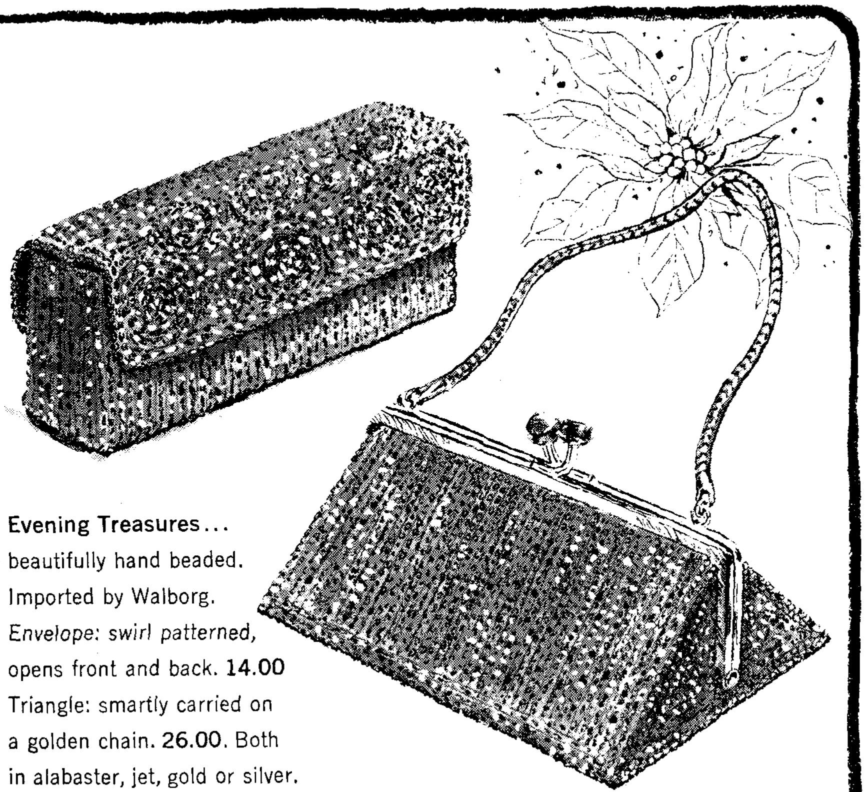

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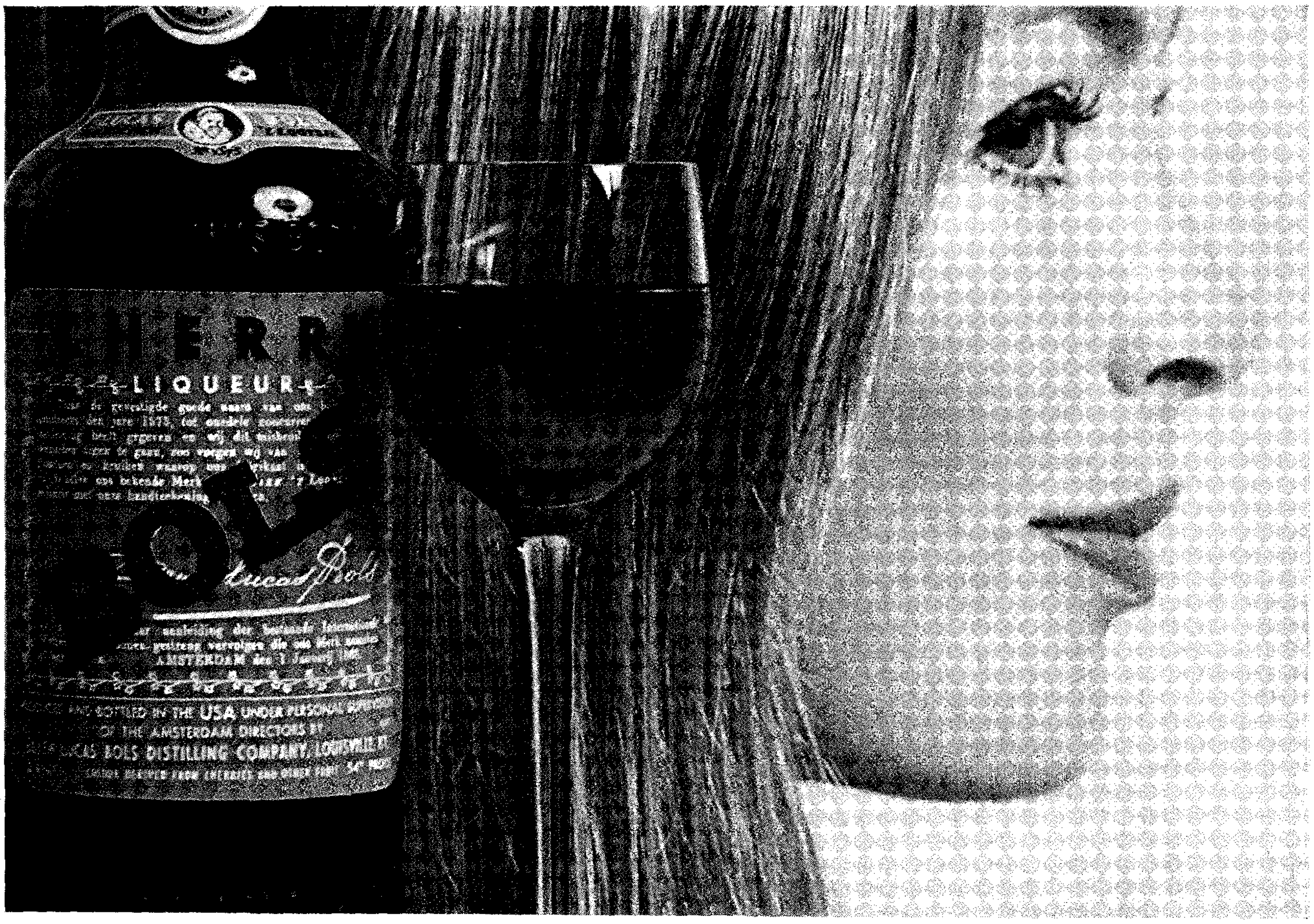
graphing of upside-down packages are typical of a kind of Smithsonian whimsey. Thus, the Museum of History and Technology includes (along with the Harding golf ball) such unimpeachable historical and technological exhibits as the tattered but neatly mended thirty-by-forty-two-foot, fifteen-star flag that flew over Fort McHenry during the British night bombardment of September 13-14, 1814, and inspired Francis Scott Key to write the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner;" the portable writing desk on which Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence; a model of Eli Whitney's cotton gin and one of a pioneering electromagnet built by Secretary Henry; the lathe used by Secretary Langley in constructing a combustion machine in the eighteen-nineties; the Philadelphia, the only extant Revolutionary War gunboat; the first machine built (in 1776, in England) for the mechanical subdivision of circular scales, used in making geodetic surveys; an 1878 Maryland fire engine known as Lilly of the Swamp; a model of the first diesel-electric passenger locomotive; a two-hundred-and-eighty-ton, ninety-foot Southern Railway steam locomotive; models of Deere and McCormick reapers of the eighteen-thirties; and a group of mannequins clad in dresses, many of them Inauguration Ball gowns, worn by First Ladies from Martha Washington to Mrs. Johnson. On the other hand, it also includes such historically lighthearted and technologically difficult-to-pigeonhole displays as an assortment of eighteenth-century underwear; a stuffed mongrel dog, Owney, who in life used to travel around the world visiting post offices; and a hive of living, breathing bees that gather their pollen on Constitution Avenue, to which the colony has access through a hole in the wall. Owney has generated so many requests from the public for the diffusion of knowledge about him that the Post Office has issued a special bulletin, "Owney, the Postal Dog," which starts out, "A dog, homeless and hungry and shivering from cold, one day crept into the Post Office at Albany, New York," and goes on, in part:

> The clerks shared their lunches with him, and it may have been that which started the dog's love for the men in the Post Office, and, in fact, for all men who handled the mail for Uncle Sam.... He watched the mail bags come and go and seemed to regard them as his friends. Perhaps it was his curiosity that led him to make a trip with the mail bags. It is certain that he felt safe any place the bags went and with the men who handled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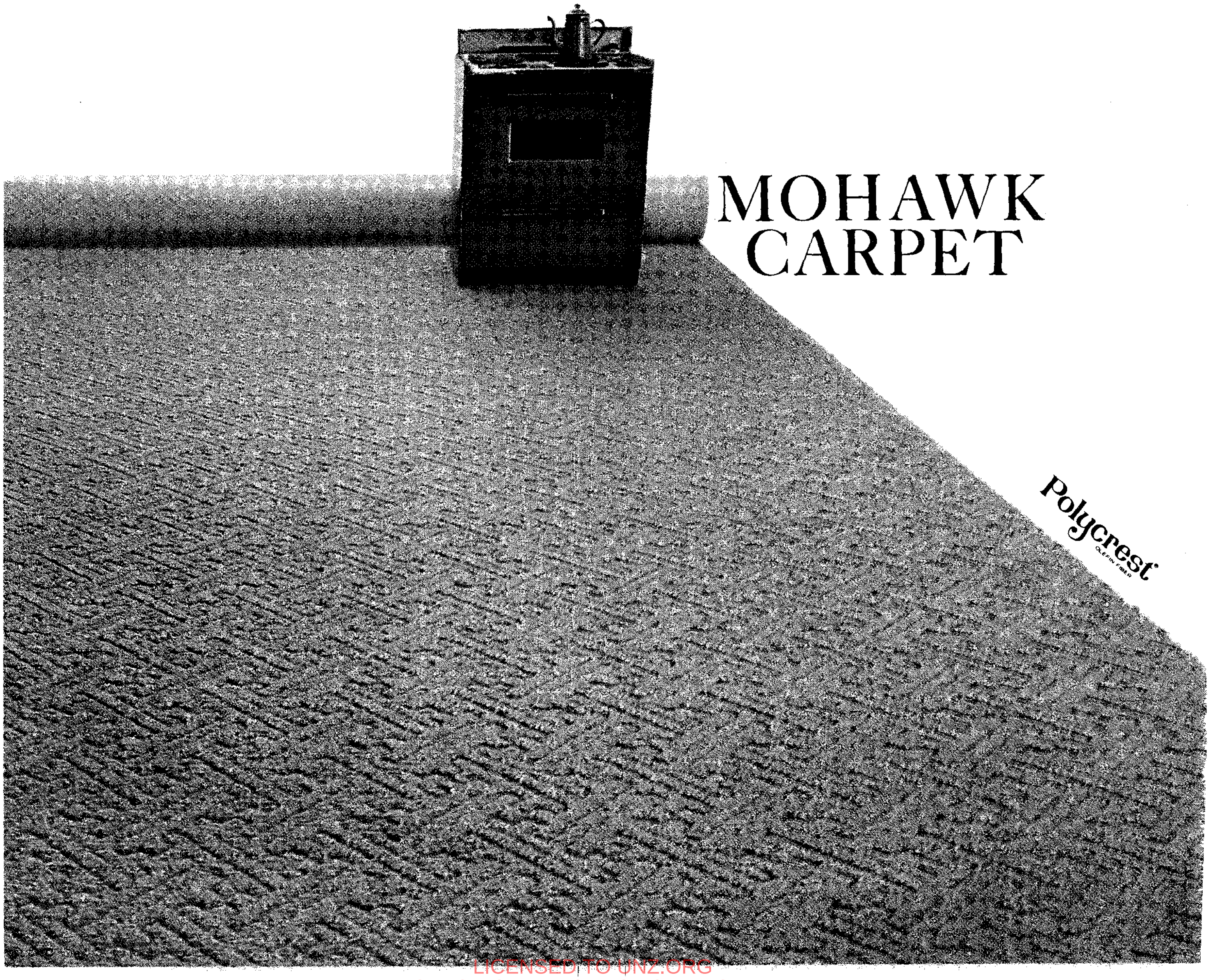
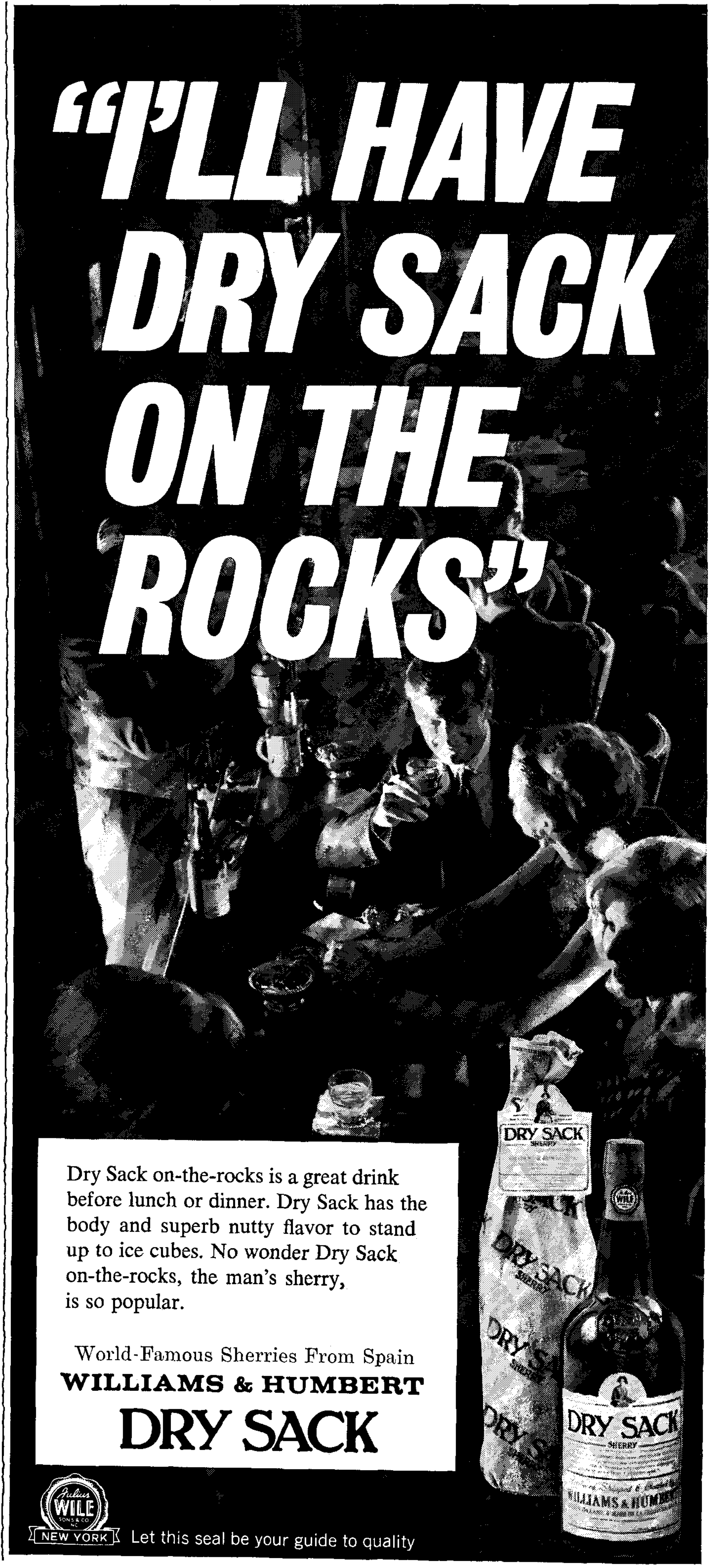


them. He was often gone on a trip for several weeks and then he would return to the Albany post office. . . . Owney very soon started out on visits all over the United States. . . . He was in the city of Tacoma, Washington, when the mail bags were being loaded for Japan and China. When the post office men saw that Owney surely meant to go abroad too, they gave him a letter of introduction to the postal people in many parts of the world. . . . Owney was the greatest dog traveller in the world. . . . He began his postal career in 1888 [and] served continuously as worldwide escort to the mails and Postal visitor to many lands until August of 1897, when a street fight with another dog in Toledo, Ohio, caused his death.

Owney has a counterpart in the Arts and Industries Building, in the shape of a plaster cast of Stubby, a canine mascot of the 102nd U.S. Infantry, 26th Division, during the First World War. At least, Stubby *was* there when I commenced this investigation; Secretary Ripley, who has been cutting down on the atticky aspects of his temple of learning, may have caused him to travel on to storage. The Smithsonian prides itself on its informative labels (which a house statistician has estimated would take an average high-school student, for whom most of them are written, forty years to read), of which the description of Stubby, who is dressed in a coat bedecked with a score of medals and accompanied by a photograph of General Pershing pinning one of these on him, is an interesting example:

> He was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1916 and died in Washington, D.C., in 1926. He went through four offensives and wears one wound stripe and three service stripes. His chamois coat was made and embroidered with the flags of the Allies by the women of Château-Thierry. President Wilson shook his paw on Christmas Day, 1918, and he visited President Harding in 1921 and President Coolidge in 1924. . . . Gift of J. Robert Conroy, Stubby's master. 102nd U.S. Infantry, 26th Division.

Other Arts and Industries military animals that fed my Smithsonian affections are General Sheridan's horse Winchester and three carrier-pigeon co-veterans of Stubby—Kaiser, a big brown bird with a white tail and a philosophical expression, reflective, perhaps, of a *curriculum vitae* that included capture by the American forces from the German Army in 1918, a tour of duty (as a kind of ornithological Wernher Von Braun) in the Second World War at Camp Crowder, Missouri, where he trained his adopted-country fellows, and a ripe old age that ended, at thirty-eight, in 1949; Cher Ami, a black, perky-looking British bird who died from the effects of a



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1919 wound; and President Wilson, a rather nondescript but similarly gallant French pigeon (d. June 8, 1929) who "served in the tank corps of the American Army in France during 1918 [and] on November 5, 1918 . . . had one of his legs shot away and his breast pierced by a bullet but in spite of this delivered a message."

The Smithsonian museums are as rigorously organized, administratively, as they are materially laissez-faire; no Stubby or Owney is without his curatorial master. Owney is in the custody of the Division of Philately and Postal History of the Department of Civil History of the *Museum of History and* Technology, the museum's other executive units being the Department of Science and Technology, the Department of Arts and Manufactures, the Department of Armed Forces History, and the Department of American Studies. The Department of Science and Technology is subdivided into *Divisions* of Physical Sciences (the circular-scale subdivider falls here), Mechanical and Civil Engineering (the Whitney cotton gin, the Langley lathe), Transportation (the locomotive), Electricity (the Henry electromagnet), and Medical Sciences. The Department of Arts and Manufactures is subdivided into Divisions of Textiles (the eighteenth-century underwear), Ceramics and Glass, Graphic Arts, Manufactures and Heavy Industries, and Agriculture and Forest Products (the bees). The Department of Armed Forces History is subdivided into Divisions of Naval History and Military History (the flag, Winchester, Stubby, Kaiser, Cher Ami, and the French President Wilson). And the Department of Civil History is subdivided into Divisions of Philately and Postal History, Numismatics, Cultural History, and Political History (the Jefferson desk, the First Ladies' dresses, and a 1783 George Washington uniform worn on the day he resigned his commission and returned to civilian life, thus getting it safely away from Textiles and Military History).

From the looks of things (again, in 1964), the Museum of Natural History has interpreted its mission even more fancifully than the Museum of History and Technology. Most of its exhibits and study collections (which include thousands of bird skins collected by the three zoological Secretaries, Baird, Wetmore, and Ripley, and thousands of Cambrian fossils dug up in British Columbia by Secretary Walcott, a paleontologist) are on the order of what you would expect, and so is the

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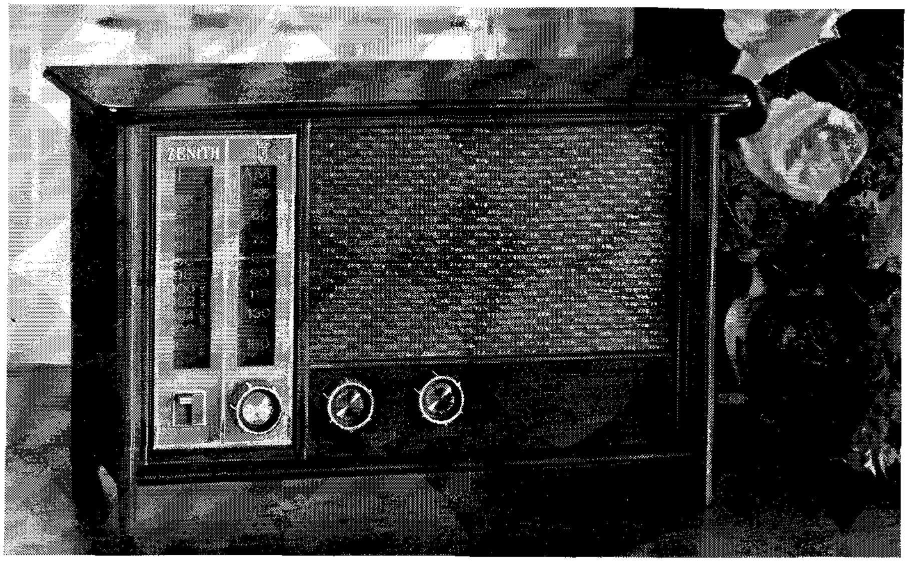

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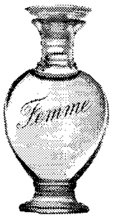

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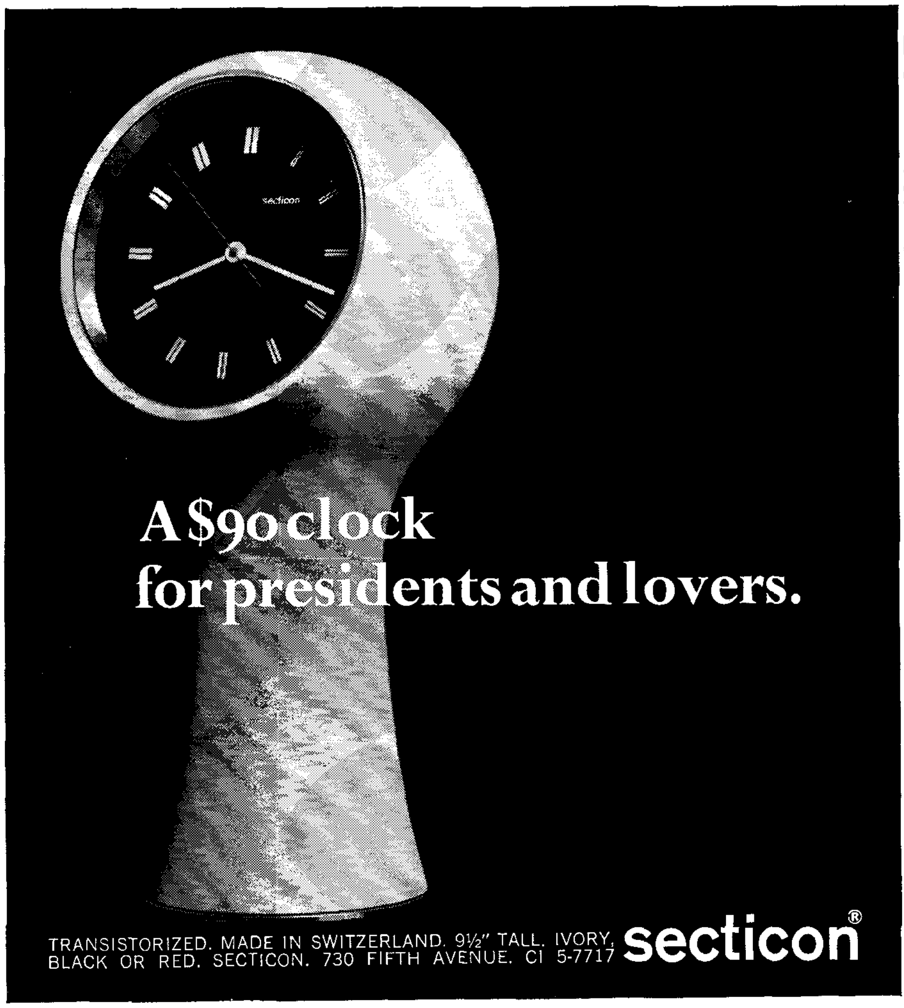
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centerpiece of its rotunda—an elephant (*Loxodonta africana*) that is the largest extant land animal on record. ("It weighed twelve tons when alive and stands thirteen feet two inches at the shoulder, exceeding any other known elephant by twelve inches in height," four identical labels at its feet state.) On the other hand, the walls of the rotunda were hung, when I dropped in on *Loxodonta* after my visit to Mr. Ripley's Victorian office, with extremely surprising anomalies: portraits of Pershing, Foch, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, King Albert I and Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, Prince Henry of Prussia, Woodrow Wilson (the man, not the pigeon), Richard Mansfield as Beau Brummel, General Grant as General Grant, Herbert Hoover as head of the United States Food Administration during the First World War, and a lady wearing an orchid in her hair and fondling three black leopards, painted by Frederick Stuart Church and entitled "The Black Orchid." The corridors of the rotunda were lined with busts or statues of Samuel Gompers, Napoleon, Robert Emmet, William Cullen Bryant, Proserpine, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, and a winged girl with downcast eyes labelled "Descending Night," while another section of the museum housed an alcove that contained the Alfred Duane Pell Collection of European Porcelain, along with a big painting, "The Knight of the Holy Grail," by Frederick J. Waugh, depicting Sir Galahad in a kind of gondola. "When Dr. Carmichael became Secretary, in 1953," a Smithsonian employee has said, "he made three tours of the Natural History Building to sort the Smithsonian out, and then gave up." It is generally felt that Dr. Carmichael gave up while standing in front of a naked statue of Francis Scott Key twanging a stringless lyre, which once punctuated the rotunda entrance to the Hall of North American Mammals.

IN the course of *my* attempt to sort the Smithsonian out, I decided, after getting lost in some of the thickets that had given Dr. Carmichael pause, to seek perspective by studying up on the Founder. This got me into more surprises. James Smithson, besides being the illegitimate son of a celebrated duke (Northumberland, born Hugh Smithson, was a Lord of the Bedchamber to George II, one of George III's confidential advisers, Lord Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte, a Privy Councillor, a Master of the Horse, Lord Lieutenant

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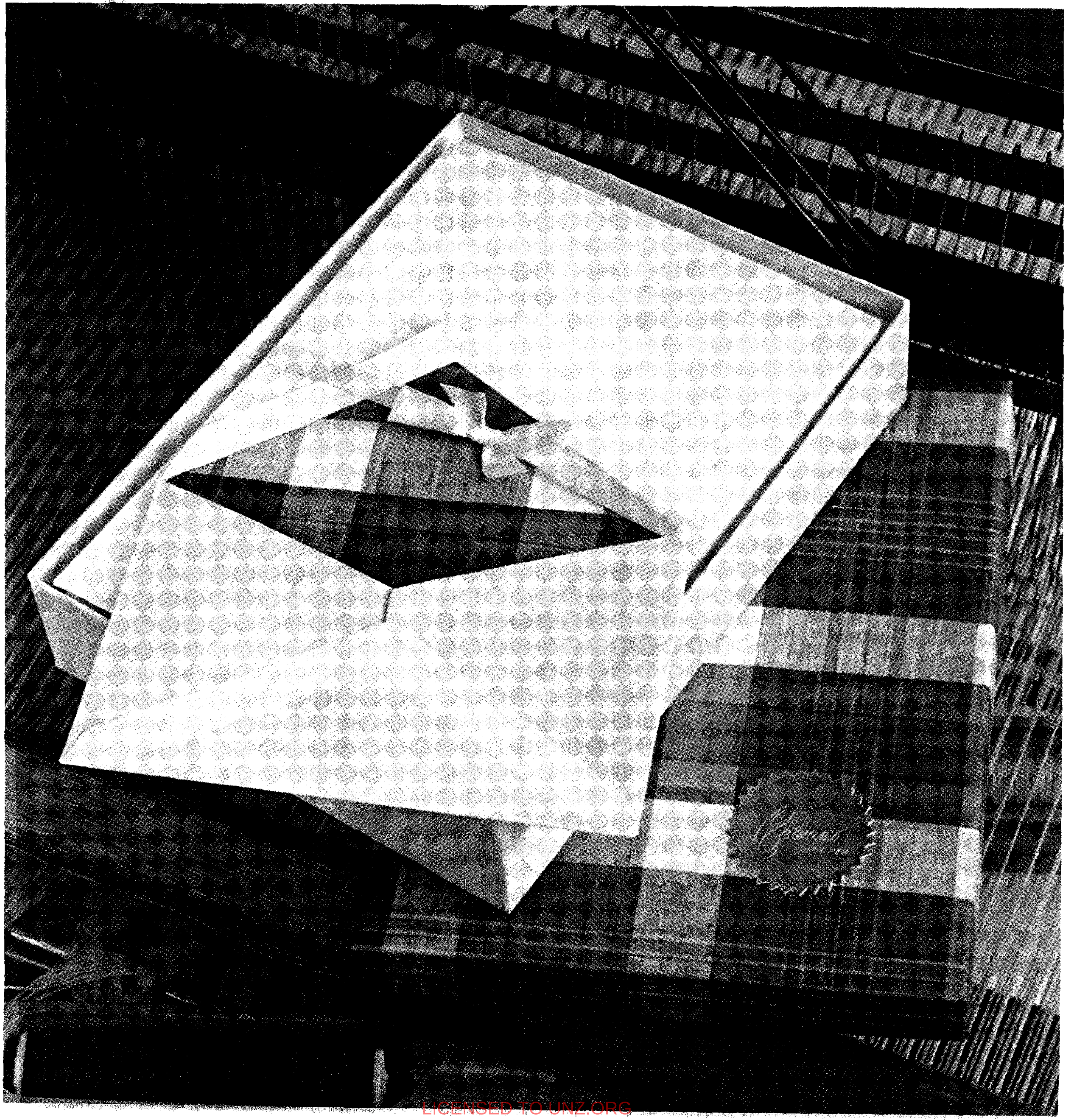

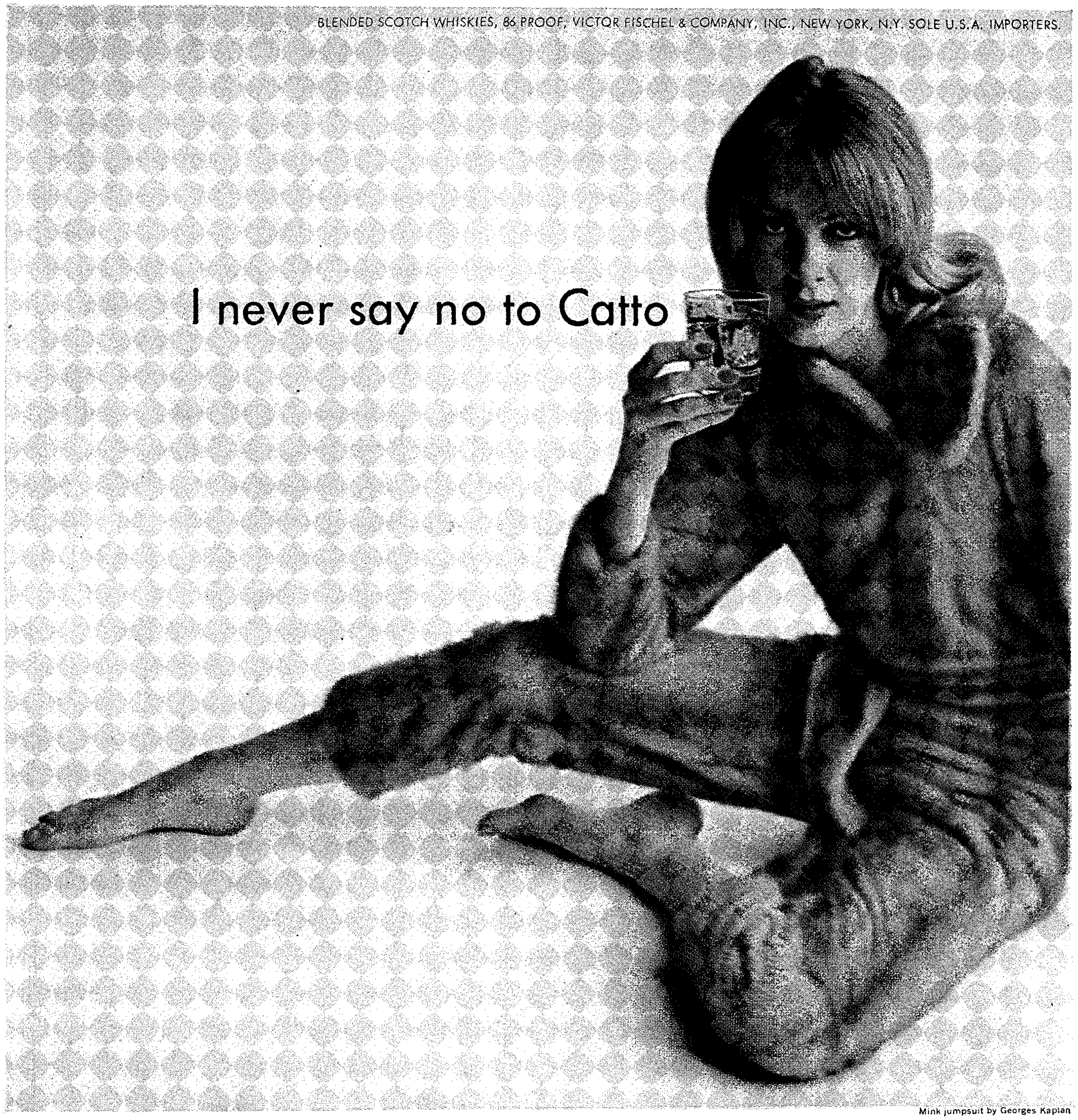
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of Ireland, a trustee of the British Museum, a host to Dr. Johnson, the proprietor of four stately homes, and an occasional, sometimes ridiculed figure in the memoirs and correspondence of Horace Walpole), was in his day a well-regarded chemist and mineralogist. He published at least twenty-seven scientific papers—eight in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society of London, of which he was a member; eighteen in Thomson's *Annals of Philosophy;* and one in the *Philosophical Magazine* of London—bearing such titles as "An Account of Some Chemical Experiments on Tabasheer," "A Few Facts Relative to the Colouring Matters of Some Vegetables," "On Some Capillary Metallic Tin" ("M. [André] Ampère, a few days ago, accidentally in conversation, mentioned a fact to me which much excited my attention . . ."), and "Some Observations on Mr. [Granville] Penn's Theory Concerning the Formation of the Kirkdale Cave," in which he went to considerable lengths to refute a theory that the bones, calcareous rock, and limestone paste in this Yorkshire cave came from the carcasses of tropical animals that had been floated from Mount Ararat during the Flood. Smithson did *not* come out against Noah and the Ark; his skepticism was limited. His paper tells us much about the man:

> If the waters of the deluge placed a bed of calcareous matter on England . . . they must have done so over the entire earth. It must have been an universal stratum. . . . But the sediment of the deluge waters would not be mere calcareous matter. It must have consisted of everything which they could receive, suspend, and deposit.
>
> I have yielded to a conviction that it is in his knowledge that man has found his greatness and his happiness, the high superiority which he holds over the other animals who inhabit the earth with him, and consequently that no ignorance is probably without loss to him, no error without evil, and that it is therefore preferable to urge unwarranted doubts, which can only occasion additional light to become elicited, than to risk by silence letting a question settle to rest while any unsupported assumptions are involved in it.
>
> If over the earth were spread such a layer of mire, Noah and the animals could not have landed upon it. Or had they not sunk into it and been smothered, where yet had the weak found refuge from the voracious? Where had the herbivorous found food? What a time must have elapsed before Noah could cultivate the vine! Nor is it from such a soil that the wine would have intoxicated the holy Patriarch. Had things so been, Ham had never offended, nor Canaan incurred the fatal curse. . . .
>
> What must have been the mass and impetuosity of the wave which could buoy

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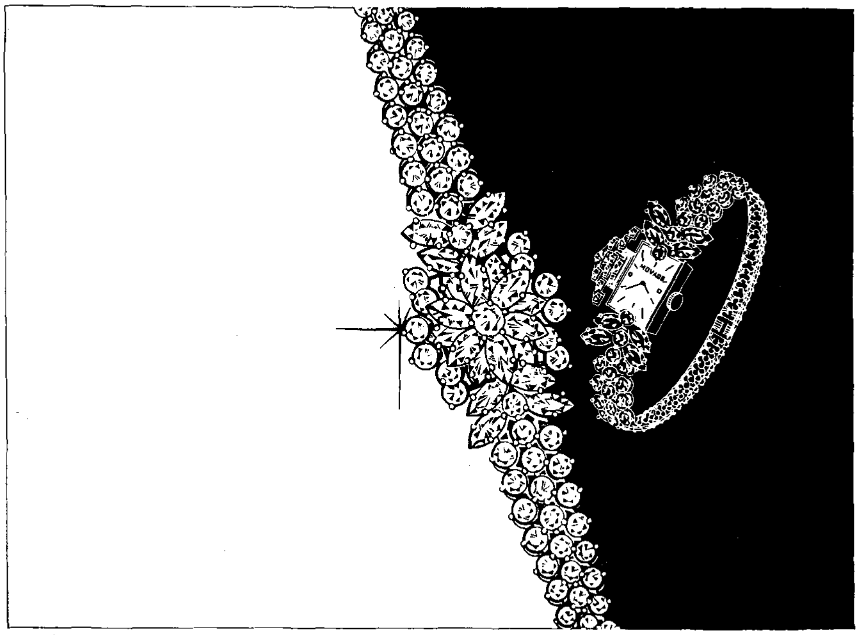

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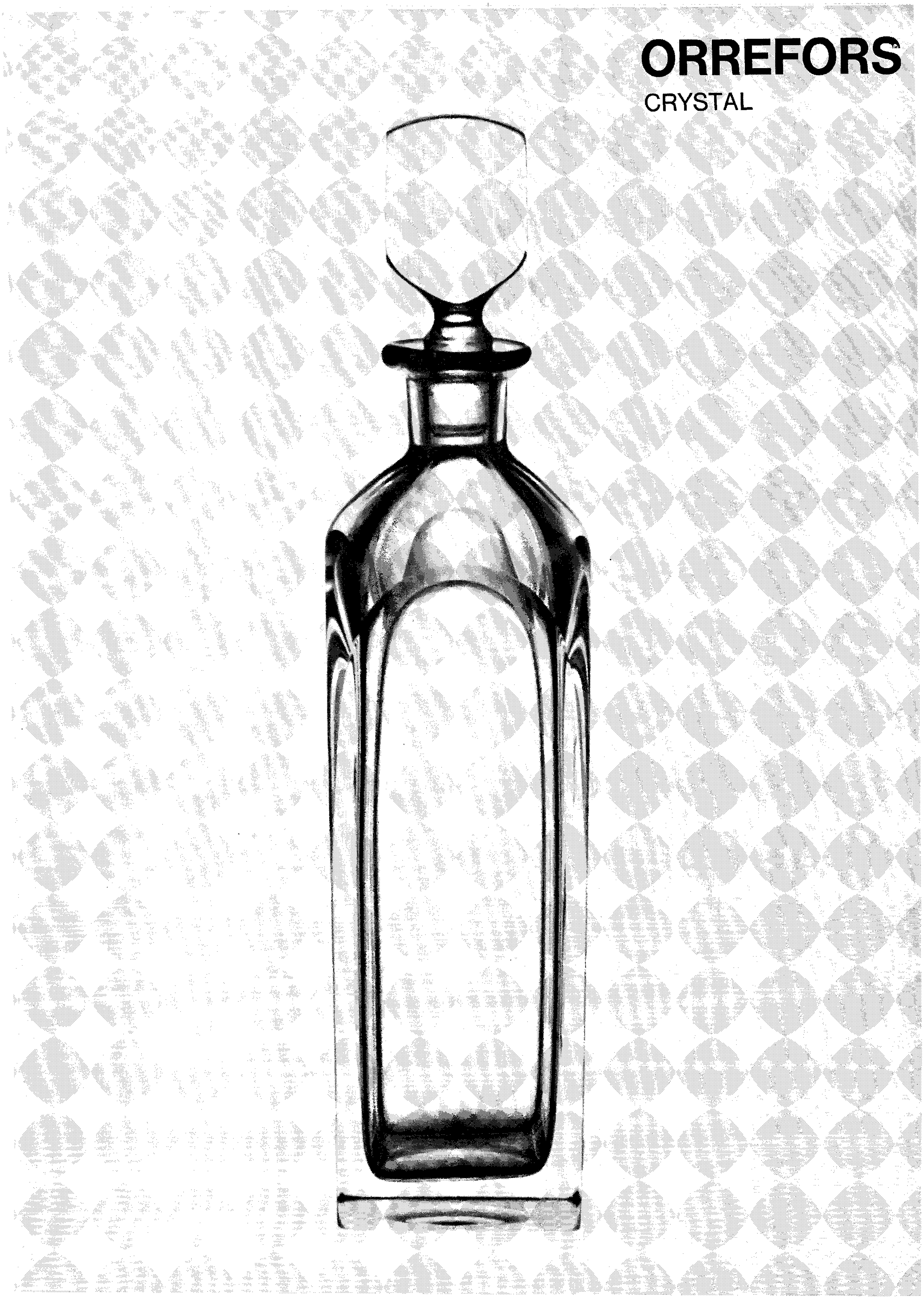
According to a speech delivered the year after Smithson's death by Davies Gilbert, the president of the Royal Society, Smithson performed at least one experiment, involving a rather small flood, that did not show up in his papers. "Mr. Smithson frequently repeated an occurrence with much pleasure and exultation as exceeding anything that could be brought into competition with it," Gilbert said, "and this must apologize for my introducing what might otherwise be deemed an anecdote too light and trifling on such an occasion as the present. Mr. Smithson declared that, happening to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek, he endeavored to catch it on a crystal vessel; that one half of the drop escaped, but having preserved the other half, he submitted it to reagents and detected what was then called microcosmic salt with muriate of soda, and, I think, three or four more saline substances, held in solution."

Smithson was a resolute bachelor, with no documented ladies in his life, and no one knows whether he made this lady cry on purpose, or how he happened to run into her, but it is a matter of record that his second Royal Society paper, "A Chemical Analysis of Some Calamines," read in 1802, established these minerals as true carbonates and caused François-Suplice Beudant, a noted French geologist, to confer the name "smithsonite" on carbonate of zinc, while Berzelius, the Swedish chemist, referred to Smithson as "*l'un des minéralogistes les plus experimentés de l'Europe.*" Cut off socially from his father's circles, he led a valetudinarian, somewhat sub-rosa life, mostly on the Continent, where, travelling with a portable laboratory, he collected and analyzed thousands of minerals, descended into salt mines, made minute meteorological and geological observations, and sought relief from his labors in gambling. The Smithsonian, during the first half of its existence, got both his birthplace and his birth date wrong in its official writings. "James Smithson was born in England about the year 1754," Mr. William J. Rhees, the chief clerk of the Institution, wrote in "James Smithson and His Bequest" in 1880, basing this approximate natal date on an inscription on his subject's tomb—"Sacred to the memory of James Smithson, esq., Fellow of the Royal Society, London, who died at Genoa the 26th June, 1829, aged 75 years." It was not until the summer of 1894 that Secretary Langley and Dr.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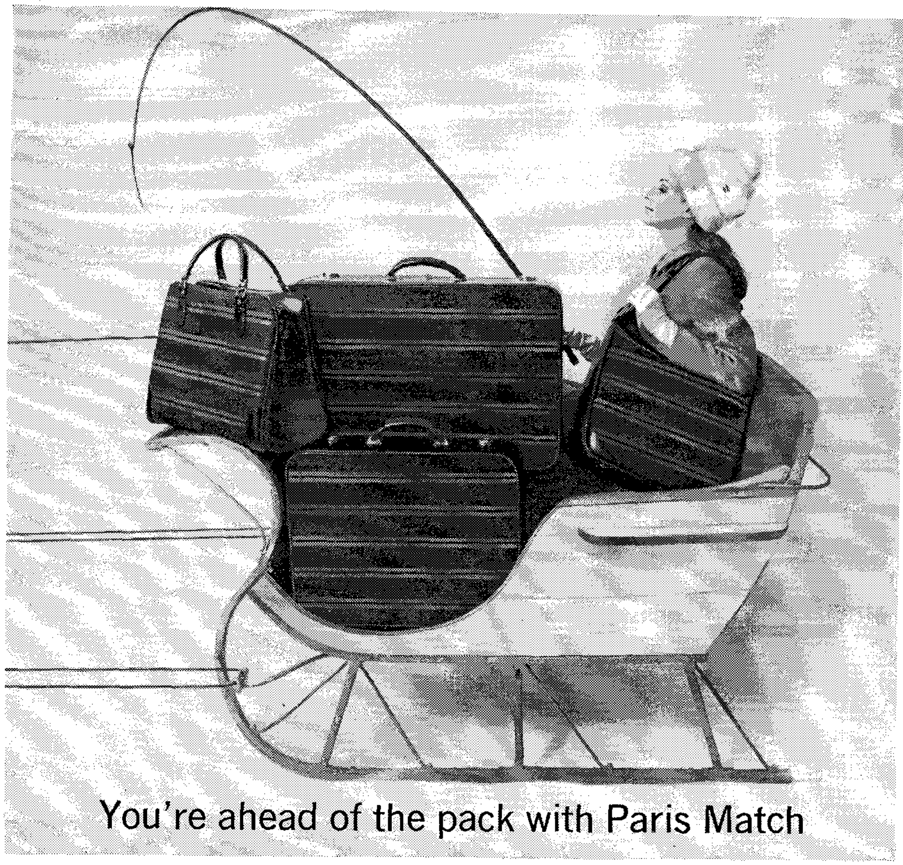

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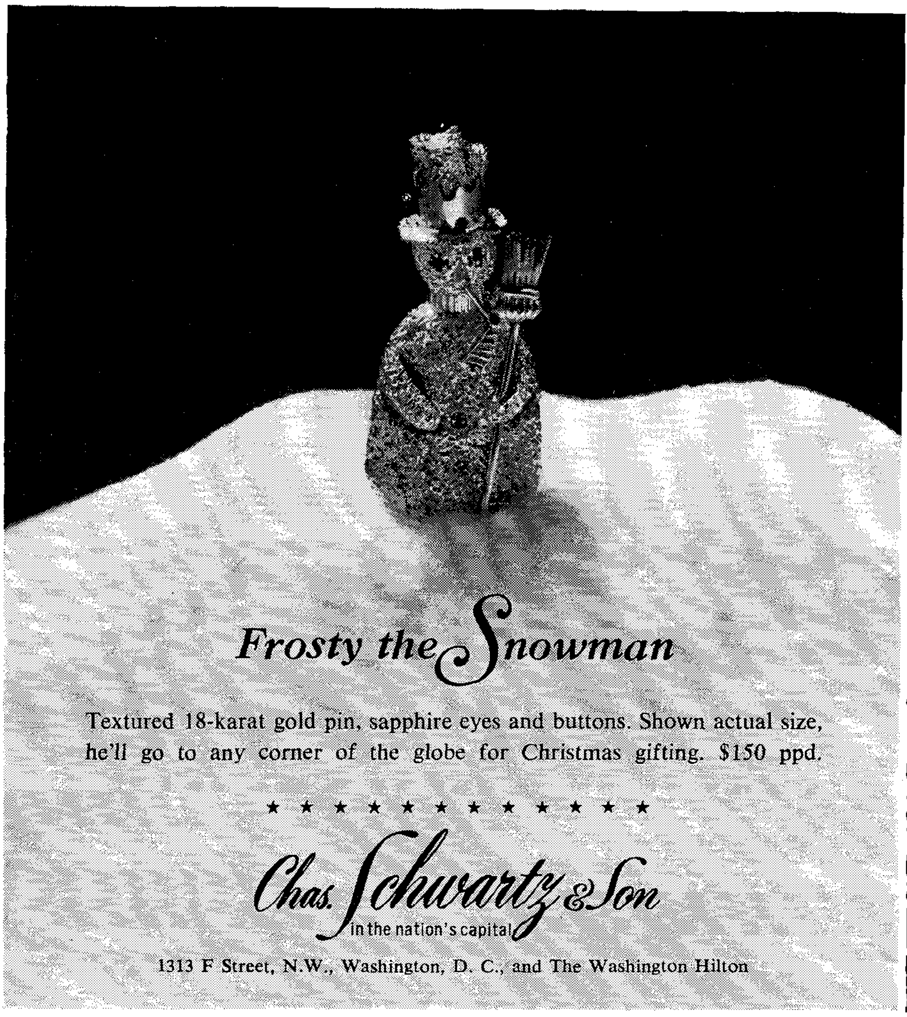

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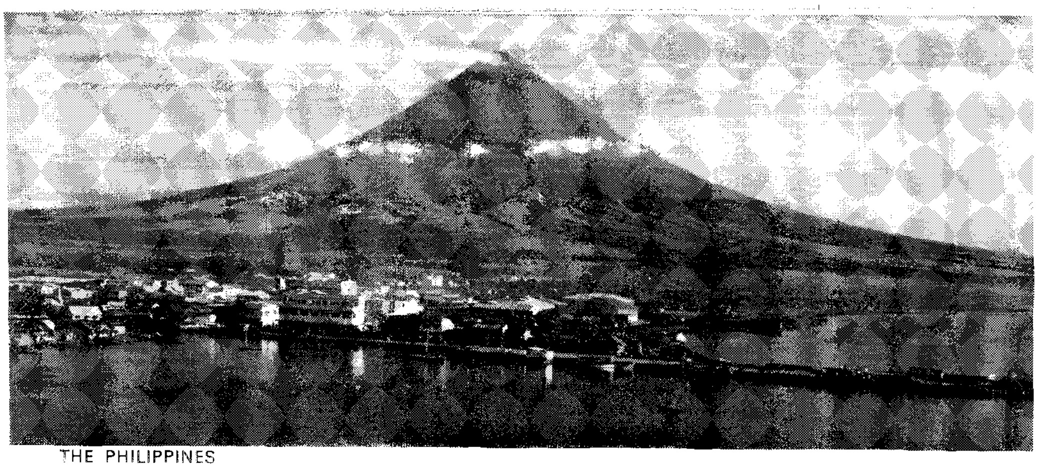
Cyrus Adler, the Smithsonian's librarian, after inspecting some records in the British Museum and at Smithson's college at Oxford—Pembroke—discovered that he was born in France in 1765; he was taken to England for his education and naturalized there.

This reëvaluated milestone served, in a general way, as a point of departure for the Smithson Bicentennial Celebration in September of 1965, commemorating the birth of the Founder. The Bicentennial was planned to coincide with a visit to Washington of delegates to the triennial conference of the International Council of Museums, which began in New York the following week. "To the best of my knowledge, the actual birthday of James Smithson is unknown," Secretary Ripley told me when I asked him a learned question. "We settled upon mid-September to enable guests coming from long distances to include both affairs in one trip." In his public capacity, Mr. Ripley has been equally candid. "Among the many mysteries of Mr. Smithson," he said in his Bicentennial speech, "we do not know his birth date," and he has not bothered to correct the inscription on Smithson's tomb, which was brought here from Italy in 1904 by Alexander Graham Bell, a Regent, and reposes behind an iron gate in an enclosure near the main entrance of the Smithsonian Building.

The embarrassing circumstances of Smithson's birth have taxed both the editors of Victorian-era Washington guidebooks and the Institution itself. Some of the guidebooks of the eighteen-fifties referred to him as "a man of good family" and "a relative of the Duke of Northumberland." And his origins, illustrious but, owing to his illegitimacy, ambiguous (his mother, who was born Elizabeth Hungerford Keate and was a widowed Mrs. Macie at the time of his birth, *did* come from a good family, being a great-granddaughter of Henry VII), for a long time made it difficult in a puritanical society for his Institution to project an image that at once took proper advantage of blue blood and conformed to civil-service standards. "The best blood of England flows in my veins," Smithson wrote in a manuscript that, along with two hundred others, the Smithsonian unintentionally burned up. "On my father's side I am a *Northumberland*, on my mother's I am related to kings, but this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten."

This grandiloquent passage, often



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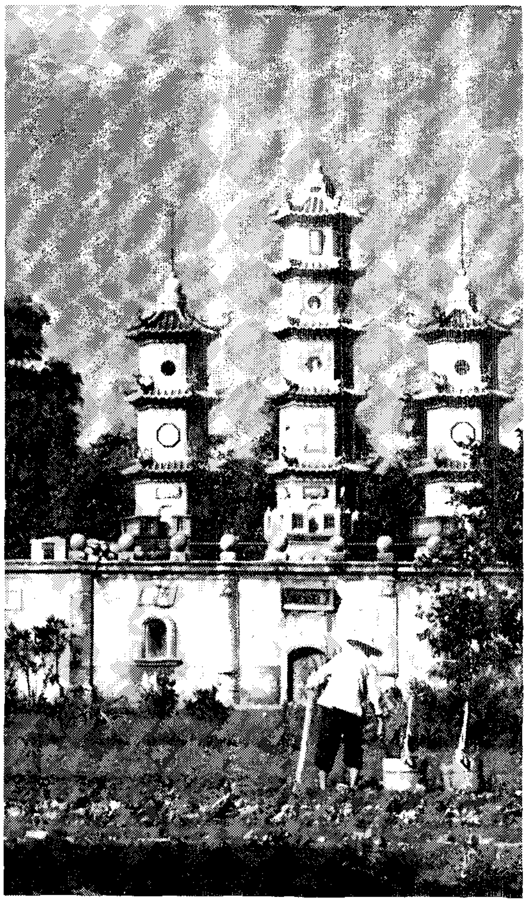

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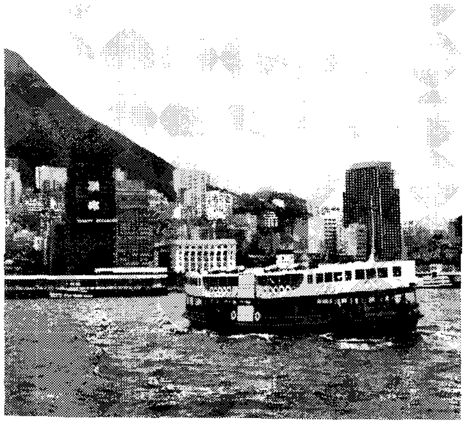

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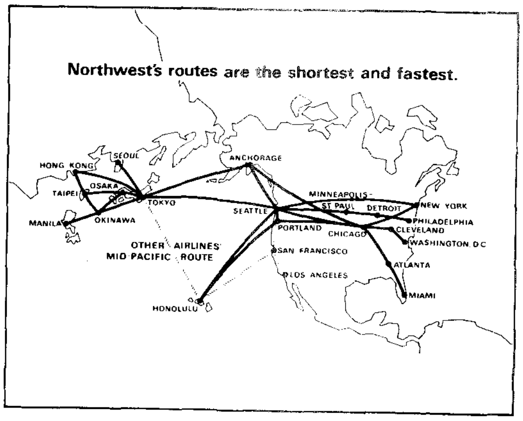
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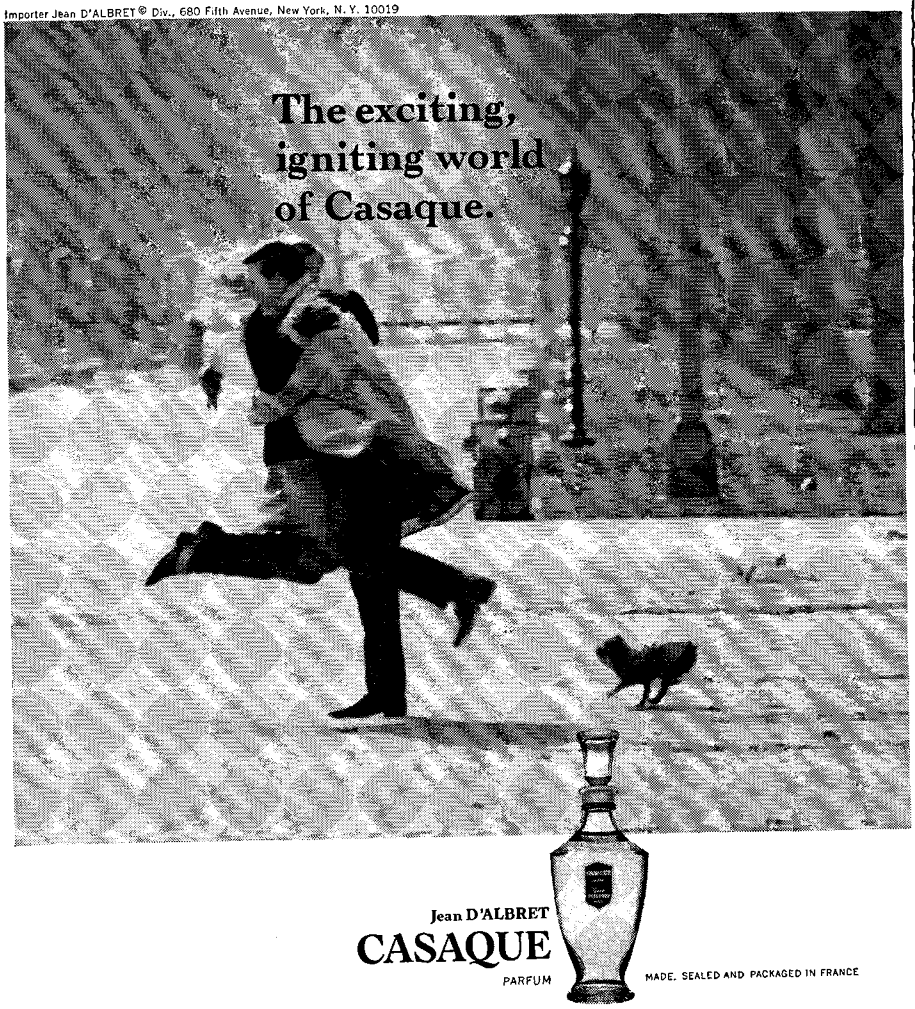

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cited in Smithsonian house literature and quoted in many a Smithsonian speech, is susceptible of exegesis. Smithson's father was the Duke of Northumberland, all right, but he was a decidedly Johnny-come-lately duke. Were the son's italicization of the name and his dynastic reference to the family's titles, with the consequent implication (at least to me) of long ducal descent, entirely justified, scientifically? Let us plunge into taxonomy. The early earls and dukes of Northumberland, beginning with a fourteenth-century earl, were indeed descended from the dread house of Percy (founded in the *eleventh* century), but the line came to an end in 1553 with the execution of the current duke by Bloody Mary. As for the dukes of the second creation, they died out in the seventeenth century. The duke who was to become, in a way, the grandfather of the Smithsonian Institution was the scion, on *his* father's side, of three successive haberdashers, of whom the first had, according to General George H. de S. Nevill Plantagenet Harrison's "History of Yorkshire," paid £1,095 for a baronetcy in 1660. Our man Hugh Smithson, the fourth baronet, became a Northumberland, a Percy, and a duke as a result of his marriage in 1740 to Lady Elizabeth Seymour, a descendant of the Percy line. He then put in for "the name and arms of Percy," and got them, by a special Act of Parliament. Should James Smithson have written, "On my father's side I am related to haberdashers"? Back to my exegesis. As for "My name shall live in the memory of man," this phrase has been variously interpreted as a hope on Smithson's part that his name would endure as a scientist or as a hope that it would go down in history as the founder of the Smithsonian. The Institution, although it has faithfully placed a case of samples of smithsonite (recently caused to revolve) at the entrance of the Museum of Natural History's Hall of Gems and Minerals, is inclined to favor the latter theory. This *post-hoc-ergo-propter-hoc* view of the Founder's intentions was not always in evidence in the nineteenth century. "Why he made this contingent bequest to the United States of America no one can tell," John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary on January 10, 1836, after noting that Aaron Vail, the American chargé d'affaires in London, to whom a copy of Smithson's will had been dispatched by a firm of British lawyers, "intimates . . . that the man was supposed to be insane." And as late as 1880, Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, observed in

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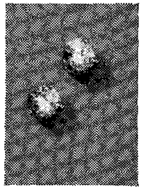

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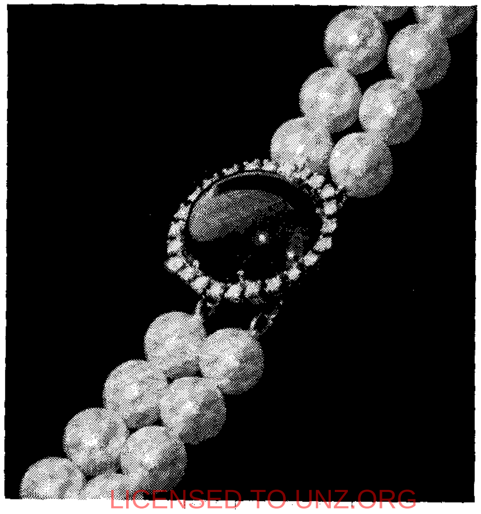

an address to the National Academy of Sciences:

> The first idea to strike a reader [of the will] would be that Smithson had some especially kindly feelings toward either the United States or its form of government. But no evidence of this has ever been discovered. He is not known to have had the personal acquaintance of an American, and his tastes were supposed to have been aristocratic rather than democratic. It would also have been supposed that the organization of an institution which was to carry his name down to posterity would have been a subject of long and careful thought, and of conversation with friends, and would have been prescribed in more definite language than that used in the will. Some note, some appended paper would certainly be found communicating his views. But nothing of the sort has ever come to light.

History, to be sure, has tended to lend support to the fame-through-founding theory—the Smithsonian is certainly more of a household word than smithsonite—but I am not so sure. Smithson knew that he was a chemist and that he enjoyed the respect of Berzelius, Ampère, Arago, and Beudant, but how much could he have counted on becoming the founder of the institution specified, at one remove, in his will? Let us examine this controversial document.

"I, James Smithson, son to Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, heiress of the Hungerfords of Studley and niece of Charles the Proud, Duke of Somerset [Charles was born in 1662, so he must have been a rather remote uncle], now residing in Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, do this twenty-third day of October, 1826, make this my last will and testament," it begins, and, after instructing his bankers, the Messrs. Drummond, to pay an annuity of one hundred pounds to John Fitall, "formerly my servant," continues:

> To Henry James Hungerford, my nephew, heretofore called Henry James Dickinson, son to my late brother Lieutenant Colonel Henry Louis Dickinson [probably another son of Smithson's mother and the Duke of Northumberland] . . . I give and bequeath for his life the whole of the income arising from my property of every nature and kind whatever, after the payment of the above annuity, & after the death of John Fitall, that annuity likewise. . . .
>
> Should the said Henry James Hungerford have a child or children, legitimate or illegitimate, I leave to such child or children, his or their heirs, executors, & assigns, after the death of his, or her, or their father, the whole of my property of every kind absolutely and forever to be divided between them, if there is more than one, in the manner their father shall judge proper, or in case of his omitting to decide this, as the Lord Chancellor shall judge proper. Should my said nephew Henry James Hungerford marry, I empower him to make a jointure.
>
> In the case of the death of my said nephew without leaving a child or children, or of the death of the child or children he may have had, under the age of twenty-one years or intestate, I then bequeath the whole of my property, subject to the annuity of one hundred pounds to John Fitall, and for the security and payment of which I mean stock to remain in this country, to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. . . .

Smithson's nephew, who was also illegitimate, was twenty-three at the time of his uncle's death; he died six years later, a childless bachelor. Could his uncle have *expected* this young man to remain unmarried and without issue, legitimate or illegitimate? Was his chancy bequest a presumably meaningless afterthought—a cursory thumbing of the nose at the Royal Society, which, according to Louis Agassiz, the famous biologist and an 1863-73 Smithsonian Regent, had rejected Smithson's later scientific papers, causing him to revoke an earlier will naming it as his beneficiary? A gesture of friendship (but, if so, why?) to a country he had never seen and with which he had no connection? I'm afraid I must wind up my exegesis in the mood of Mr. Kotschenreither's Public Library picture—"Puzzled."

The immediate aftermath of Smithson's enigmatic bequest is as full of surprises as the Museum of Natural History rotunda was during the years when it brought Dr. Carmichael and me up short. Upon receiving his copy of the will, Mr. Vail, our London chargé d'affaires, forwarded it to the Secretary of State, John Forsyth, with a letter that contained a sentence (the one that prompted Mr. Adams' "supposed-to-be-insane" diary entry) for which Mr. Rhees, the chief clerk of the Institution, delicately substituted a row of asterisks in a two-volume compilation, "The Smithsonian Institution: Documents Relative to Its Origin and History, 1835-1899," that he published in 1901. "The caption of the Will," the concealed sentence reads, "is in language which might induce a belief that the Testator labored under some degree of

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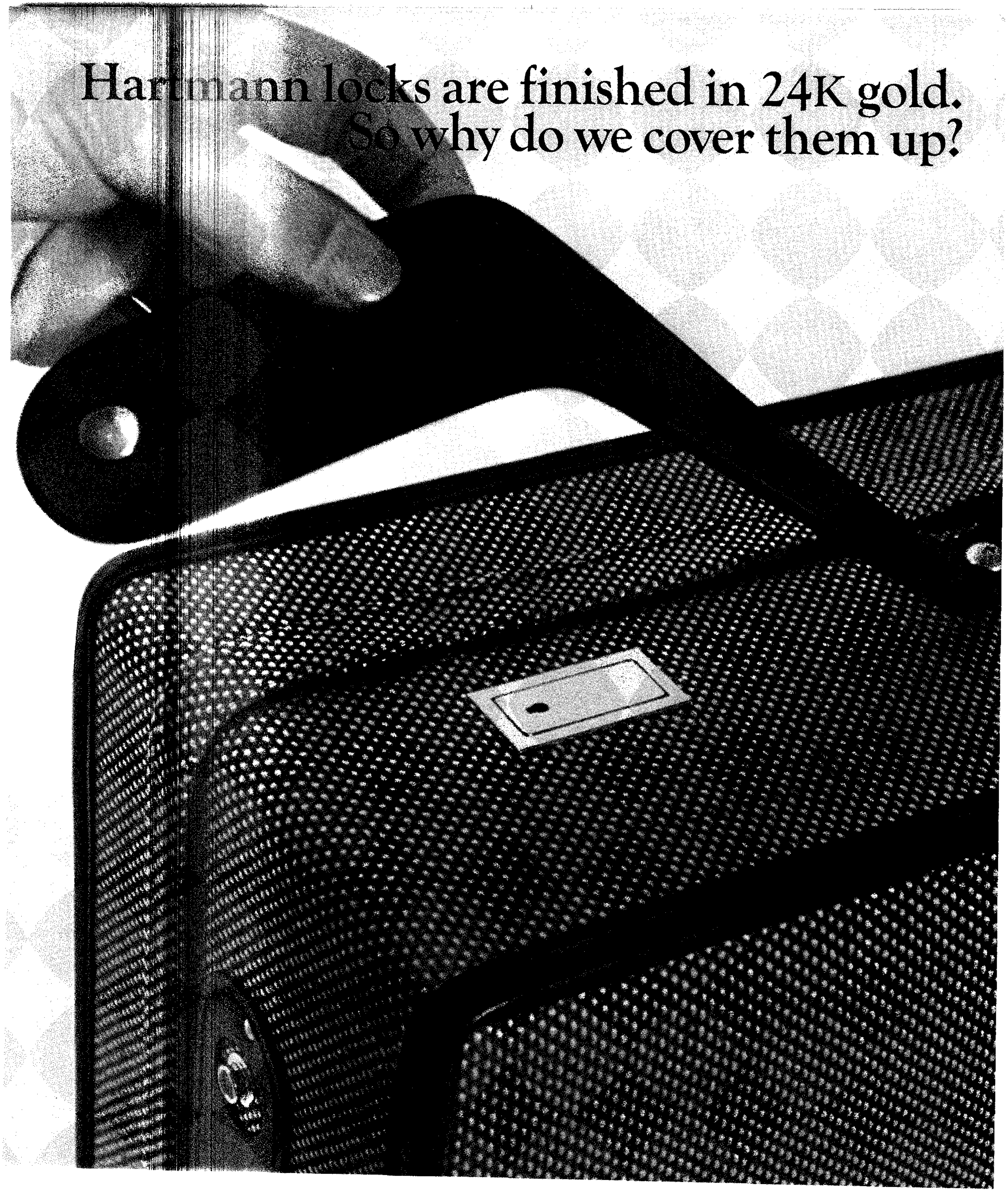

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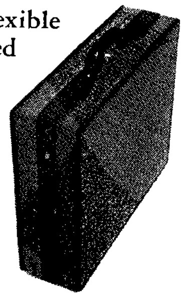

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Quick recipe. Add 12 oz. gold or amber label Puerto Rican rum to 1 quart eggnog mix from your dairy. Fold in one cup whipped cream. Chill. Top with nutmeg. Serves 12.

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mental aberration at the time it was made, tho' I understand that its allegations are not destitute of probability, at least." In the ensuing period, the United States, far from being wholeheartedly pleased with its prospective windfall, whatever the mental aberrations of the donor, came close to declining it, and, *after* accepting and receiving it, threatened more than once to send it back where it came from.

THE bequest was announced to Congress on December 17, 1835, by President Andrew Jackson, no lover of the Old Country and its works (as a major general in the Indian wars of 1818, he had hanged two British subjects for stirring up the Seminoles), with the unenthusiastic comment that he had no authority to take any steps toward accepting it. Congress's initial official reaction was pro-Institution. On January 19, 1836, the House of Representatives received a report from John Quincy Adams, chairman of a Select Committee on the Smithson Bequest (the ex-President was then a congressman from Massachusetts), to which Jackson's message had been referred. This read, in part:

> To furnish the means of acquiring knowledge is . . . the greatest benefit that can be conferred upon mankind. It prolongs life itself and enlarges the sphere of existence. . . . Whoever increases his knowledge multiplies the uses to which he is enabled to turn the gift of his Creator to his own benefit, and partakes in some degree of that goodness which is the highest attribute of Omnipotence itself. If, then, the Smithsonian Institution, under the smile of an approving Providence, and by the faithful and permanent application of the means furnished by its founder to the purpose for which he has bestowed them, should prove effective to their promotion; if they should contribute essentially to the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, to what higher or nobler object could this generous and splendid donation have been devoted? . . . Let the trust of James Smithson to the United States of America be faithfully executed by their representatives in Congress; let the result accomplish his object, "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," and a wreath of more unfading verdure shall entwine itself in the lapse of future ages around the name of Smithson than the united hands of tradition, history, and poetry have braided around the name of Percy through the long perspective in ages past of a thousand years.

The prospect of the Adams greenery did not commend itself to Mr. William C. Preston, a representative from South Carolina, who, on April 30, 1836, according to Mr. Rhees's "Documents," suggested that the "donation had been partly made with a view to

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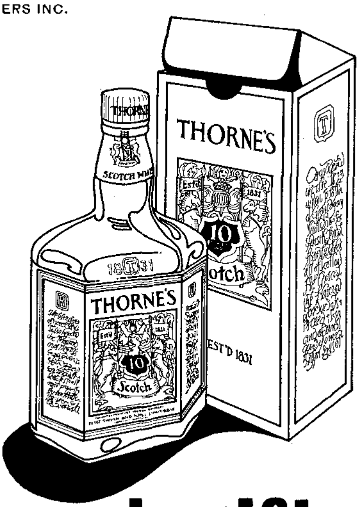

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immortalize the donor," and that "it was too cheap a way of conferring immortality," adding, "If [Congress accepts] this donation, every whippersnapper vagabond that [has] been traducing our country might think it proper to have his name distinguished in the same way." Another opponent of the wreath was Mr. John C. Calhoun, a senator from South Carolina, who, interpreting the bequest as an intention to found a national university, thought it "beneath the dignity of the United States to receive presents of this kind from anyone." Senators Benjamin W. Leigh, of Virginia, John M. Clayton, of Delaware, Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, John Davis, of Massachusetts, Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, and James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania (the last of whom was to become President twenty-one years later), spoke in favor of accepting the bequest, and on July 1, 1836, an Act of Congress to this effect was passed. Ten thousand dollars, to which a salary of three thousand dollars a year and an expense account were added, was appropriated to send Mr. Richard Rush, a Philadelphia lawyer who was a son of the celebrated physician and signer of the Declaration of Independence, Benjamin Rush, as representative of the President to collect the money, which was tied up in the Court of Chancery.

It generally takes a decade or so to untie money from this court, but Mr. Rush obtained a favorable decree in a little over a year and a half. His qualifications for his assignment were first-rate. A former Attorney General (under Madison), Secretary of State (under Monroe), Minister to the Court of St. James's (where, portfolioed from 1817 to 1825, he had dealt so adroitly with a local furor brought about by Jackson's execution of the two Seminole-inciters as to prompt Lord Castlereagh, then Foreign Secretary, to tell him that a war might have been produced on this occasion "if the Ministry had but held up a finger"), and Secretary of the Treasury (under Adams), he was experienced in Anglo-American finance as well as in diplomacy and law. A fastidious, scholarly man of commanding mien, he had the freedom of several London clubs, and moved easily in groups that included the Royal Academy and the Royal Family. Having instituted, in the name of the President, an amicable suit in chancery against the British Attorney General and Mr. Charles Drummond, one of Smithson's bankers who was also his executor, Rush found

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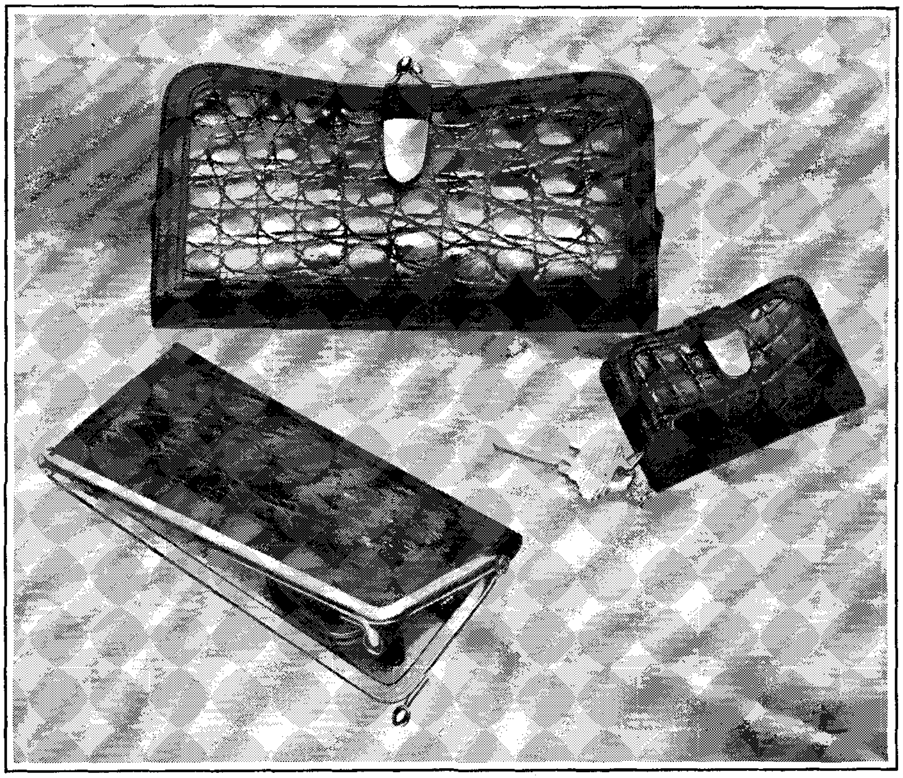

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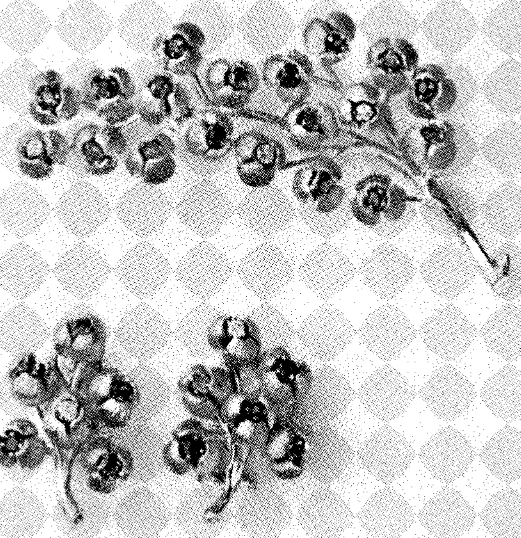

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the English official attitude favorable; his case was jumped over eight hundred that were ahead of it.

"I am glad to state that [the Attorney General's representative] abandoned, in effect, all opposition on the part of the Crown," this well-chosen agent wrote to Secretary of State Forsyth in February, 1837, five months after landing in Liverpool, but he was greeted with less amicability by the late Mr. Hungerford's mother, a Mme. Théodore de la Batut, residing in France, who laid claim to part of the Smithson trust. This difficulty was resolved in May of 1838, when the Chancery Court awarded Smithson's fortune to the United States, subject to the retention in trust of £5,015 for the benefit of Mme. de la Batut, the principal to revert to the United States on her death. It remained for Mr. Rush to convert the Smithson legacy, most of which was in consols, into gold. In June, 1838, he wrote Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, the American consul in London:

> The more I reflect upon the stock sales, the more disposed I am not to delay them. We know things present, but not to come. The little Queen [Victoria had come to the throne a year before] I have always understood is a great eater, and every newspaper tells us she is a great frolicker. Now, if the little thing should chance to be taken sick in these junketing times of the coronation, only think how the stocks would come down. People would have the Duke of Cumberland [the heir apparent] before their imaginations and what not besides—so, as we are now at the close of the week, I think we had better get to work again on Monday or Tuesday in earnest, not waiting for a rise, lest, peradventure, a fall should plump upon us instead, through some unforeseen cause or other; and the stocks are really high *now*. . . .

Colonel Aspinwall went along with this plan, and on July 17, 1838, Rush was able to set sail for home in the packet Mediator, which arrived in New York on August 29th, with eleven boxes containing £104,960 in gold sovereigns, plus eight shillings sevenpence, and fourteen boxes and trunks packed with eight or ten thousand minerals and with Smithson's personal effects, all of which had also been awarded by the Chancery Court to the United States. The minerals and personal effects were stored in the New York Custom House for nearly three years, and, in June, 1841, sent to the National Institution for the Promotion of Science and the Useful Arts, in Washington, for scientific inspection and temporary custody. *This* Institution, which had its quarters in the Patent Office Building, had been organized

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the year before by Joel R. Poinsett—a scientifically inclined public servant who, as Minister to Mexico in the eighteen-twenties, had introduced to the United States a Mexican plant that was renamed the poinsettia here. As Secretary of War under Van Buren, Poinsett had had much to do with the outfitting and direction of a trip of geographical exploration known as the United States Exploring Expedition, which Charles Wilkes, a naval officer in command of six ships, conducted in the Antarctic, the Pacific Islands, and along the coast of Oregon between 1838 and 1842. The principal stated purpose of the National Institution was to establish a national museum of natural history, and this had been set up in the Patent Office Building largely to receive the great shipments of shells, plants, animals, and minerals that were being sent back by Lieutenant (eventually Commodore) Wilkes. In addition, the National Institution, which came to be called "the National Cabinet of Curiosities," was the recipient of a mixed bag of objects presented by individuals and foreign governments. A vast batch of this material was on hand, and a curator and a staff of taxidermists and other assistants were busily working on them, when the Smithson curiosities arrived.

The money received prompter attention. It was deposited, briefly, in a New York bank and was delivered on September 1, 1838, to the United States Mint in Philadelphia, where, after the deduction of seven thousand dollars for Mr. Rush's expenses, it was melted down and recoined into $508,318.46. It was time to start twining the wreath.

ALAS, pro tem, for the ambitious green thumb of Mr. Adams! The Smithson affair was far from terminated; the little Queen's frolics on a putatively overladen stomach had been anticipated in vain. It took Congress eight years of uproar, following the acceptance and reception of the fund, to set up the institution that the fund was designed to establish; by the time it *was* established, nearly every cent of the $508,318.46 had been lost; and nineteen years later virtually all of Smithson's effects had been lost. Let us work our way into these melancholy surprises.

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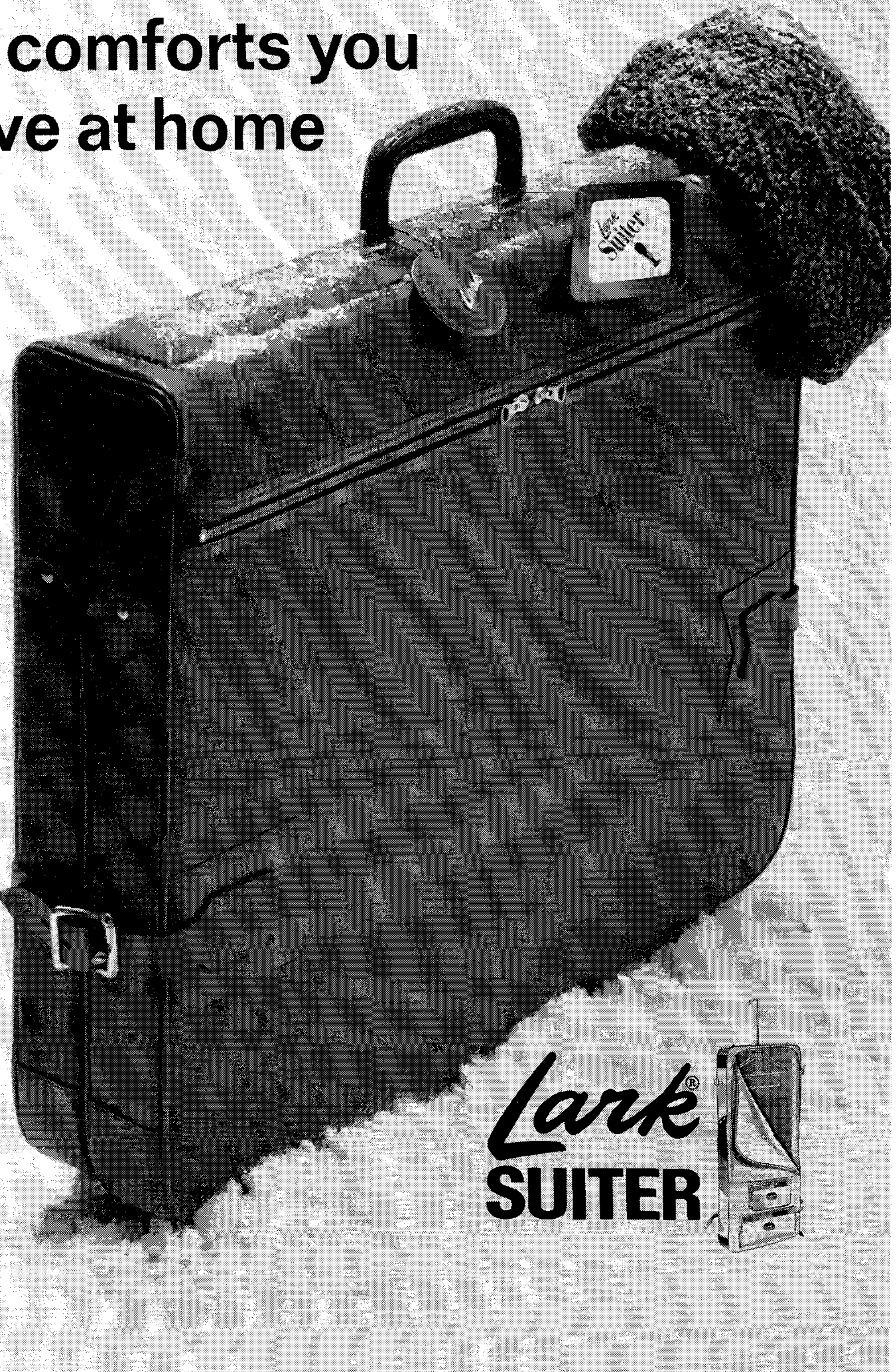

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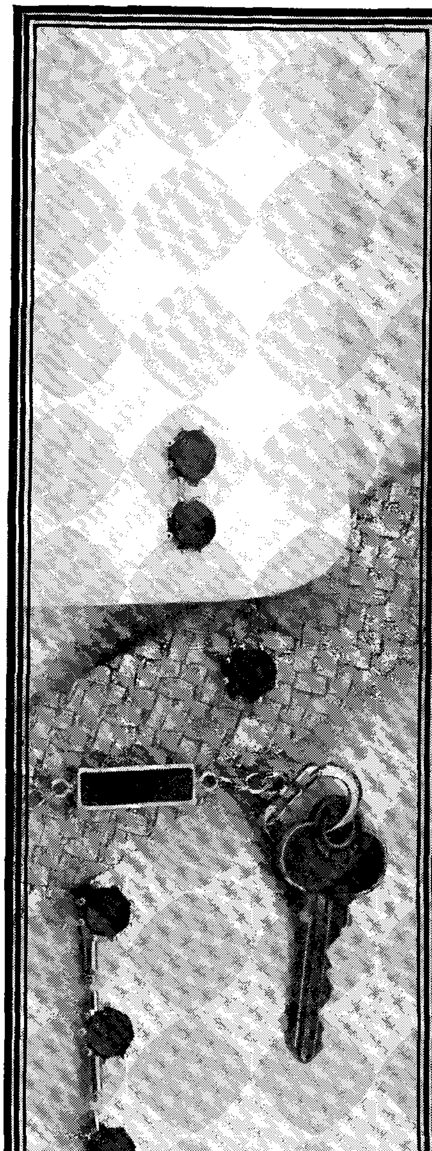

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five per centum per annum," the accruing interest to be similarly laid out. On August 6, 1838, while Mr. Rush and his gold sovereigns were on the high seas, Mr. Levi Woodbury, the Secretary of the Treasury, placed an advertisement in the Washington *Globe* saying that he would shortly have around half a million dollars to invest, and requesting proposals from persons who had stocks of the above description to dispose of. He received offers from bankers and brokers all over the country, but propinquity prevailed. Within three days of the conversion of the English gold into United States money, he paid Mr. William W. Corcoran, a Washington stockbroker, who later founded the banking firm of Corcoran & Riggs, $499,500 for five hundred Arkansas thousand-dollar, six-per-cent bonds. During the next ten months, he bought, at comparably par or near-to-par prices, eight Michigan bonds and twenty-three more Arkansas bonds. Mr. Adams, as chairman of the Smithson Bequest Committee in the House, took a dim view of these investments almost from the start. "I proceed with a heavy heart," he wrote in his diary in January, 1839, "from a presentiment that this noble and most munificent donation will be filtered to nothing and wasted upon hungry and worthless political jackals." In February, he introduced a bill "to provide for the disposal and management of the fund bequeathed by James Smithson to the United States," which stipulated that the $508,318.46, "together with all sums which have been or may hereafter be realized, shall be passed hereafter to the credit of a fund, to be denominated the Smithsonian Fund, in the Treasury of the United States" and that "the faith of the United States is hereby pledged for the preservation of the said fund undiminished and unimpaired, to bear interest at the rate of six per cent a year."

This bill was not enacted; indeed, in February, 1840, Mr. Woodbury bought twenty-six Illinois bonds at the significantly depreciated price of $18,980. The following month, Congress, whose worries about what to do with the Smithson money were now exacerbated by an increasing concern over the money itself, besought Mr. Woodbury for a report on "the market value of the bonds at the time of the respective investments and at the present time." The reply of the Secretary (who, as a senator from New Hampshire a few years before, had been called the Rock of New England Democracy by Thomas Hart Benton, a senator from

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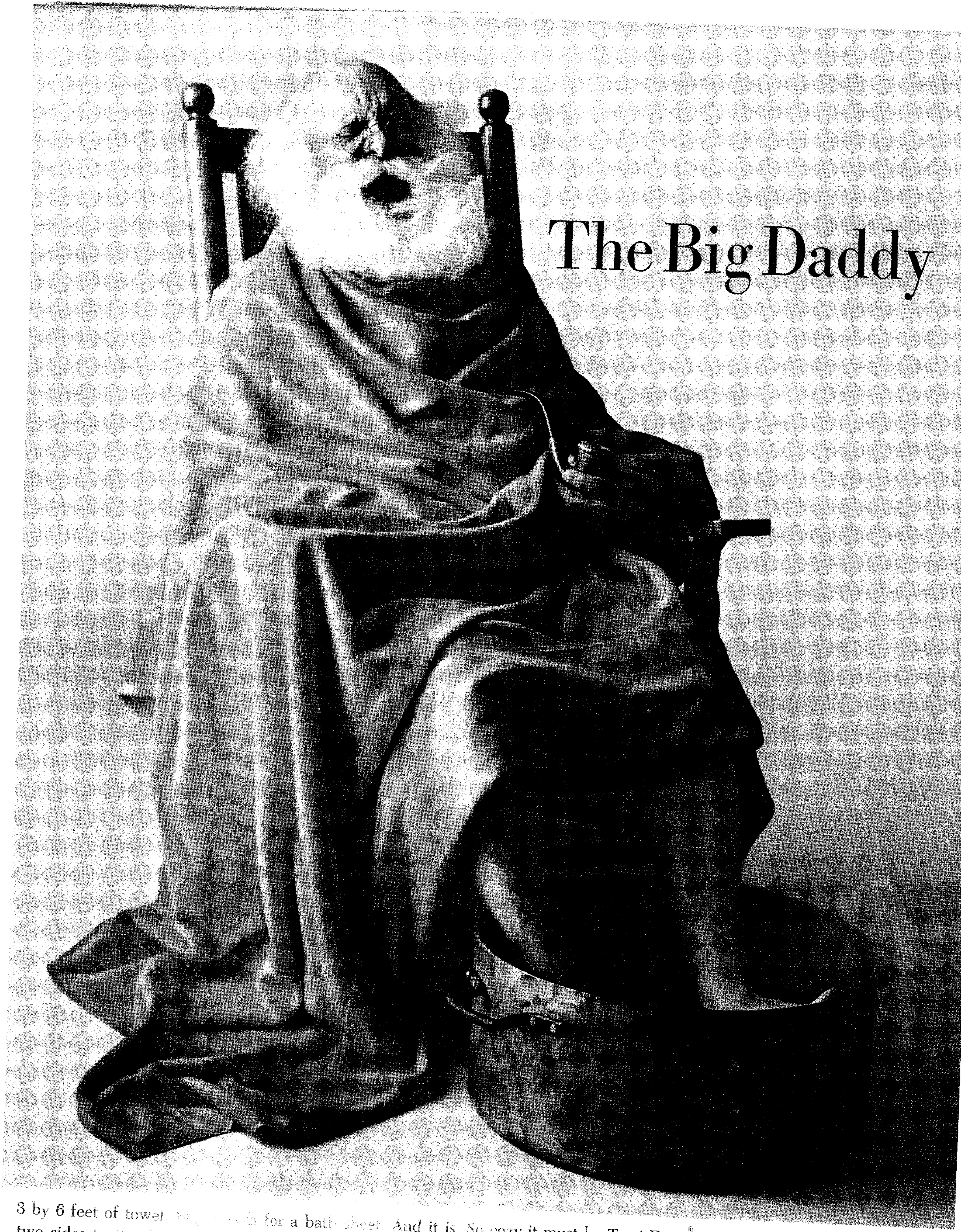

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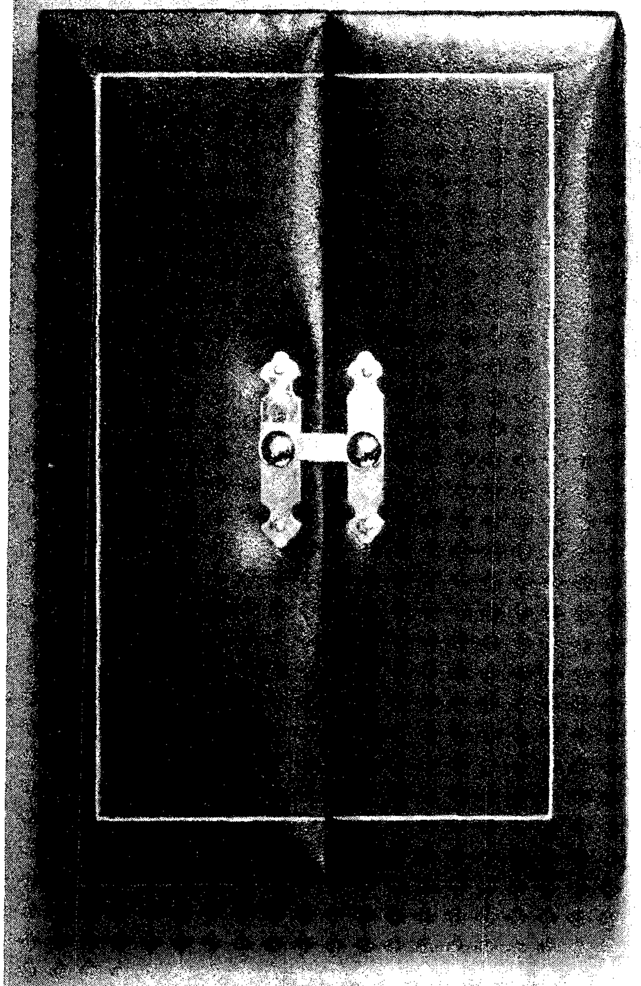

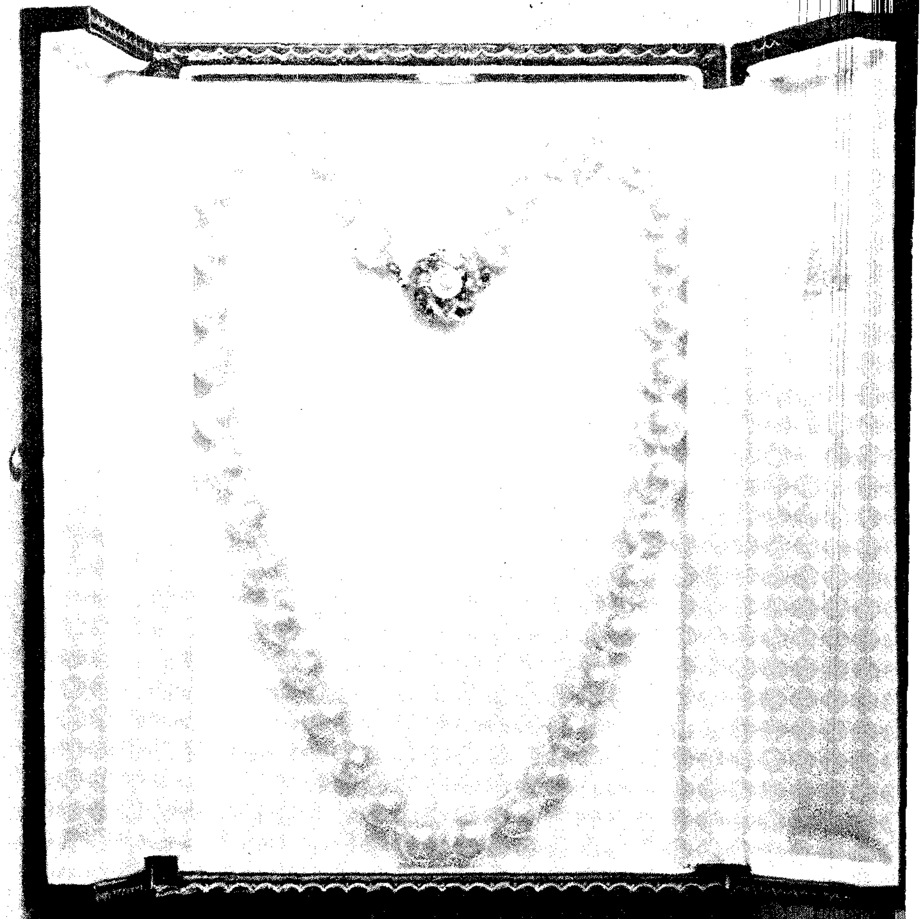

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Missouri) was evasive. "There are no means here for ascertaining the market value of the State stocks at any particular time with accuracy," he wrote. In September, 1840, he bought fifteen more Arkansas bonds, for $10,555, and by February, 1841, two months before he left the Treasury, on President Harrison's election, he had acquired thirty more Illinois bonds, for $23,423.

"The chief obstacle [to the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution]," Mr. Adams wrote in his diary in April, 1841, "will now be to extricate the funds from the fangs of the State of Arkansas." The Arkansas coupons stopped paying in July, those of Michigan and Illinois gave up a bit later, and in September Congress, at the instigation of Mr. Adams, repealed the section of its 1838 Act that called for the investment of the money in state bonds. On April 12, 1842, Mr. Adams proposed a bill similar in its fiscal provisions to his 1839 one; it, too, got nowhere. On June 7, 1844, in the course of offering a third bill with the same intent, he reported that the payment of the annual interest—$36,120—on the Smithson portfolio of five hundred and thirty-eight Arkansas, fifty-six Illinois, and eight Michigan bonds had been suspended, adding, "Suspension on the bonds of the State of Arkansas has already continued for the space of nearly three years." Only the income—$1,080—on eighteen Ohio bonds bought by Woodbury's successor, Thomas Ewing, was continuing to roll in.

Mr. Adams' bill was, again, not enacted, but a substitute draft enshrining his scheme to make an honest man of Uncle Sam (and to circumvent the fanged jackals) was reported to the House in the winter of 1846 by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana. It had many supporters, and one rather surrealistic detractor, in the person of Mr. George W. Jones, of Tennessee, who, in April, recommended that the sacred trust be sent back across the Atlantic to the second Duke of Northumberland, who, as it happened, had died twenty-nine years before. The House debate continued to be brisk; a future President took up the cudgels against an ex-President. In "Documents," Mr. Rhees (who used the past-tense, third-person British style of political reporting) reported:

> Mr. [Andrew] Johnson [Tennessee] was satisfied that a large majority of the House was opposed to taking this sum out of the Treasury for the purpose of establishing such an institution as was

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contemplated by this bill. It was true that the money had been received by the Government of the United States, but if the Government had been acting in good faith and had vested these funds in bonds of the States, and these States had repudiated or refused to pay, was there a man here who at this time would be willing to take this amount out of the pockets of his constituents for the erection of an institution of this kind? Was this Government bound to levy a tax upon the people for such a purpose? If it had been acting fairly as a trustee, if it had acted in good faith, and if this fund had been lost and destroyed and not intentionally perverted or misapplied, it was no more responsible than any other trustee under such circumstances would be.

Mr. George Rathbun, of New York, sided with his colleague Mr. Adams.

> This Government [he said] had misapplied a fund given for a specific purpose, and when it was called upon through a respectable committee to appropriate the money to the object for which it was received it was no answer to say, "We have loaned it out to the States and they cannot pay us." It would not answer for an individual to say so—still less for a nation like ours. We were bound today, and we had been bound every day when Congress was in session for eight years past, to appropriate the money honestly, without undertaking to avoid the just responsibility by an excuse which was one of our own creation. Arkansas, it is said, would not pay, and some other States refused to pay the interest. That was a matter between this Government and the State of Arkansas and was no answer to the solemn pledge given to apply this money to a specific purpose.... He was ready to vote for the bill.

The bill that President Polk ultimately signed in August was a modification of the Owen draft. The section of it dealing with the Smithsonian's wildly unbalanced and almost moribund portfolio ($132,701.59 in unpaid interest had accrued by the end of 1845) preserved Mr. Adams' formula: it provided that $515,169—a translation into dollars of the original sum of the bequest prior to Mr. Rush's brokerage and shipping expenses—be lent to the Treasury at six per cent interest from the date of the fund's arrival at the Philadelphia Mint (as of July 1, 1846, the day Congress enacted the bill, this interest amounted to $242,129), that the principal be "appropriated for the perpetual maintenance and support of the Institution" (the interest was earmarked to erect a building and for other going expenses), and that "all the moneys and stocks which have been or may hereafter be received into the Treasury of the United States on account of the fund bequeathed by James Smithson be and hereby are pledged to refund to the

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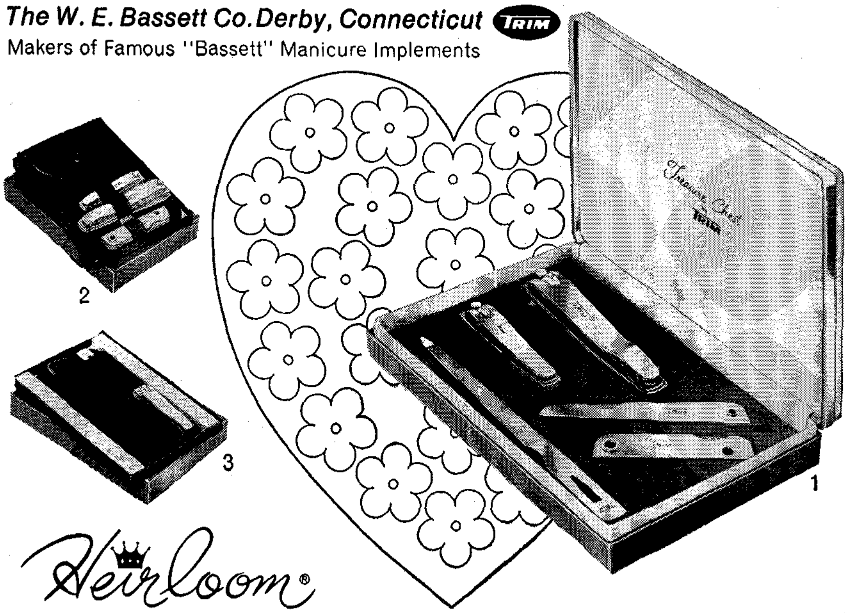

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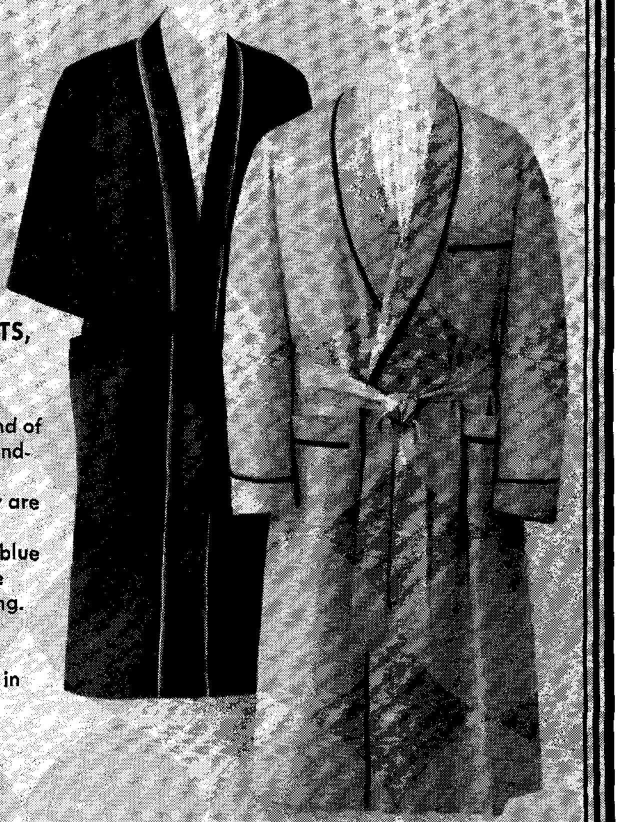

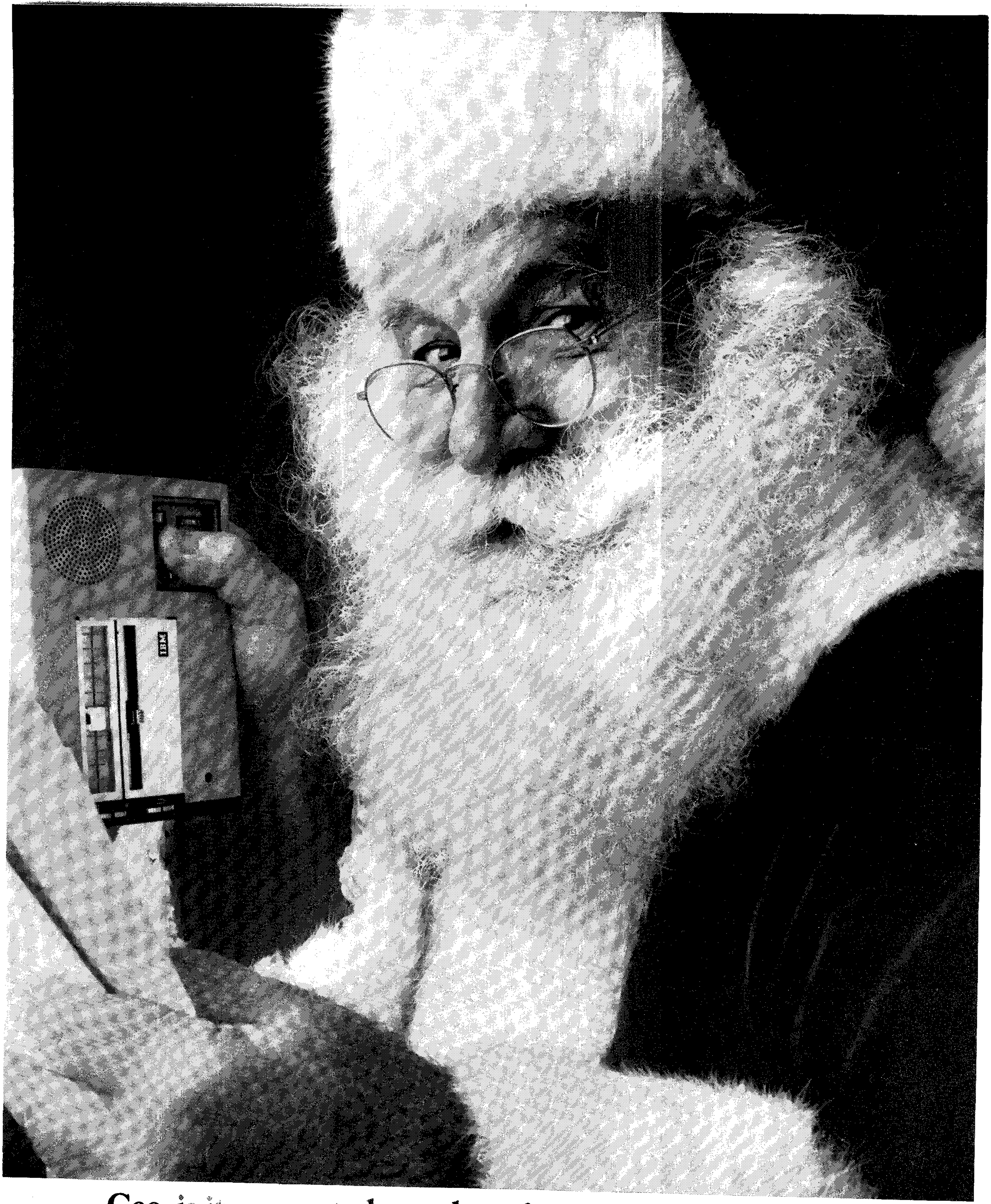

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Treasury of the United States the sums hereby appropriated." In other words, the bonds (and any cash in the account) were swapped with the government for a mythical deposit of $757,298, on most of which six per cent interest was to be paid to the Smithsonian in perpetuity. The money was down the drain, but Uncle Sam had made it up, in more ways than one.

If anxiety about something that came to look increasingly like a permanent loan to the State of Arkansas produced oratory in Congress, even more was produced by the legislators' worries over an appropriate disposition of the Smithson money. Around the time that Mr. Woodbury was beginning to assemble his portfolio of curiosities, President Van Buren directed Mr. Forsyth "to apply to persons versed in science and familiar with the subject of public education for their views as to the mode of disposing of the fund best calculated to meet the intentions of the testator and prove most beneficial to mankind." The Secretary of State wrote to several such persons and passed their replies on to Congress by way of guidance.

Among them, Dr. Thomas Cooper, an astonishingly many-sided English-born retired president and professor of chemistry, mineralogy, and political economy at South Carolina College (now University of South Carolina), who helped found his state's first insane asylum and wrote treatises and pamphlets on dyeing and calico printing, gas lights, slavery (all pro), and the clergy (anti); of whom the Dictionary of American Biography writes, not altogether surprisingly, "His head was so large that he is said to have resembled a wedge;" and whom Mr. Adams described in his diary as "the English atheist South Carolina professor, Thomas Cooper, a man whose very breath is pestilential to every good purpose," suggested a postgraduate university that would specialize in calculus, in the application of mathematics to astronomy, chemistry, and electricity, and in "the principles of botany and agriculture." Dr. Cooper drew the line somewhere, however. "No Latin or Greek; no mere literature," he added. "Things, not words. . . . I object to all *belles-lettres*, and philosophical literature as calculated only to make men pleasant talkers." ("Brilliant in conversation . . . terrible in controversy," the Dictionary says of *his* talk.)

Mr. Adams, as President, had vainly sought the establishment of a na-

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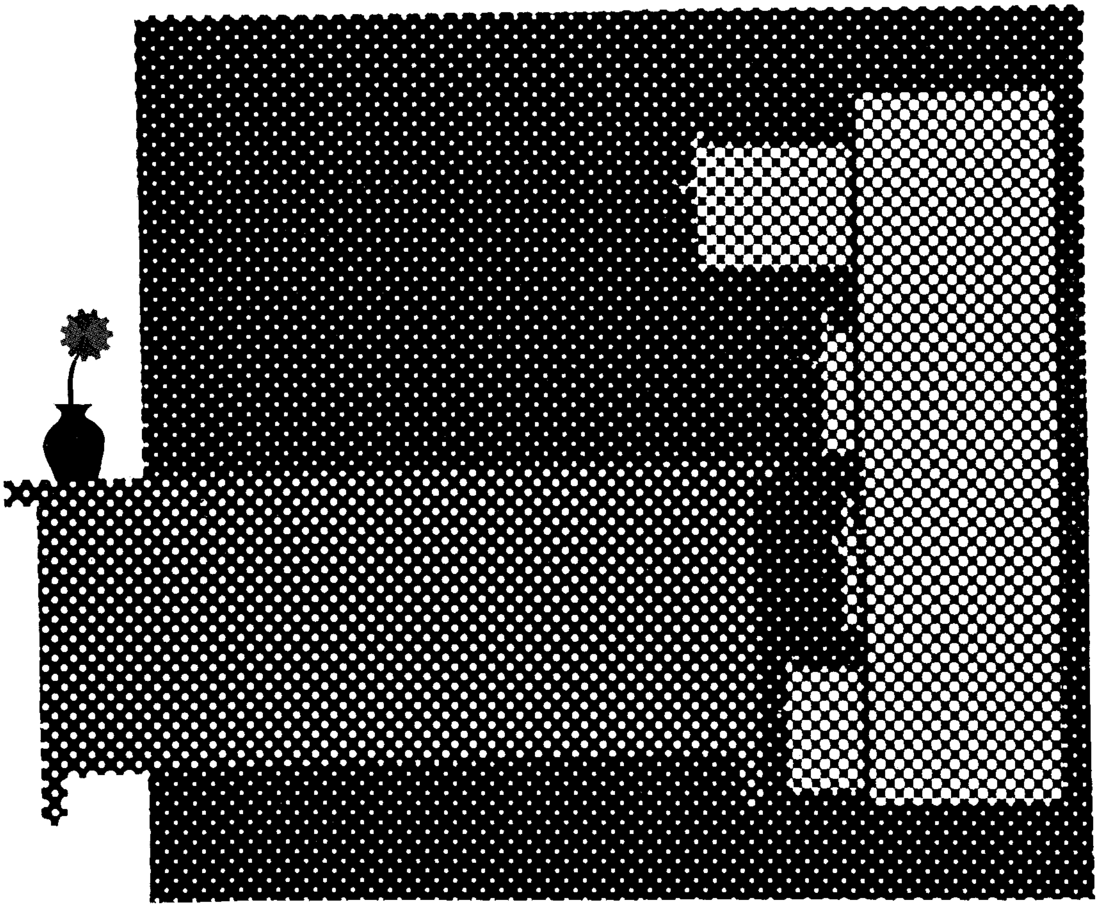

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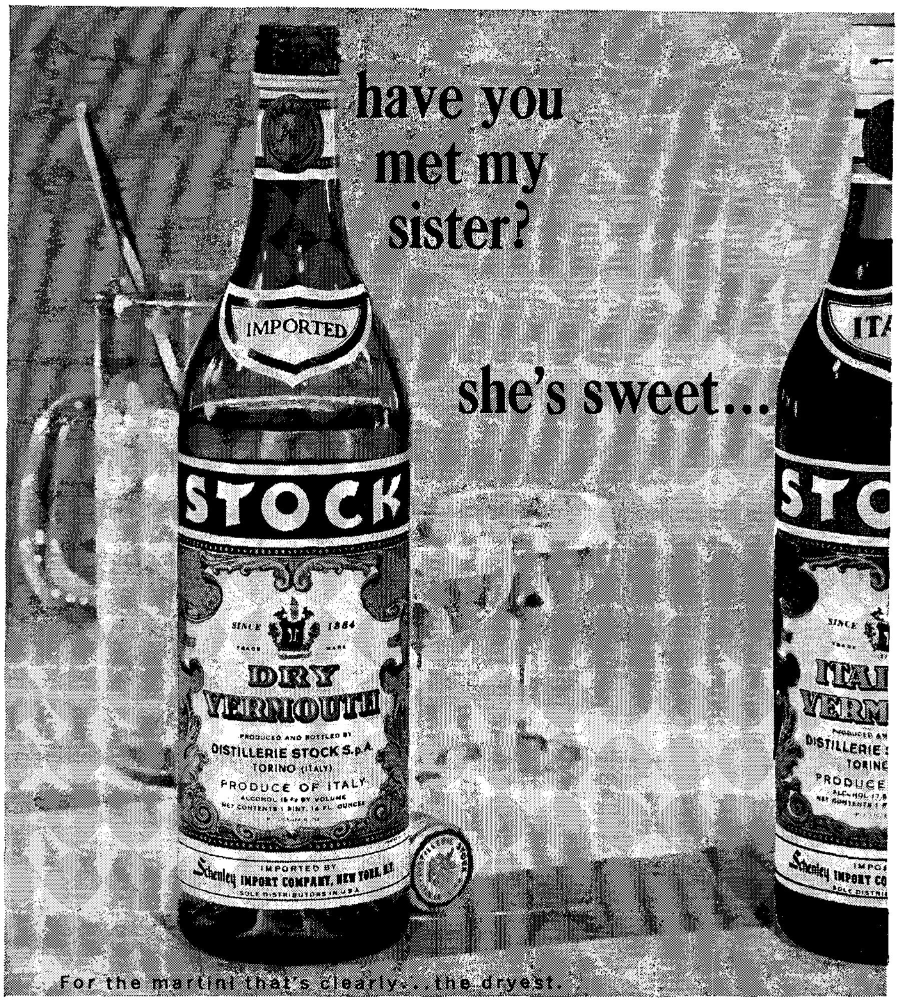
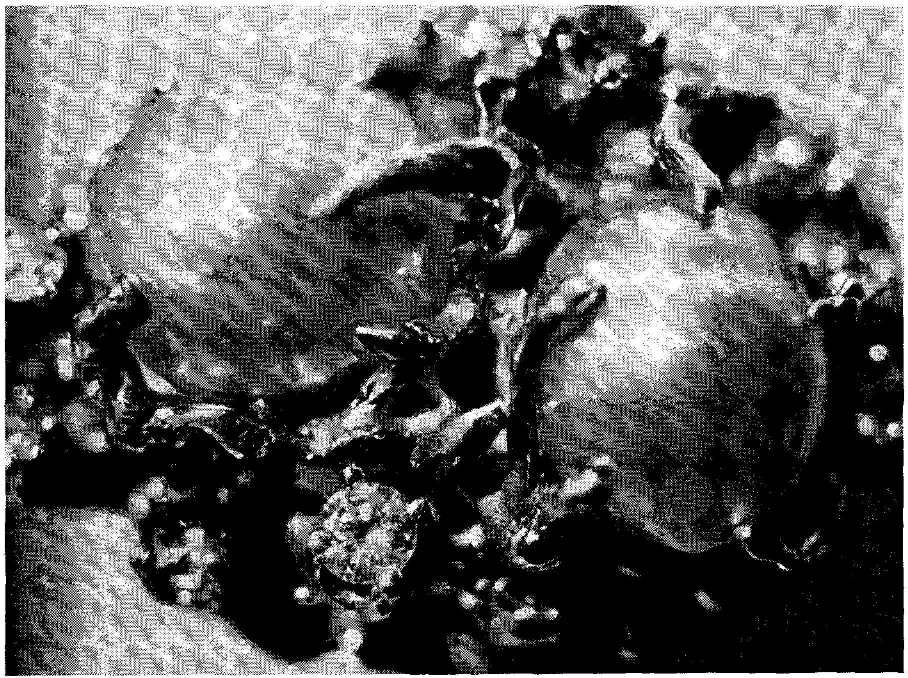


Arthur King



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tional observatory in his first annual message to Congress in 1825, and he now reverted to this enthusiasm. It would cause, he wrote,

> the reputation of our country [to] rise to honor and reverence among the civilized nations of the earth and our navigators and mariners on every ocean [to] be no longer dependent on English or French observers or calculators for the tables indispensable to conduct their path upon the deep.

"Not so easy will it be to secure, as from a rattlesnake's fang, the fund and its income, forever, from being wasted and dilapidated in bounties to feed the hunger or fatten the leaden idleness of mountebank projectors and shallow and worthless pretenders to science," he went on.

Mr. Richard Rush, the chaperon of the fund on its transatlantic trip, favored a series of lectures, "comprehending as many of the leading branches of physical and moral science as the funds of the institution may be able to bear." He also suggested that American consuls be encouraged by the Smithsonian (or what he hoped would *become* the Smithsonian) to "send home seeds, plants, and other productions beneficial to agriculture, manufactures, or any of the useful arts," and that American military officers "at garrisons . . . in remote and unexplored parts of our country" be similarly encouraged to collect "facts bearing upon its geology, its natural history in all branches, its antiquities, and the character of its aboriginal races." The seeds and plants were to be set in the Institution's grounds, and the facts were to be disseminated, aboveground, through the lectures and an Institution press.

Mr. Stephen Chapin, the president of Columbian College (now George Washington University), was another omnium-gatherum-lecture proponent; he visualized professorships of law, medicine, "the exact sciences," physics, classical literature, modern languages, English literature, American history, American constitutional law and jurisprudence, "American institutions," civil engineering and architecture, and "the practical application of the exact sciences to the mechanic arts," and he also recommended an astronomical observatory.

Fortified by these and other letters relayed by Mr. Forsyth, Congress began the tortured, intermittent Smithsonian discussion whose over-all fiscal aspect we have traced. How little I know about public life! I should have thought that at this time, when the Arkansas bonds had chalked up more

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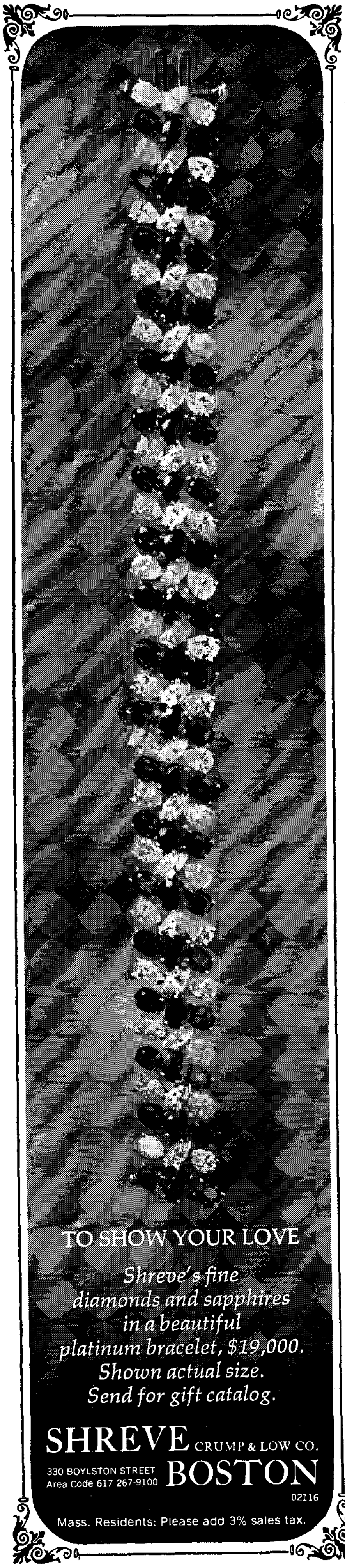

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than a hundred thousand dollars in unpaid interest, Mr. Woodbury would be hanging his head midst the rocks of New England, but—lo and behold!—we find him back in the Senate, spearheading a campaign to put the National Institution for the Promotion of Science and the Useful Arts (now renamed the National *Institute*, etc.), of which—lo and behold!—he had succeeded Poinsett as president, in permanent charge of the Smithsonian project, which now held the promise of a Treasury-guaranteed fortune. The Woodbury amendment failed; indeed, in 1857 the Institute for the Promotion, etc.—in its inception a good try for a great national museum but by 1844 well on its way to becoming a model of incompetence—turned over most of its collections to the Smithsonian. A few years later, it went out of business altogether. Its final days were graphically described by Dr. George Brown Goode, a Smithsonian Assistant Secretary, in 1891:

> They [the curiosities that remained in 1857] were afterwards placed in some old cases in a passageway in the Patent Office, and many valuable specimens and books were destroyed or stolen, there being no one responsible for their safety.... In 1861... the birds and insects were almost completely destroyed and the library reduced to broken sets of periodicals and transactions. Such as they were, they were delivered by the Secretary of the Interior to the Smithsonian Institution.... It is said that some enlightened Commissioner of Patents, in power between 1850 and 1860, was annoyed by the presence of a collection of fossil vertebrates in one of the rooms in his building, and, without consulting anyone, sent them to a bone mill in Georgetown, where they were transformed into commercial fertilizers—once for thought, they now became food for the farmer's crops.

In the bill signed by President Polk in 1846, the museum function prevailed; the objects of natural history and the geological and mineralogical specimens belonging to the United States in the city of Washington, along with "all objects of art and of foreign and curious research . . . in whosesoever custody the same may be" (for example, the National Institute's), were to be turned over to the Smithsonian for classification, examination, and study—subject to an escape clause, "in proportion as suitable arrangements can be made for their reception." This permitted the Smithsonian, which, as we shall see, didn't want the damned things, to duck the National Institute's curiosities until 1857.

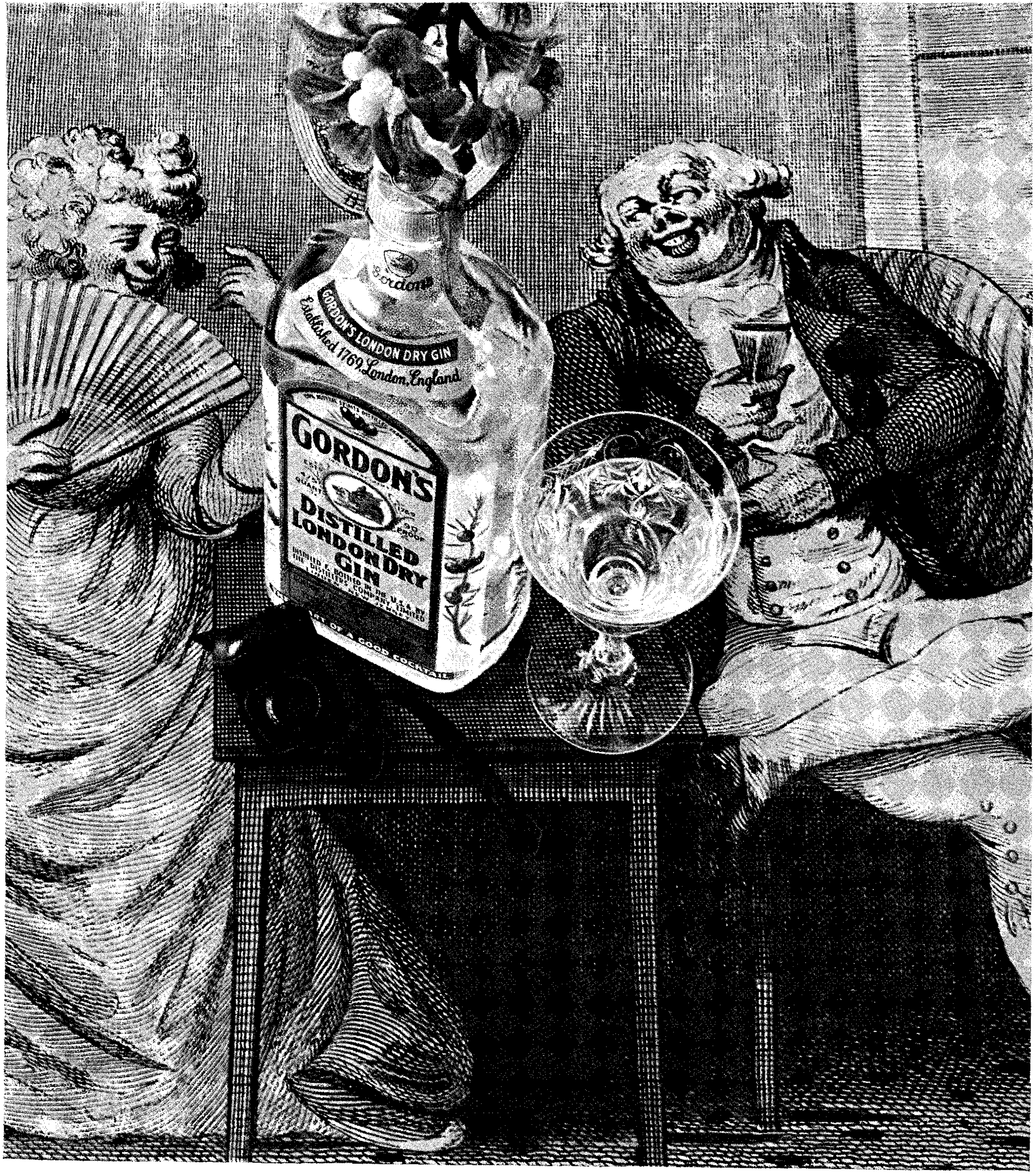
On November 30, 1846, the Board of Regents, after studying thirteen architectural plans for a structure, selected one by James Renwick, Jr., of New York. Mr. Renwick was an audacious choice as the designer of "a suitable building of plain and durable materials and structure, without unnecessary ornament." At twenty-seven, he had to his credit several Gothic and Romanesque churches in Manhattan—among them Grace Church, widely known as "Renwick's toothpick." He was to go on, in a long life, to St. Patrick's Cathedral, the main (1865) building of Vassar College, the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington (French Renaissance), and any number of far from plain private houses in New York, Lenox, Newport, and Staten Island. "The six towers of the Smithsonian Institution [actually there were, and are, nine, including little ones], all so painstakingly different, show to what extremes the desire for romantic picturesqueness could lead," Talbot Faulkner Hamlin writes in the Dictionary of American Biography about "this remarkable example of so-called 'Norman' architecture," which was completed in 1855.

Having settled on an architect, the Regents, three days later, elected a Secretary, in accordance with a resolution that called for a man "possessing weight of character and a high grade of talent" and that stated,

> [It] is further desirable that he possess eminent scientific and general acquirements; that he be a man capable of advancing science and promoting letters by original research and effort, well qualified to act as a respected channel of communication between the Institution and scientific and literary individuals and societies in this and foreign countries; and, in a word, a man worthy to represent before the world of science and of letters the institution over which this Board presides.

The man they chose for the post was Joseph Henry. Born in Albany, in 1797, the grandson of Scotch immigrants and the son of a day laborer, Henry graduated at eighteen from the Albany Academy, a boys' preparatory school that excelled in science and mathematics, and afterward divided his time between tutoring the many children of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, a member of the Erie Canal Commission; working on chemical experiments; and tutoring and supervising a number of Academy pupils, among them Henry James, Sr. In this

Old English etching, circa 1780. Courtesy of Schatzki collection.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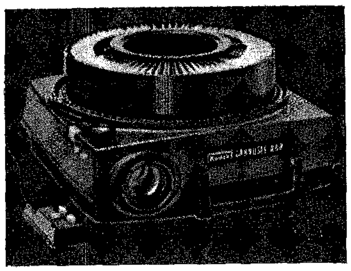

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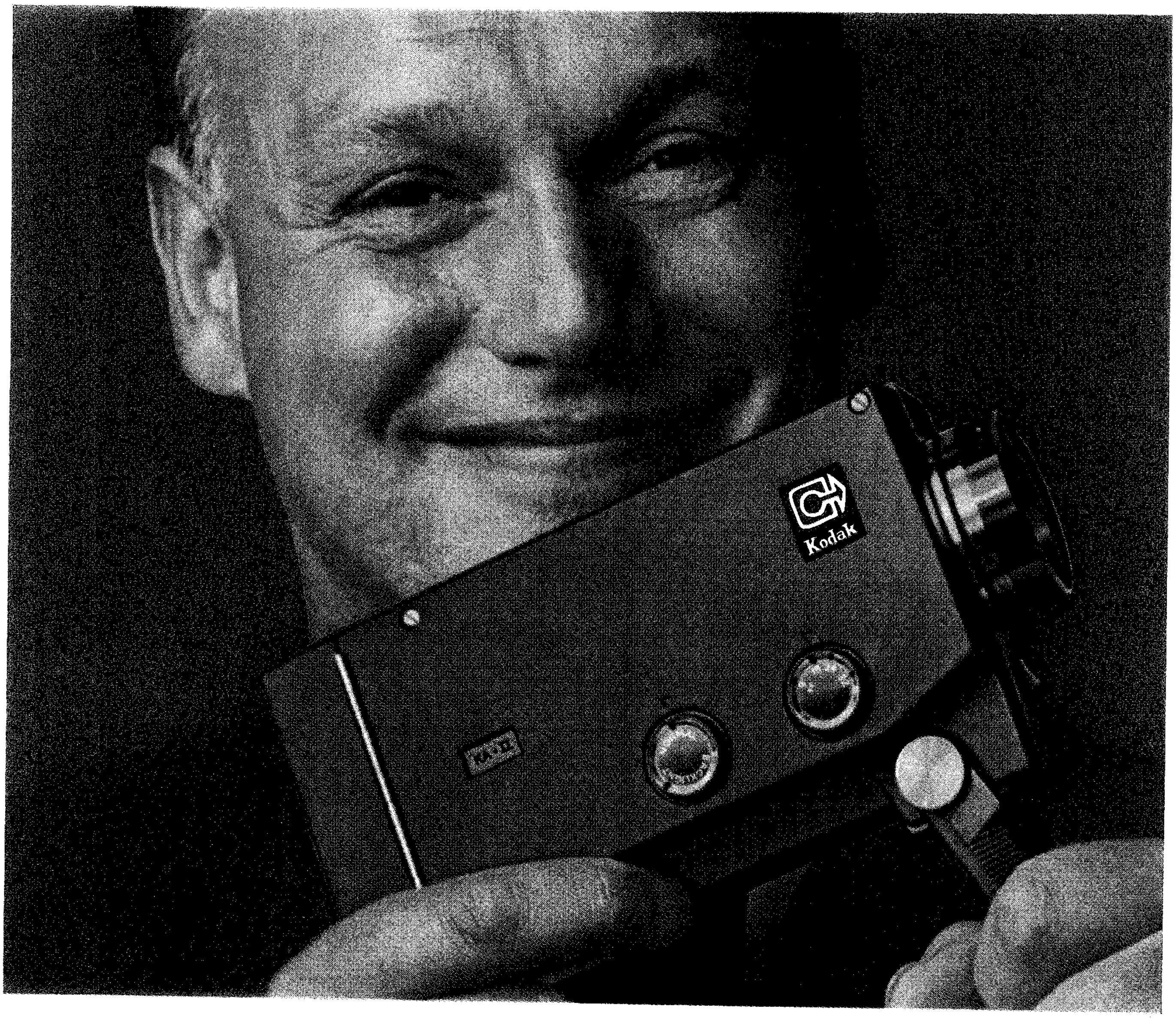

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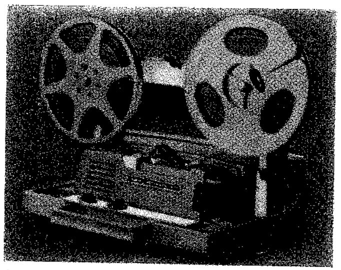

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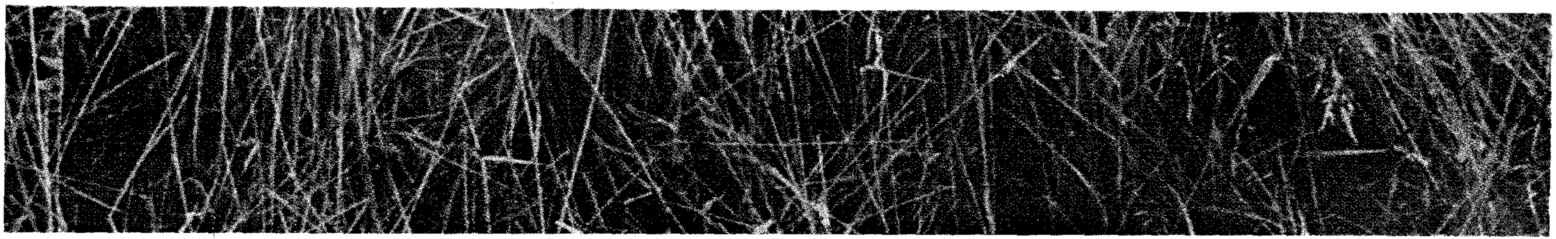

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Bernhard Altmann
THE LEGEND OF A GREAT KNITTER

connection, he may perhaps have promoted the art of letters through a disastrous occurrence that Paul H. Oehser, a Smithsonian staff historian, has described as follows:

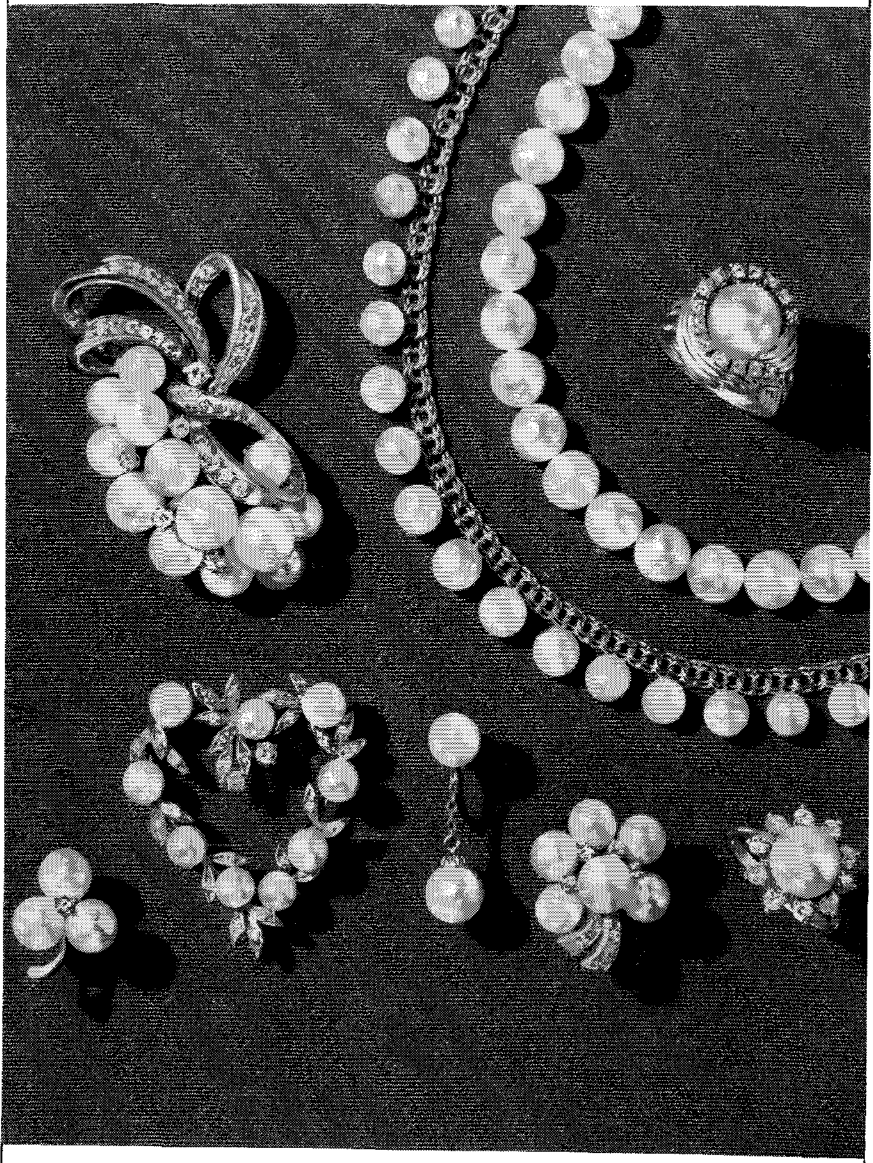
> The principal of the school . . . encouraged his students to play at science under the leadership of the young Henry. Perhaps in seeking an answer to the question "Why does flame or smoke always mount upward?," Henry taught his charges to fly hot-air balloons, supplied with lighted balls of tow. When one of these balls accidentally entered the window of a neighbor's barn, Henry James was seriously burned in an attempt to stamp it out. The result was two years in bed and a double amputation of his leg above the knee.

The novelist's father was thirteen at the time of the accident, and "the permanent impairment of his physical powers decisively affected his later career," the Dictionary of American Biography states. Professor Leon Edel, the grand panjandrum of Henry James, is more explicit.

> Fire had a special meaning in the life of the James family [he writes in "Henry James: The Untried Years, 1843-1870"]. A fire in a stable had an even more special meaning. The senior Henry's cork leg had been the symbol through all of Henry Junior's life of what could happen to someone who becomes involved in putting out a stable fire. It was an enduring injury. We can therefore speculate, and the evidence warrants it, that this is the explanation for Henry James's sense, from the moment that he had hurt himself in circumstances analogous to those of his father, that his hurt too would have a long duration. And this is what happened. Henry was still experiencing his backache late in life.

In any event, the senior (and, at the time, very junior) James bore his tutor no grudge; the two became lifelong friends.

Joseph Henry's tutoring and hot-air-balloon activities were succeeded by a job as a state surveyor of a road from West Point to Lake Erie. In 1826, he went back to his old school as professor of mathematics and natural philosophy; in 1832 he became professor of natural philosophy at the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University). It was during his twenty years on these faculties (he came to the Smithsonian from Princeton) that he made his great scientific name and became one of the protagonists of a scientific controversy: Who was the first to conceive the idea of an electromagnetic telegraph—Samuel F. B. Morse or Henry? Who first discovered the electrical principle of self-induction, Faraday or Henry? I am not going into this controversy other than to point out that Webster's



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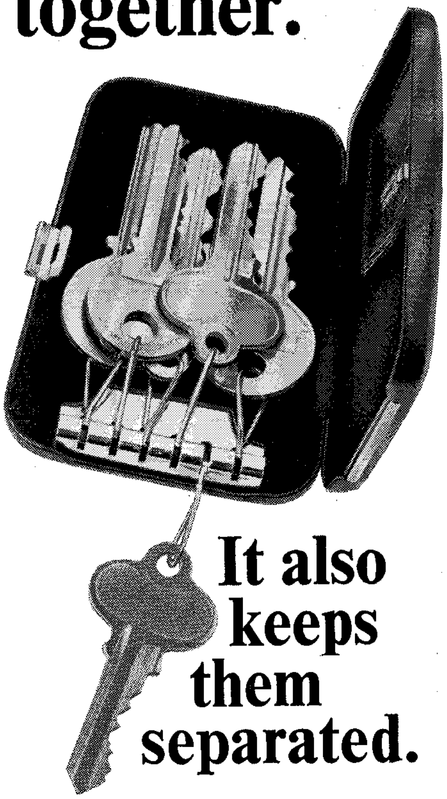

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Dictionary recognizes the word "henry" as meaning "the unit of inductance; the inductance of a circuit in which an electromotive force of one volt is introduced by a current varying at the rate of one ampere per second," whereas a "faraday" is "a unit of quantity of electricity, being 96,500 coulombs" (Charles-Augustin de Coulomb was an eighteenth-century French physicist), and that Henry, in answer to a request for a report on his scientific work, wrote to the Reverend Samuel B. Dod, of Princeton:

> I think the first actual line of telegraph, using the earth as a conductor, was made in the beginning of 1836. A wire was extended across the front campus of the college grounds, from the upper story of the library building to the philosophical hall on the opposite side, the ends terminating in two wells. Through this wire, signals were sent, from time to time, from my house to my laboratory. The electromagnetic telegraph was first invented by me, in Albany, in 1830. Professor Morse, according to his statements, conceived the idea of an electro-magnetic telegraph . . . in 1832, but did not until several years afterward—1837—attempt to carry his ideas into practice; and when he did so, he found himself so little acquainted with the subject of electricity that he could not make his simple machine operate through the distance of a few yards. . . .
>
> At the time of making my original experiments . . . I was urged by a friend to take out a patent . . . but this I declined, on the ground that I did not then consider it compatible with the dignity of science to confine the benefits which might be derived from it to the exclusive use of any individual. In this perhaps I was too fastidious. . . . Had I taken out a patent for my labors at that time, Mr. Morse could have had no ground on which to found his claim for a patent for his invention. To Mr. Morse, however, great credit is due for his alphabet, and for his perseverance in bringing the telegraph into practical use.
>
> My next investigation, after being settled at Princeton, was in relation to electro-dynamic induction. Mr. Faraday had discovered that when a current of galvanic electricity was passed through a wire from a battery, a current in an opposite direction was induced in a wire arranged parallel to this conductor. I discovered that an induction of a similar kind took place in the primary conducting wire itself, so that a current which, in its passage through a short wire conductor, would neither produce sparks nor shocks, would, if the wire were sufficiently long, produce both those phenomena. . . .

Enough. I want to get back to the Smithsonian and to what Henry, who came to it at forty-nine, did in shaping it during his thirty-one years as Secretary. For one thing, he made it clear from the outset that he was interested in science rather than the humanities. "The object of the institution is the increase and diffusion of knowledge," he

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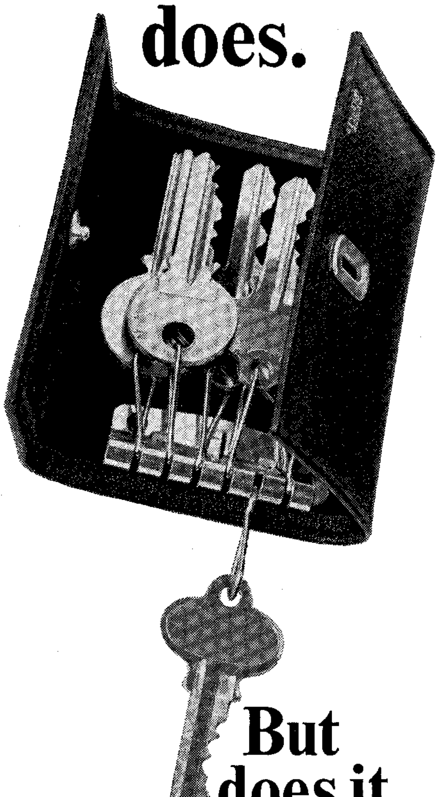

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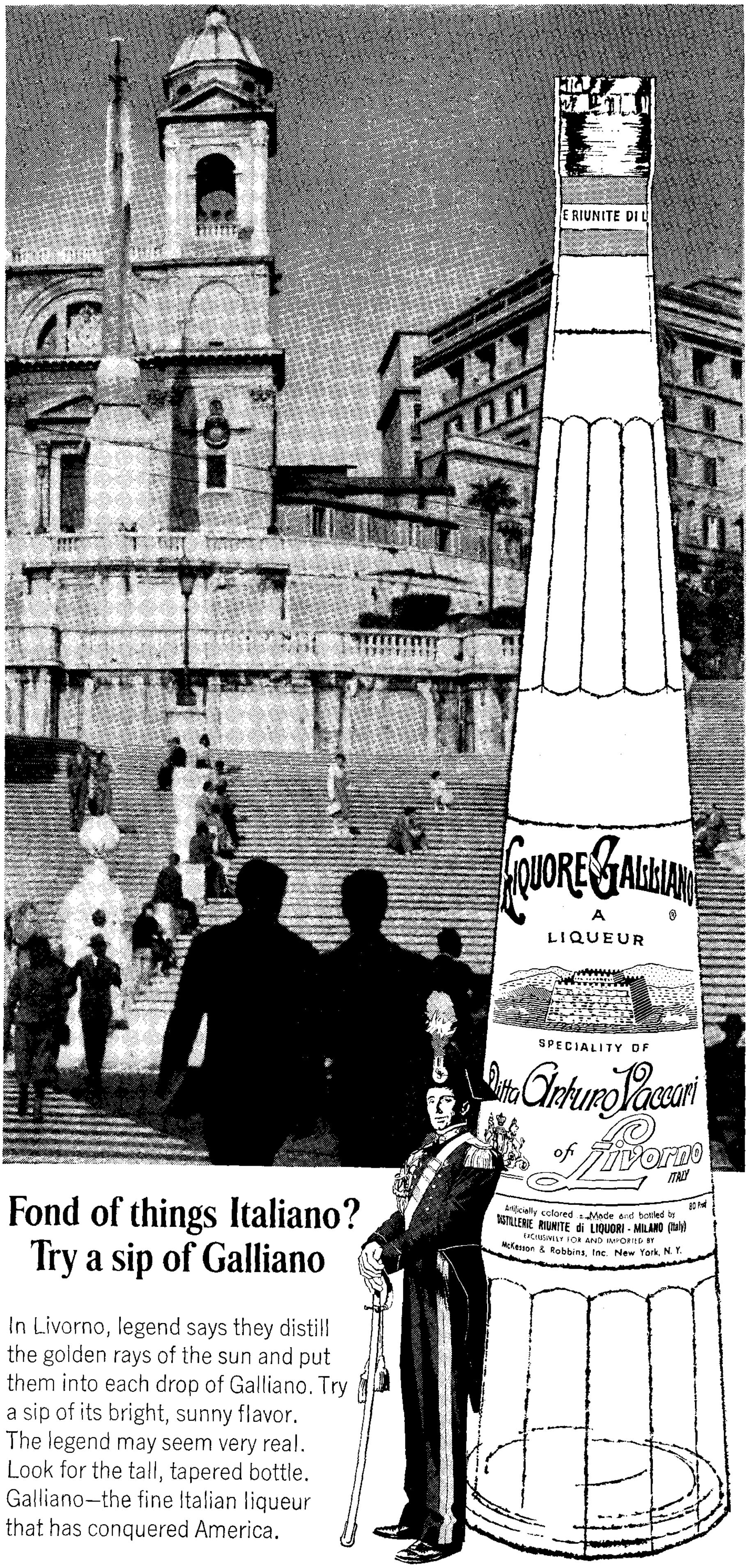
wrote Alexander Dallas Bache, one of the charter Regents, and he went on:

> The increase of knowledge is much more difficult and, in reference to the bearing of this institution on the character of our country and the welfare of mankind, much more important than the diffusion of knowledge. There are at this time thousands of institutions actively engaged in the diffusion of knowledge in our country, but not a single one which gives direct support to its increase. Knowledge such as that contemplated by the testator can only be increased by original research, which requires patient thought and laborious and often expensive experiments. There is no civilized country in the world in which less encouragement is given than in our own to original investigation, and consequently no country of the same means has done and is doing so little in this line.... Notwithstanding the little encouragement given to original investigation among us, it is true something has been done, but this is chiefly not in the line of science properly so called, which is a knowledge of the laws of phenomena, but in that of descriptive natural history.

Although Henry favored physics over natural history, and gave it priority in a "Programme of Organization" that he successfully presented to the Regents (and reprinted in every *Annual Report* issued during his rule of the Smithsonian), he was obliged to make concessions to natural history (which was stipulated in Congress's enabling act), and, indeed, to pay what turned out to be lip service to the humanities (also stipulated). Thus, after stating that James Smithson's will "makes no restriction in favor of any particular kind of knowledge; hence all branches are entitled to a share of attention," the "Programme" went on, rather generally, to propose to increase knowledge by stimulating "men of talent to make original researches by offering suitable rewards for memoirs containing new truths . . . the memoirs thus obtained to be published in a series of volumes . . . entitled 'Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.' " As for the *diffusion* of knowledge, the "Programme" proposed to achieve it by the publication of "a series of periodical reports on the progress of different branches of knowledge" and of occasional "separate treatises on subjects of general interest."

As things turned out, several hundred periodical progress reports and separate treatises were issued, in a series called *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*, the contributions bearing titles like "On Recent Improvements in the Chemical Arts," "Instructions in Reference to Collecting Nests and Eggs of North American Birds," and "Psychometrical Table for Determining the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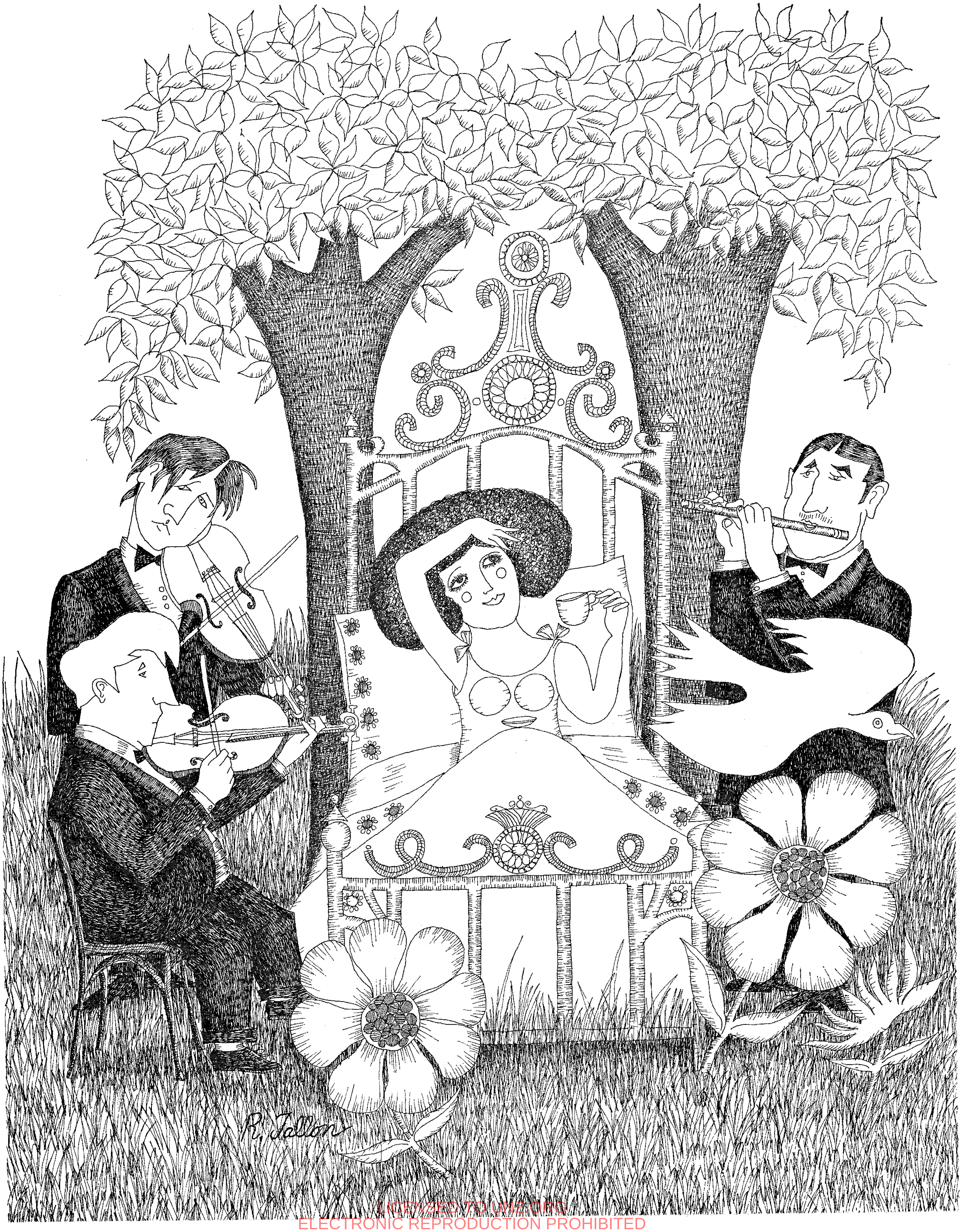
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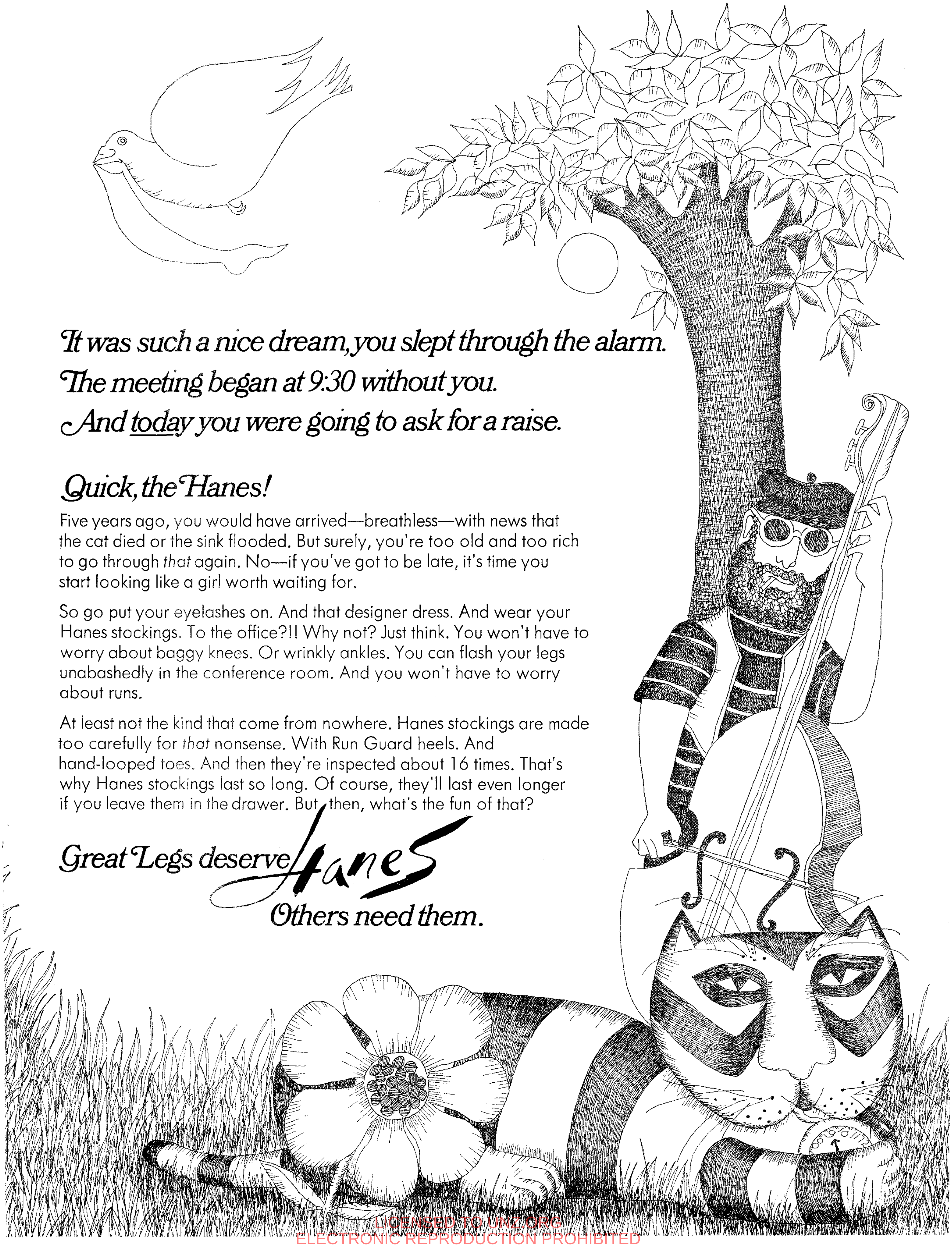

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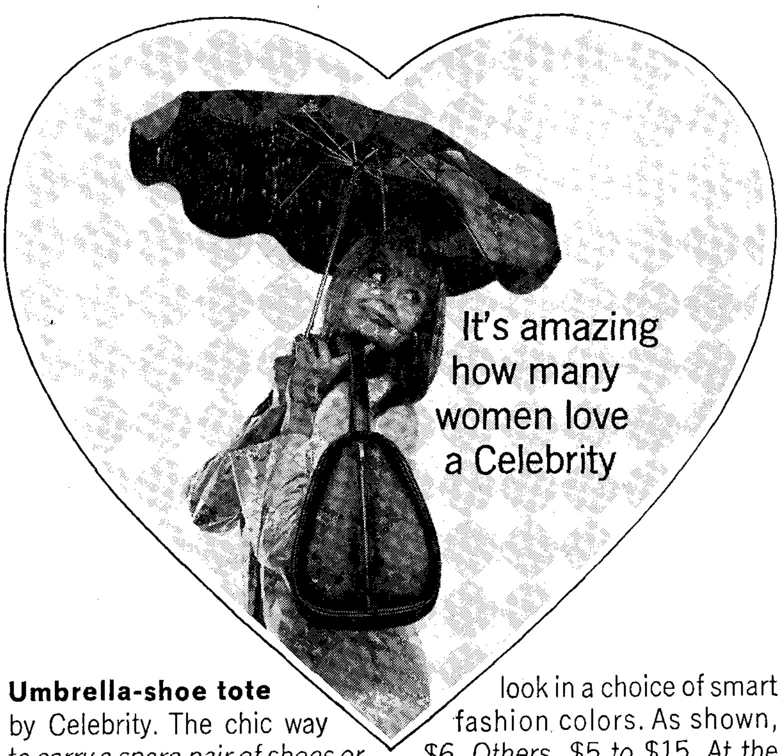

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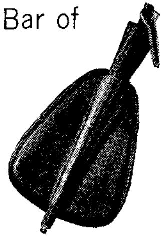

Force of Aqueous Vapor and the Relative Humidity of the Atmosphere from Indications of the Wet and the Dry Bulb Thermometer, Fahrenheit." None of them embraced, or even shook hands with, modern literature or philosophy. As for the *Contributions to Knowledge* series, it commenced, in 1848, with "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, Comprising the Results of Extensive Original Surveys and Explorations," which was a presumably accurate 346-page, 207-woodcut, 48-plate survey of Indian mounds by E. G. Squier and E. H. Davis. The second *Contribution* was even more of a scoop. By great good luck, the founding of the Smithsonian had coincided, almost to the week, with a positive addition to human knowledge in the shape of the discovery of a new planet, Neptune. Urbain J. J. Leverrier, a French astronomer, had deduced the existence of Neptune in August of 1846, and on September 23rd, Johann G. Galle, chief assistant at the Berlin Observatory, acting on his reasoning, discovered it. In 1847, on the instructions of Matthew F. Maury, superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory, Sears C. Walker, a staff astronomer, made the first computations of Neptune's orbit. Scarcely had he worked these up when Maury fired him for insubordination. Walker presented an abstract of his findings to Henry, who passed it along to a leading German scientific journal, *Astronomische Nachrichten*, and signed Walker up for a fuller account for *Contributions*. *Astronomische Nachrichten* printed the summary in its August, 1847, issue, together with a letter from Henry stating that a more inclusive memoir would be published by the Smithsonian. Maury blew up. "Maury simply could not believe that Henry had taken this action," Frances Leigh Williams has written in "Matthew Fontaine Maury: Scientist of the Sea." "It was unthinkable to him that the head of the Smithsonian would have transmitted an account of official work done at the Naval Observatory for publication in Europe. Even more incredible was the idea that Joseph Henry would be planning to publish an account of important astronomical work belonging to the Observatory." Maury wrote Henry a hot letter (after a cool one, which was coolly received) accusing him of plotting literary thievery, but Henry went ahead and over a period of three years published five Walker *Contributions* on Neptune.

Collections of *Contributions* were republished in handsomely got-up, fat illustrated quartos; twenty-one of these, averaging just under five hundred pages each, appeared during Henry's tenure. The scientific, non-literary, non-philosophical orientation of the Institution that they exemplified was accurately summed up by Secretary Henry in 1870, when, on a visit to London, he was examined about the Smithsonian and scientific education in America by a government commission that was looking into the state of science in Great Britain and wanted perspective. The Duke of Devonshire was in the chair, and one of the committee members was Thomas Huxley. The following dialogue took place between Huxley and Henry:

HUXLEY: Is there any security that the Secretary will always be a man of science?

HENRY: I cannot say that there is, yet the Institution having established a reputation while under such direction, it is hoped that he will be.

HUXLEY: At present I understand the activity of the Smithsonian Institution is really directed almost exclusively towards scientific matters?

HENRY: Yes. . . .

HUXLEY: But still we may regard that as a sort of accident; that is to say, that hereafter the predominant activity of the Institution might be directed towards philology, or to history, or to other branches of human knowledge, without in any way violating either the words or the spirit of the bequest?

HENRY: To anything that is susceptible of a definite increase. A number of papers have been presented to the Institution on philosophy, but the answer is, what are the evidences that they are true? And the rule adopted is to publish no unverified speculations. . . .

HUXLEY: May I ask if such a work as Kant's "Critique" were offered to the Smithsonian Institution, would they publish it?

HENRY: I think not.

HUXLEY: On what ground?

HENRY: The indefiniteness of the subject.

HUXLEY: Supposing such a work as Mill's "Logic" were offered, would they publish it?

HENRY: I think not.

HUXLEY: In fact, practically, philosophy is excluded?

HENRY: Yes, not by any rule of the Institution but by the nature of the subject.

The Act of Congress establishing the Institution provided for the inclusion of a library, a museum, and a gallery of art, but Henry did his best to avoid including any of them, and to a considerable extent he was successful. One section of the Act required that "the author or proprietor of any book, map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, or engraving" who wished to obtain a copyright for it should deposit a copy with the Librarian of the Smithsonian

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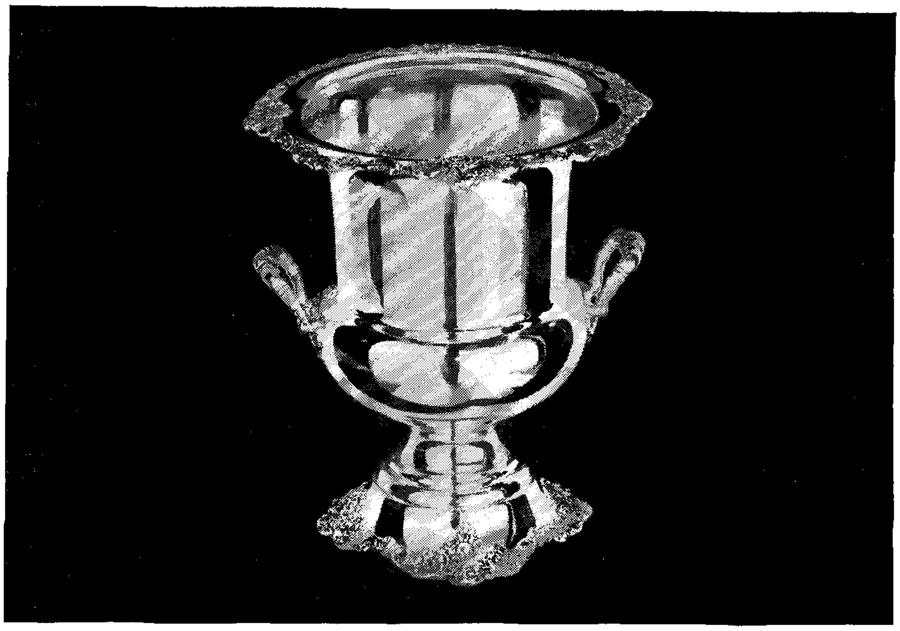

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Institution as well as with the Librarian of the Library of Congress, but in 1859 Henry persuaded Congress to repeal this section of the Act, and in 1866 he got rid of the library altogether. Forty thousand volumes were sent over to the Library of Congress on what I suppose might be called permanent loan. There the Smithsonian has continued to deposit scientific books, treatises, and so forth (most of them obtained in exchange for its own enormous run of publications); these now amount to about half a million items. They are separately catalogued and are known as the Smithsonian Deposit. The Institution *has* built up a working library of its own—some five hundred thousand items—which is now largely housed in the Museum of Natural History.

In disposing of the library, Henry received an unexpected assist from a fire, which on January 24, 1865, destroyed part of the roof, the upper story, and the interior of three of the towers in Mr. Renwick's building, and did so much additional damage, and led to the unearthing of so much defective construction throughout, that it took twelve years and a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to make the necessary repairs. The fire broke out in the art gallery, where some workmen were rearranging a loan collection of Indian portraits to provide space for some cases of ethnological specimens. Along with most of the Founder's personal effects (including his manuscripts and the valuable suite of meteoric stones, most of which disappeared in the ashes, and whose identifying labels were wholly destroyed), the losses from the fire included a vast amount of office correspondence and account books, a large collection of scientific instruments, several manuscripts of accepted but unpublished *Contributions*, the Indian portraits, a marble copy of the "Dying Gladiator," and part of the wardrobe of Mr. and Mrs. Henry and their three daughters, who occupied an apartment in the building. The fire did not destroy the library, other than a hundred reference volumes in the Secretary's office, but it gave the Secretary a good new talking point in his campaign, and it also helped Henry get rid of the Smithsonian's remaining works of art. In 1874, the Institution's art objects—a few portraits, casts, engravings, and etchings—were deposited on permanent loan, with Congress's blessing, in the Corcoran Gallery, although not without an extra-congressional struggle. "Your committee have conferred

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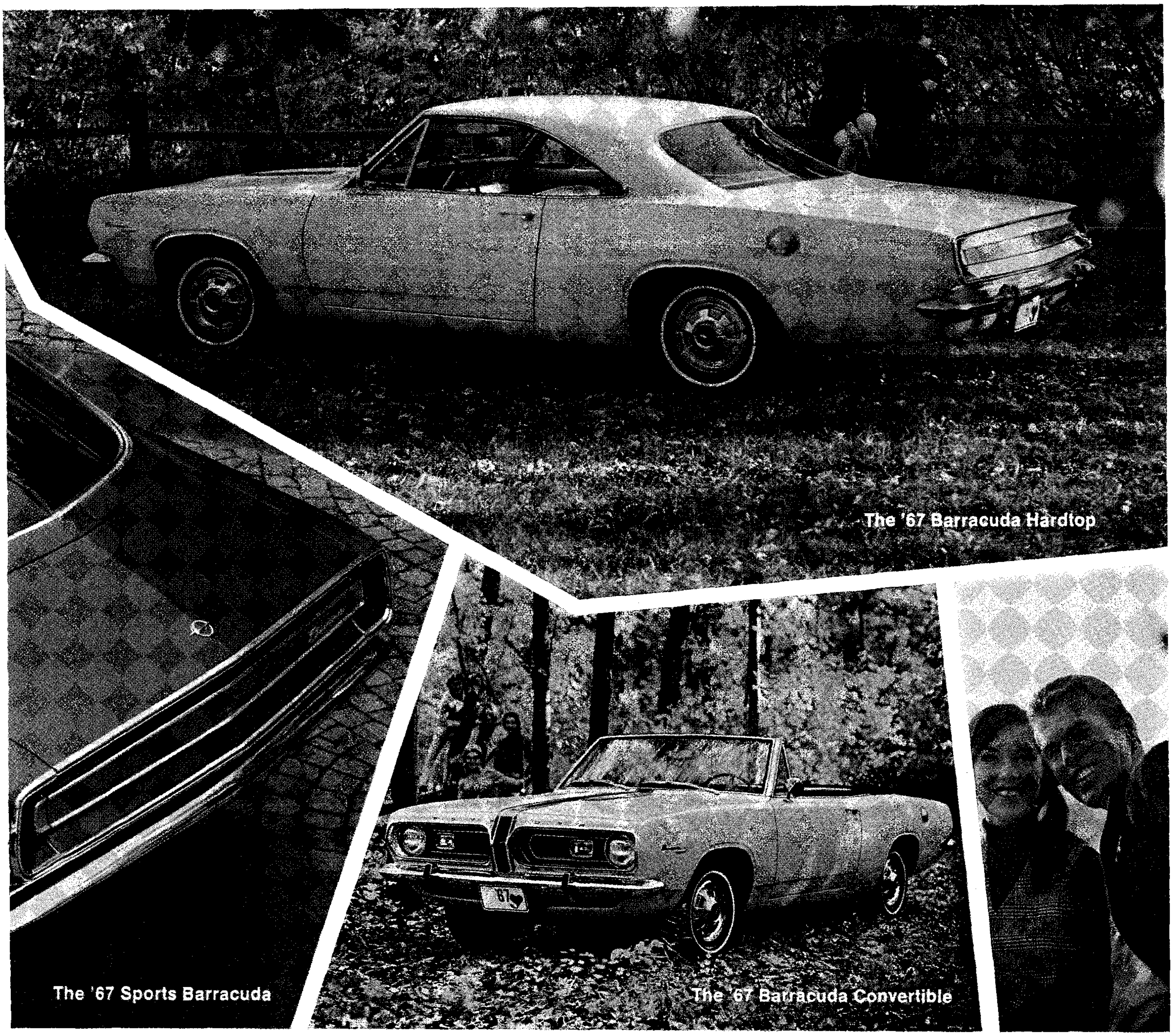

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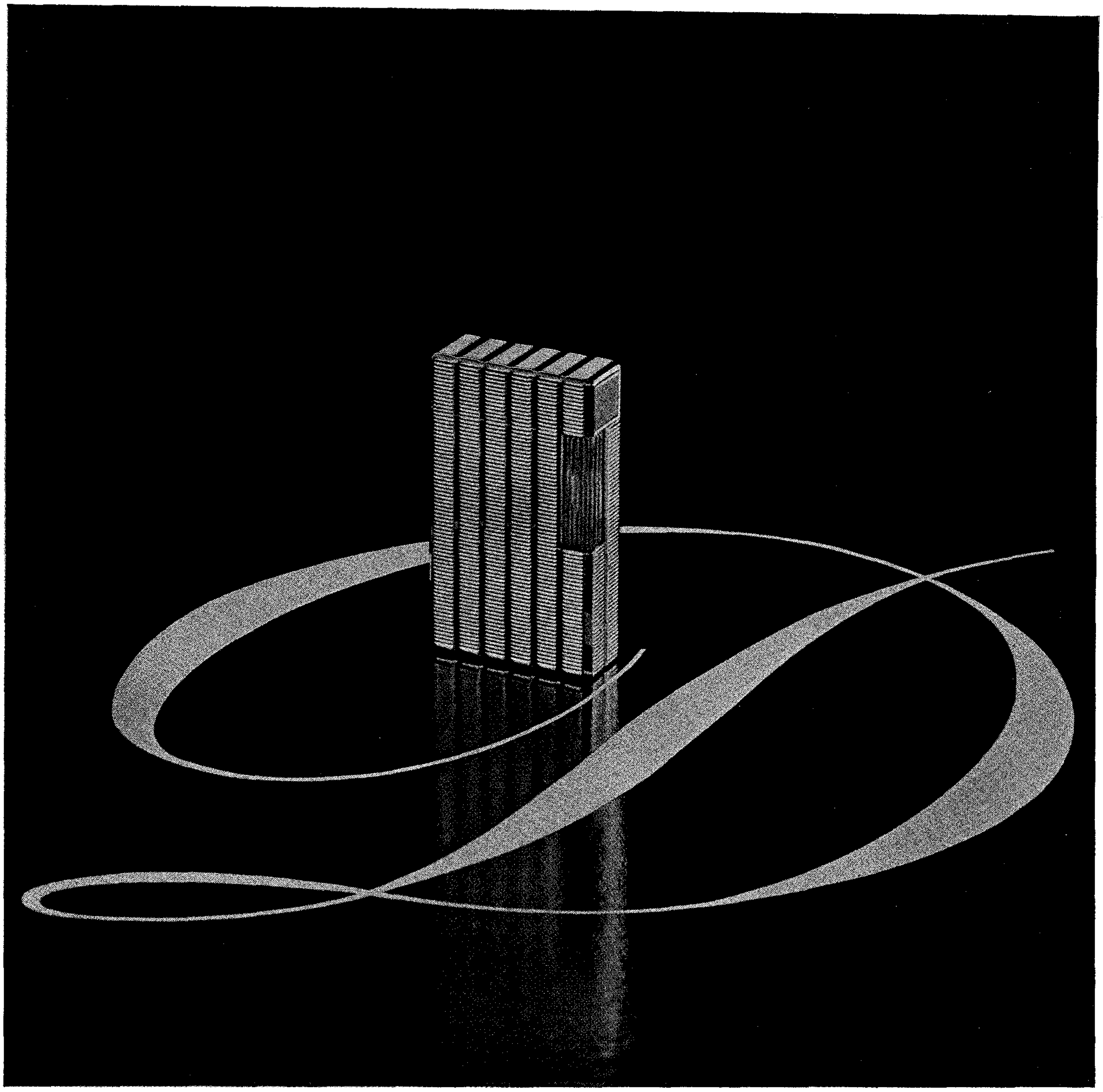

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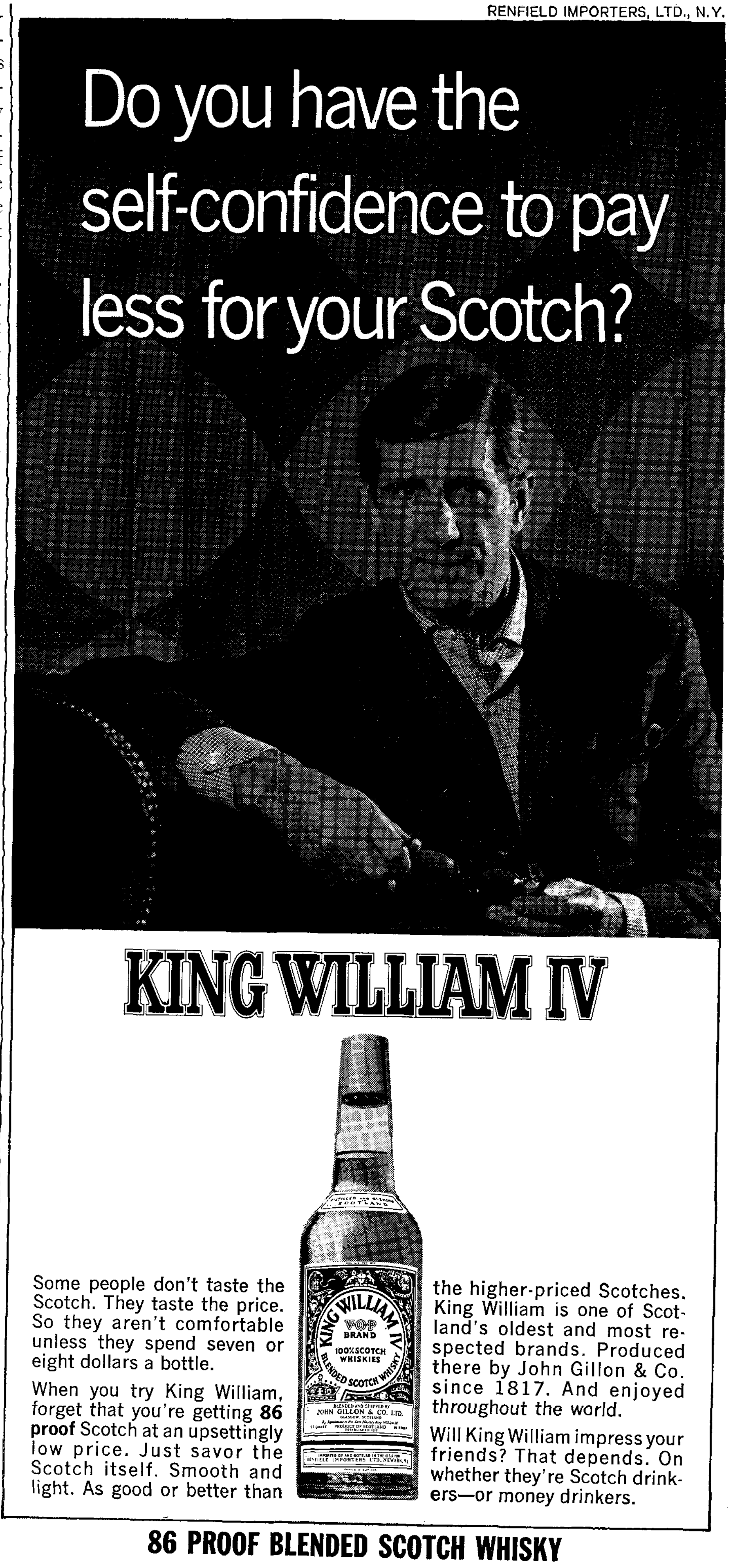
with Mr. W. W. Corcoran," a Regents committee reported the year before, "and learn from him [that] his desire in relation to the art gallery bearing his name is to make it one of very high order of art, and, with some exceptions, which he specified, he is of the opinion [that] the specimens of the Smithsonian will not come within the scope of his design." Someone must have lowered Mr. Corcoran's sights.

It is only fair to the memory of Mr. Woodbury's old broker to call attention to the fact that the firm—Riggs & Co., now the Riggs National Bank—that grew out of Corcoran & Riggs, the banking house he founded in 1840, performed a signal service to the Smithsonian in 1865. In 1858, Mme. de la Batut, the mother of Smithson's nephew and primary heir, about whose state of health the Board of Regents had been solicitously inquiring for years, died. Seven years later, after the appropriate delays, the annuity that Mr. Rush and the British Court of Chancery had allowed her to keep in trust was received by the Riggs Bank, then as now the Smithsonian's bankers. It amounted, with interest, to £5,415 19s. 6d. At the current rate of exchange, this equalled $26,210.63 (the official $541,379.63-total-Smithson-bequest figure is based on this figure), but when the holding was converted into bullion and shipped here, Riggs was able to sell the gold for $54,165.38, which was invested in Treasury bonds.

Professor Henry's efforts to dissociate himself from the museum that Congress had wished on him did not meet with the success of his library- and art-gallery-ejecting maneuvers. He was not *against* museums, especially those of natural history; he simply felt that the place of a national museum was not in the Smithsonian, for financial and political as well as "increase-of-knowledge" considerations. His evasive tactics started with an attempt to reject the National Institute collections that were cluttering up the Patent Office Building. The catalogue alone of this stuff was entitled "A Popular Catalogue of the Extraordinary Curiosities in The National Institute, Arranged in the Building Belonging to the Patent Office; Curiosities Collected from All Parts of the World by the Officers of the Army and Navy of the United States; Curious and Strange Articles, Presented by Private Individuals, Revolutionary Relics of Extraordinary Interest. Articles of Immense Value, Presented to the United States Government and Its Officers, Deposited Here Ac-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cording to Law; Articles Collected by the United States Exploring Expedition, Under Commander Wilkes, at a Cost to Government of Several Millions of Dollars, &c." The curiosities included "Pieces of the rock upon which Captain Cook, the great navigator, was killed;" a "Book from Siam, said to be a very interesting novel, received from a fashionable young lady;" a Liberian lemon; a "Hair brush neatly made by a blind boy in the Illinois Institution for the Education of the Blind;" Franklin's cane; a "Double-headed snake, found alive near Port Tobacco, Md.;" a model of the Nelson Monument in London; marble busts of the Messrs. Woodbury, Calhoun, Preston, and Poinsett; and "The Great Persian Carpet," which had been presented to President Van Buren in 1840 by Sa'id ibn Sultan, the Imaum of Muscat, and deposited (according to law) by the Chief Executive in the National Institute, along with a rough hunk of high-quality gold, a case of attar of roses, five demijohns of rosewater, and a package of cashmere shawls, all gifts from the Imaum.

Another Extraordinary Curiosity, which posed a considerable administrative problem, was a "Syrian Sarcophagus . . . removed from elevated grounds in the rear of Beirut," which the National Institute tried to give away even before the Smithsonian was in a position to try to give it away. This Article of Value, which dates from the third century and has for at least eighty years reposed on the lawn in front of the Arts and Industries Building, is so illustrative of Smithsonian thinking and showmanship that I am going to make a chronological hop, skip, and jump in order to do it, and them, justice. Its body and lid are carved from single blocks of Greek marble; it is over seven feet long and five feet high; it is decorated with looped garlands, clusters of fruit, and human figures. It and a companion tomb of similar design were acquired in 1837 in Syria (now Lebanon) by Commodore Jesse D. Elliott, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, who brought them here the following year on his flagship, the Constitution; long looted of their contents, they were thought at the time to have served originally as coffins for Alexander Severus, a Phoenician-born Emperor, and the Empress Julia Mammaea, his mother. (Thirty years later, it was determined that this could not possibly have been the case.) Elliott, who had strong ideas about how other people ought to be buried, gave one of the sarcophagi to Girard Col-

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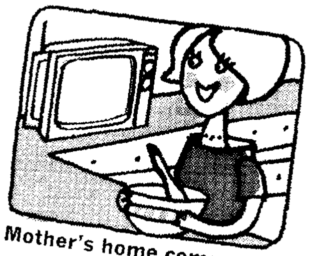
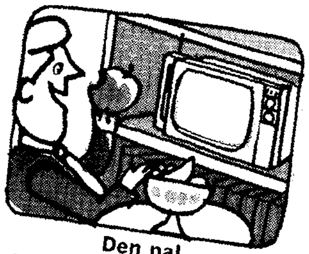
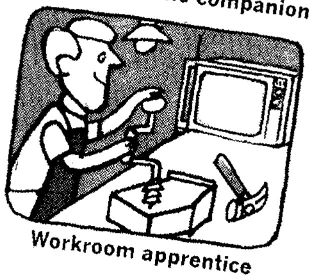


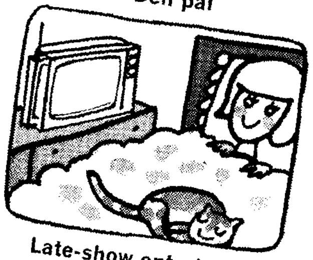
Mother's home companion



Den pal



Workroom apprentice



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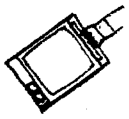

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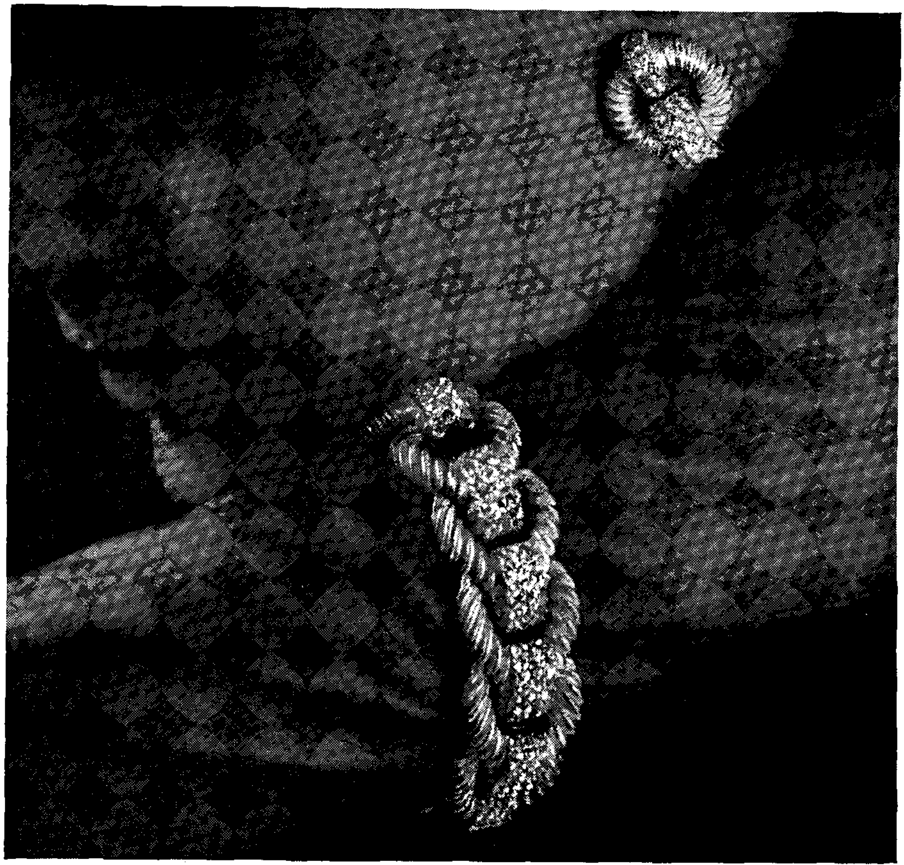

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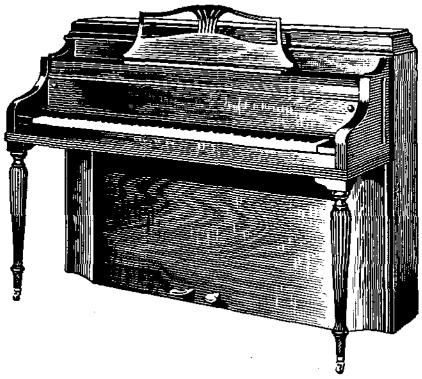

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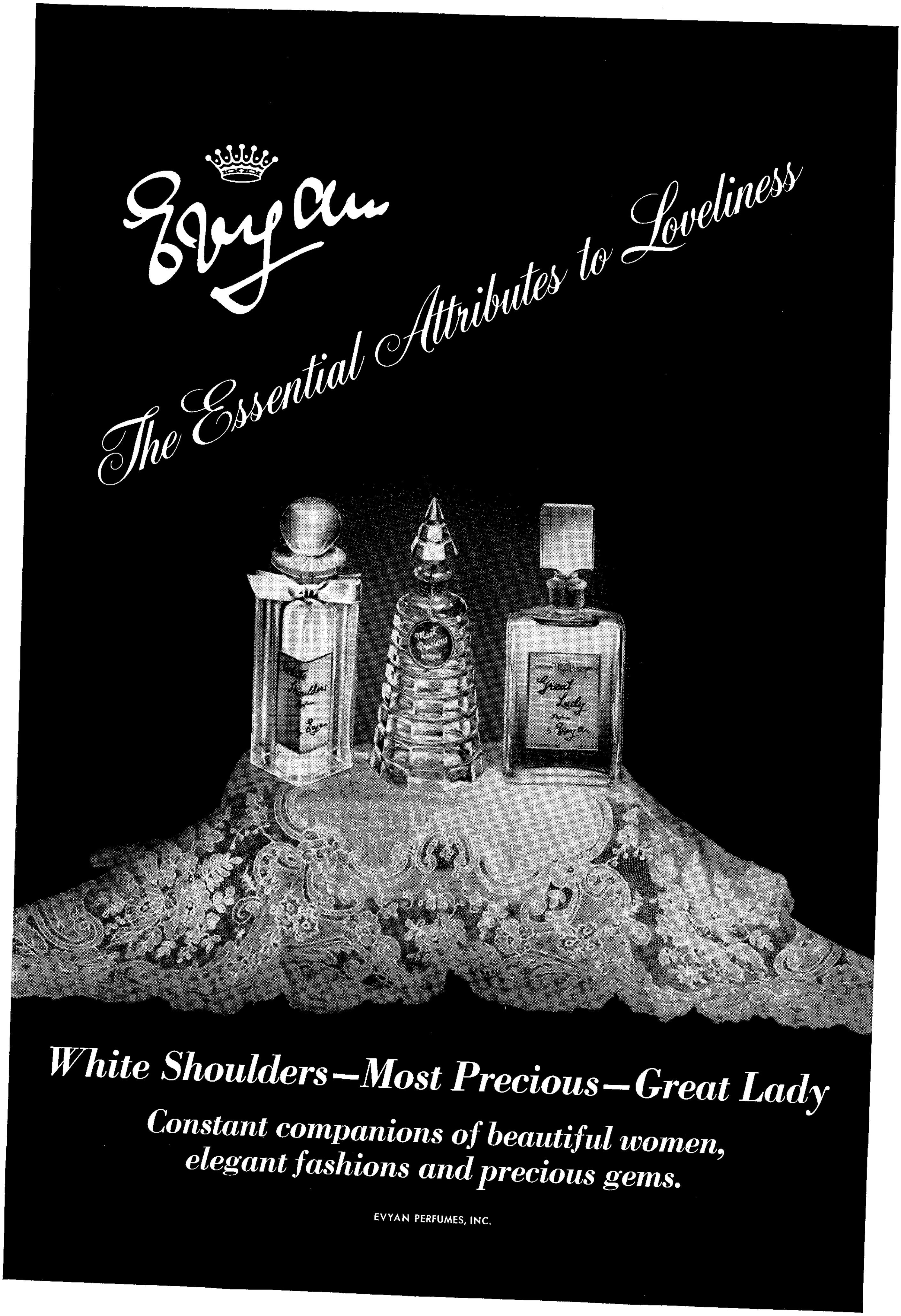
lege, in Philadelphia, as a tomb for its founder, Stephen Girard, who had died a few years before and had been unostentatiously interred in the cemetery of Holy Trinity Parish. The other he deposited in the Patent Office, on condition that it be similarly pressed into service for Andrew Jackson, who was still alive. Neither of these second-hand homes received its intended occupant. Girard College, after displaying its mortuary gift (uninhabited) for over a hundred years in the front corridor of its Main Building, now Founder's Hall, sent it to Bryn Mawr College, on permanent loan. The Washington sarcophagus was more immediately rebuffed. In the spring of 1845, Jackson, then mortally ill, found the strength to send his regrets.

> Although laboring under great debility and affliction from a severe attack from which I may not recover, I raise my pen and endeavor to reply [he wrote the Commodore on March 27th, ten weeks before he died]. . . . With the warmest sensations that can inspire a grateful heart, I must decline accepting the honor intended to be bestowed. I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an Emperor or King—my republican feelings and principles forbid it—the simplicity of our system of government forbids it.

So in 1860 the tomb, after spending the intervening years in the basement of the Patent Office Building, was turned over to the Smithsonian (Henry's attempt to repulse the Patent Office museum hegira having also been rebuffed), where the question arose as to how—administratively speaking—it should be disposed of. Entered originally as an Ethnology accession, it passed in the eighteen-eighties to the Department of Anthropology's Section of American History; this became the Division of History and Biography by 1900, and *this* became the Division of History in 1904, and, in 1920, moved from Anthropology to Administration. (The sarcophagus stayed on the lawn.) In 1948, the Division of History became the *Department* of History, and the sarcophagus was placed in its Section (subsequently Division) of Civil History. In 1957, the Division of Civil History was reorganized into the Division of Political History under a *Department* of Civil History; the old Department of History was thrown out, but the old sarcophagus stayed on the lawn, Civilly and Politically. Dr. Wilcomb E. Washburn, then Political History's head curator and now chairman of the Department of American Studies, has painstakingly summed up his charge's status in *Curator*, a quar-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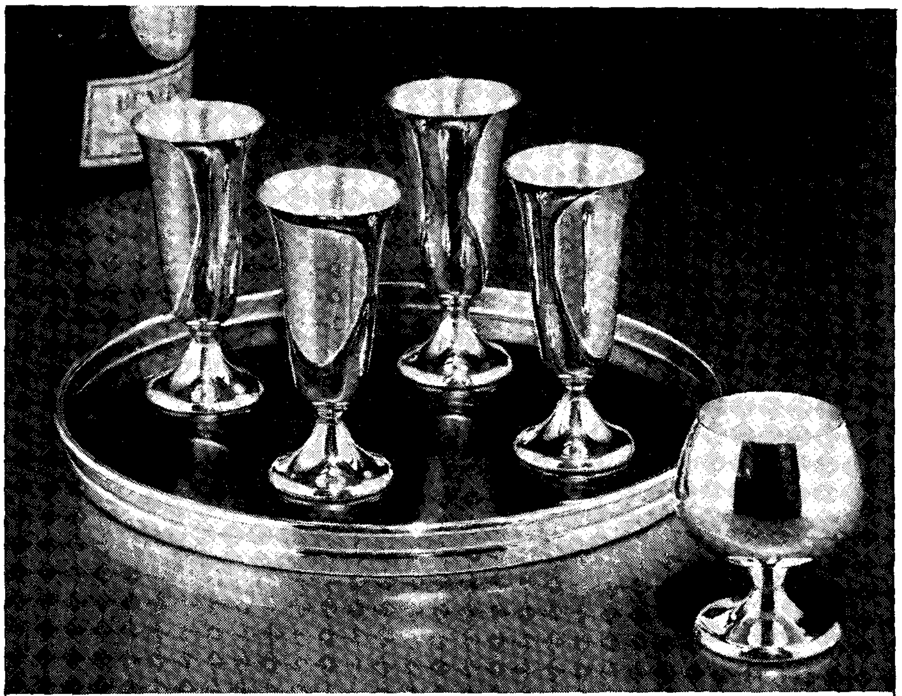

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terly published by the American Museum of Natural History:

> The sarcophagus is, of course, valid as the third-century A.D. burial place that it was, and, as such, is important from a cultural point of view to our Division of Ethnology. It is also valid as an art object, and might legitimately be in the care of, say, our National Collection of Fine Arts. But the sarcophagus happened to be one of the objects in the Division of Political History, a Division which is not primarily concerned with the intrinsic worth of objects . . . but with the association of those objects with famous Americans. . . .
>
> As I considered the object during the first two years of my employment at the Smithsonian [Dr. Washburn went there in 1958 to get the new Division started], the thought came to me that the problem was not in the object but in its label. In other words, its significance as an object associated with American history was the way its history cast a light upon the character of several Americans and upon the nature of our democracy.

Dr. Washburn accordingly changed the label from one that read "Ancient Sarcophagus Beirut Syria Brought to America in 1839 by Comm. J. D. Elliott U.S.N." to a rather long one, mounted on a separate marble slab, headed "Tomb in Which Andrew Jackson REFUSED to be Buried" and containing an account of Jackson's rejection of it and extracts from his letter.

ALTHOUGH Secretary Henry did not allude to the Liberian lemon, the double-headed snake, or the sarcophagus in 1849, when he made a serious effort to duck being saddled with the National Institute's collection, they may have been in the back of his mind. "The Act . . . cannot be construed as rendering it obligatory on the Regents to take charge of these articles if, in their opinion, it is not for the best interests of the Institution that they should do so," he blandly wrote in the *Annual Report* that year, and went on:

> Moreover, all of the objects of interest of this collection have been described . . . and the small portion of our funds which can be devoted to a museum may be better employed in collecting new objects, such as have not yet been studied, than in preserving those from which the harvest of discovery has already been fully gathered.

In 1857, however, the desire of the Commissioner of Patents (the one who had dispatched the fossil vertebrates to the Georgetown bone mill) to oust his unwelcome tenant, and Congress's determination to put it in the Smithsonian, outweighed Henry's disinclination to receive it. After expressing the vain hope (which he was to repeat for the rest of his life) that the nation might buy the

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Doc Stern and Carmine Ingrassia, who can ever forget them?

Doc Stern was giving Carmine Ingrassia a haircut. Carmine is a salesman for a big radio store downtown. "You wouldn't believe it," Carmine said. Then he waited for Stern to say what.

"What?" said Stern.

"The customers I get. Believe me, you wouldn't believe it."

"I believe it, I believe it," Doc said. "Please. Don't move your head."

"They come in the store, the customers, and they say, Show me a stereo, a nice one. So naturally I ask them, How much you want to spend? You know what they say? Take a guess."

"I don't guess."

"They say, Never mind—just show me a nice one."

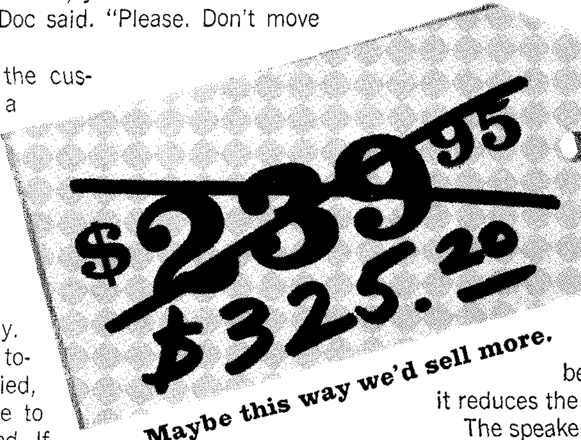
Stern clucked sympathetically.

"I could demonstrate from today till tomorrow," Ingrassia cried, "and it would still be Chinese to them. If it's expensive it's good. If it's cheap it's bad. Yesterday," sighed Carmine, "I sold a $1500 stereo system to a lady from The Bronx. She wouldn't know a woofer if it got up and gave her a knock in the head. I'm telling you, the less they know the more they spend."

"Please," Doc begged, "don't move your head."

The rest of course is history.

Doc Stern and Carmine Ingrassia went on to become what they are today—an obscure little barber, and a stereo salesman in the 80% bracket.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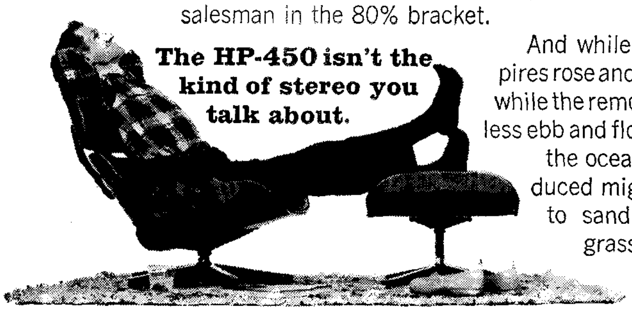

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They came out with the HP-450. Three little bookshelf-size boxes.

Now look, don't be misled. The HP-450 doesn't have "The Biggest Sound Around" and it's not "The Ultimate" of anything.

It won't enable you to tell whether the second violinist's bursitis was acting up. Nor whether the piano was positioned 18 inches too far to the left. Nor whether the sousaphonist had another run-in with his brother-in-law.

It doesn't have it in it.

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In a word, the HP-450 is stereo. Not a phonograph with speakers attached.

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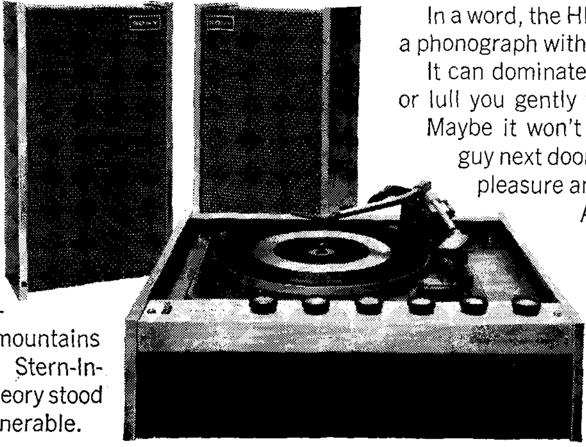
Maybe it won't one-up you on the guy next door, but it will give you pleasure and make you happy.

And if admitting to its low price makes you uncomfortable, try something new.

Instead of saying "Look how much I spent," say "Look what I got for my money."



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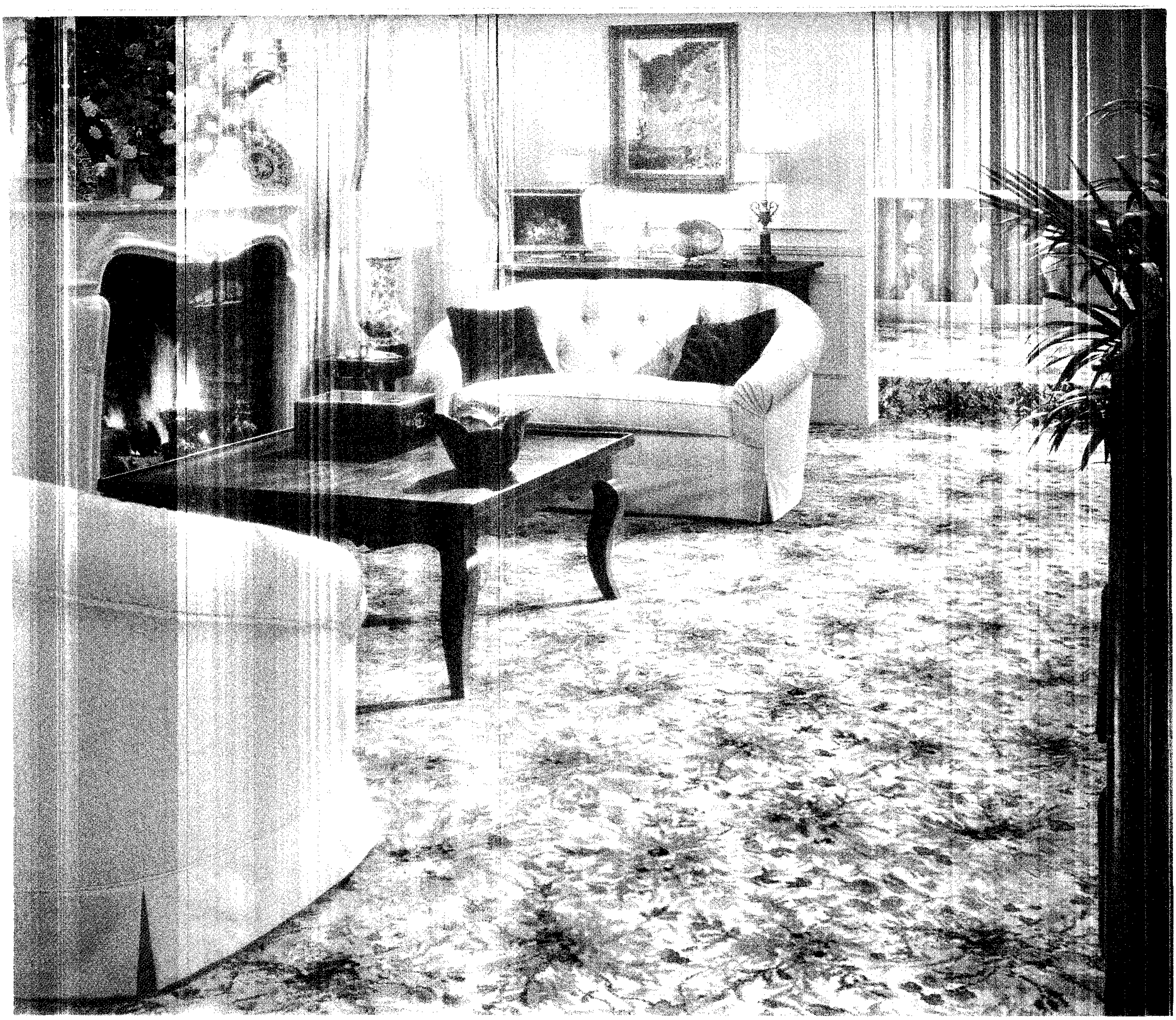
Smithsonian edifice for a museum (leaving "a few rooms . . . for transacting the business of the Institution"), he advised the Regents, "For the present it may be well to adopt the plan . . . of the Commissioner of Patents. . . . The Institution and the Patent Office will both be benefited." Congress awarded the Georgetown bone mill's successor seventeen thousand dollars for the removal of the controversial curiosities from the Patent Office and *for the construction of cases to house* them; these began to fill up with the transfer the following year, and the way was paved for the immense popularity of the Smithsonian, which stems directly from what Dr. Nathan Reingold, a historian who is editing Joseph Henry's papers, has described as "a frittering away of Henry's conception and the conversion of the Institution to a museum," adding, "The remaining activities in research became largely overshadowed by the care of the contents of what was to become aptly described as the nation's attic."

In making his capitulation, Henry was influenced by the *force majeure* of the Act and also, perhaps, by the fact that he had a good many other things on his mind. Even before the museum gained the 1858 Patent Office acquisitions, it had profited by the Smithsonian's participation in more than twenty government surveys of and exploration trips to the Western states, Mexico, South America, Greenland, Alaska, and so forth; the Institution had helped fit out and train personnel for these, and collections of study material arising from the field trips had been deposited in it. Congress began to be impressed, and in 1860 the legislators, who had been annually renewing a four-thousand-dollar appropriation for preserving the museum's collections, threw in an additional six thousand dollars for the distribution of exchange specimens and the construction of additional cases. This contribution to knowledge was achieved at the cost of a Capitol Hill fracas that rekindled the spirit of the good old days. "I am opposed to the whole of this from beginning to end," said Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire (of whom the Dictionary of American Biography writes, "His qualities were not those best calculated to produce constructive legislation"), and he continued:

> I have been in Congress I do not know how many years [thirteen]; but about as long as the Smithsonian Institution has been in existence [fourteen]. I have devoted some time every year, more or less, to finding out what on earth that Smith-



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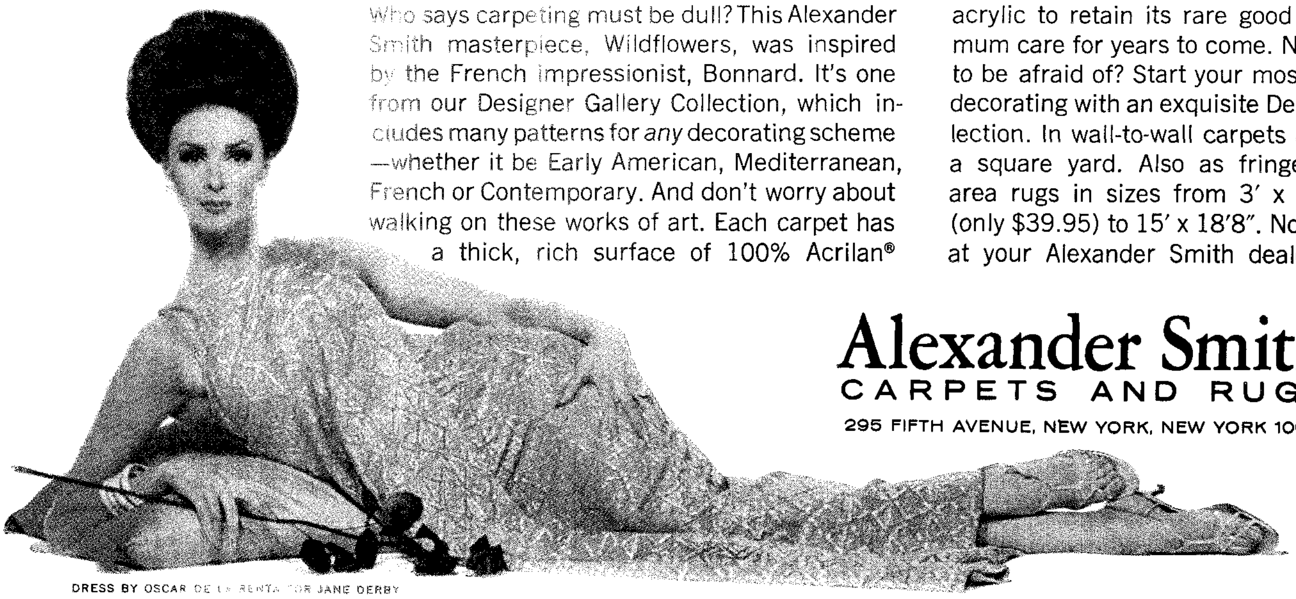
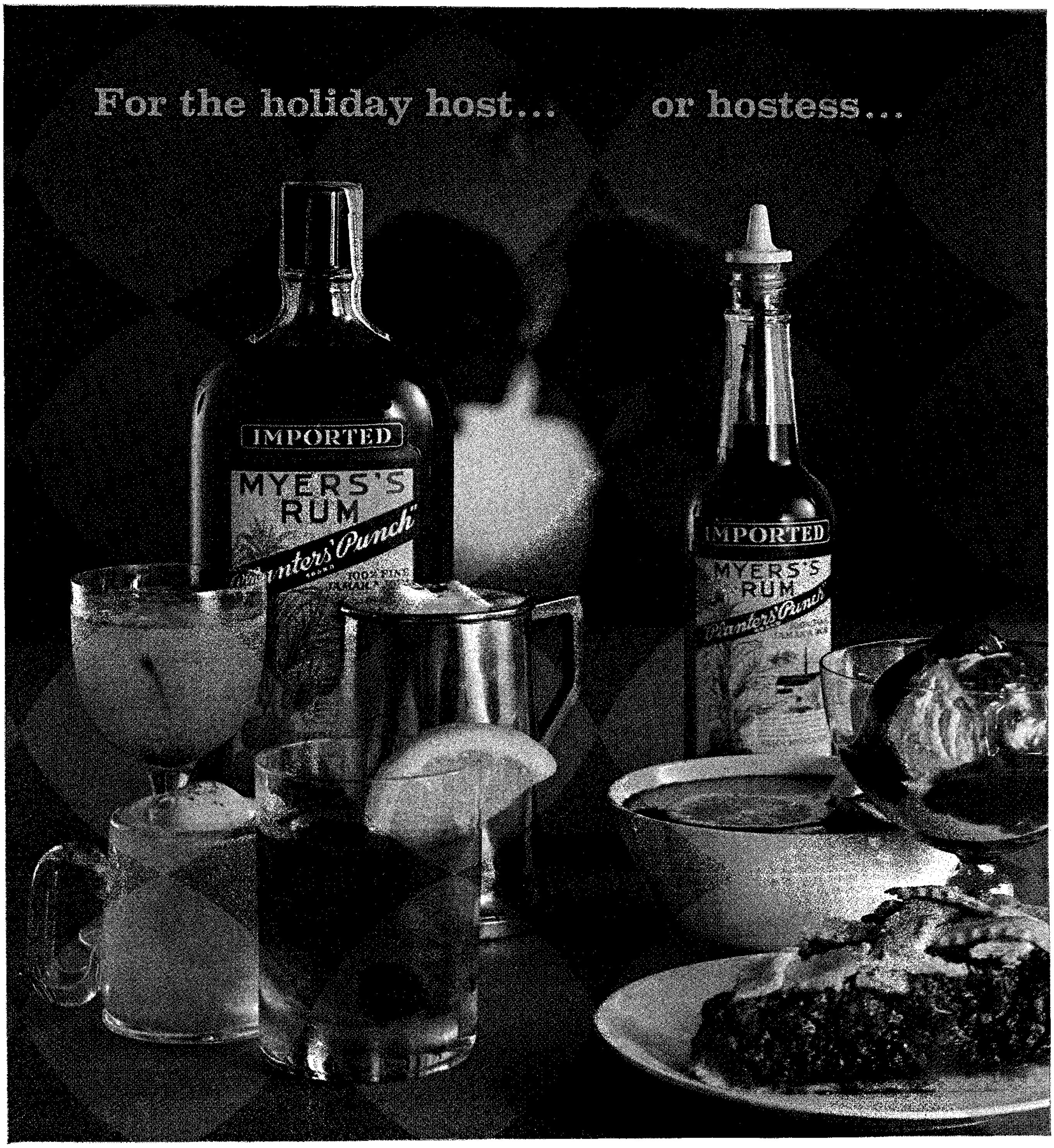


DRESS BY OSCAR DE LA RENTA FOR JANE DERBY



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Original Jamaica Eggnog. To serve 20: Beat 12 egg yolks until light. Add ½ lb. sugar. Continue beating until mixture is thick and pale in color. Stir in gradually 1 qt. milk, 1 fifth Myers Rum. Chill 3 hours. Put in punch bowl, fold in stiffly whipped heavy cream. Refrigerate 1 hour, sprinkle with grated nutmeg. **Short Recipe:** add 8 oz. Myers to quart of eggnog mix, available from your dairy.

The new Old Fashioned! Place ½ tsp. sugar in old-fashioned glass, moisten with Angostura. Add enough water to dissolve. Put in ice cubes, then 1½ oz. Myers Rum. Garnish with cherry, slice of lemon.

Christmas Classic: Myers Tom and Jerry. Beat white of 1 egg, mix in tsp. fine sugar. Beat yolk separately, then add. Blend in 1½ oz. Myers. Pour into mug, fill with milk near boiling point. Serve with a sprinkling of grated nutmeg on top.

Add cheer with Myers Golden Daiquiri. 2 oz. lime juice, 1 oz. Myers Rum, tsp. sugar, dash of Angostura. Either shake with ice or use blender. Serve with cherry in a cocktail glass or "on-the-rocks."

Traditional Treat: Myers Rich Mince Pie. Add 3 or 4 tbsp. of Myers Rum to 3 cups prepared mincemeat. Prepare pastry for 2-crust, 9-inch pie. Fill, bake as usual.

Soup's on! Black Bean laced with rum. Follow soup directions, adding ½ oz. Myers Rum per can. Garnish with lemon slices.

Gala Dessert: Myers Rum Cherries Jubilee. Drain 1-lb. can of Bing Cherries. Save ¼ cup syrup; combine with ½ cup Myers Rum, 1 tsp. Curacao. Marinate cherries for 3 hrs. Make paste: 1 tsp. cornstarch and a little syrup; add to fruit. Bring to boil; simmer 1 minute. Lower ladle into hot syrup, fill with rum, ignite. Let flame die; serve over vanilla ice cream.

Look for Myers Rum in its famous oval bottle and in the handy "dasher" bottle for the kitchen.

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sonian Institution was for; I have had friends who have visited Washington, who have told me that they were going to examine it to find out; and I have asked them repeatedly, if any of them had found it out, to tell me. The New York *Tribune* [then the country's most influential paper, published by Horace Greeley] . . . said that it was a sort of lying-in-hospital for literary valetudinarians. (Laughter.) . . . So far as I am concerned . . . [it has] never distributed knowledge enough to me to let me know what the thing is for, or what it does. In addition to the $36,000 which it has of its annual income from its funds, you propose now to appropriate $10,000 more for preserving the collections of the exploring and surveying expeditions of the Government and for the distribution of the collections . . . and the construction of additional cases. . . . I am opposed to the whole of it. I think it is wrong. I think the institution itself is wrong, and based upon one of the grossest misconceptions of plain English that any institution ever was. . . . You propose . . . to pay $10,000 out of the public Treasury. I propose to strike it all out. Now, I am prepared to be castigated by the Senator from Maryland [James A. Pearce, who had come out in favor of the extra $6,000] just as much as he pleases.

Mr. Hale's expectations were immediately gratified. "The Senator from New Hampshire has not given us any great reason to respect his authority on this subject, because he started out with a confession that he knew nothing about it, and, confessing so much, I take it that the Senate will take him at his word and estimate the value of his remarks at just what he himself admits them to be worth," Mr. Pearce said, in part, and in the final vote the spenders carried the day. They continued to carry it; at the time of Henry's death, in 1878, the congressional appropriation for the Smithsonian was $25,500.

One of the chief things on the Secretary's mind was the weather. In a list of "examples of objects for which [research] appropriations may be made" contained in his "Programme of Organization," the leading item was "System of extended meteorological observations for solving the problem of American storms." Storms had long fascinated him. (Had he not, while at Princeton, regaled the American Philosophical Society with "An Account of the Peculiar Effects on a House Struck by Lightning" and "Observations on the Effects of a Thunderstorm Which Visited Princeton on the Evening of the 14th of July, 1841"? Yes, he had.) With the valuable coöperation of Arnold Guyot, a Swiss geographer who had come to this country in 1848 and become associated with the Lowell Institute, Princeton, and the Smithsonian, and of James P. Espy, a Navy Department meteorologist and mathematics

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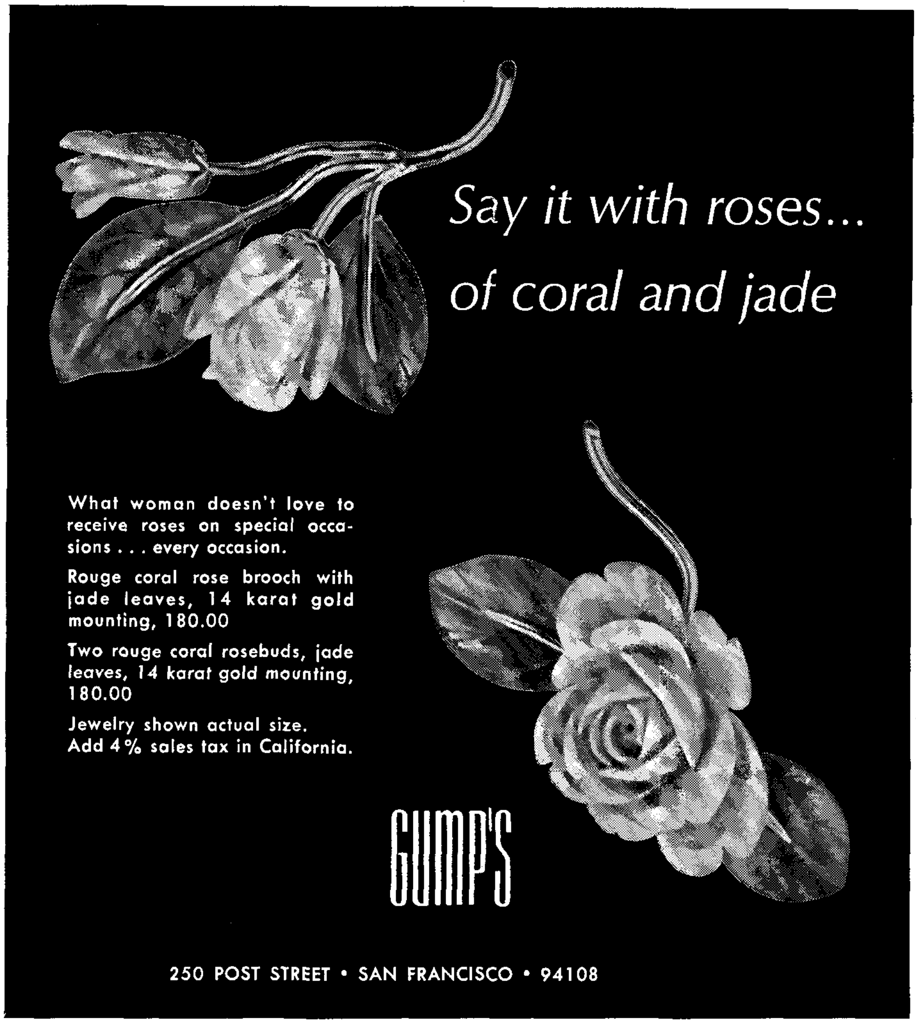
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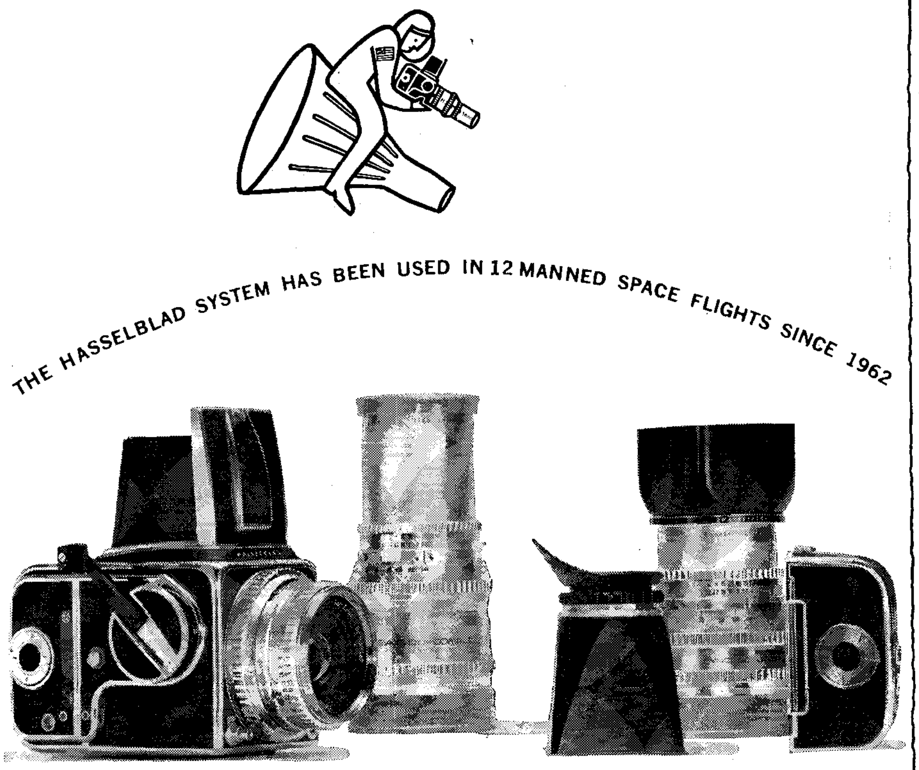
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professor, Henry coördinated, issued instructions to, and increased the numbers of a group of voluntary meteorological observers (originally organized by Espy) and fitted them out with barometers, thermometers, hydrometers, hygrometers, and anemometers. (Guyot was in charge of these instruments at the beginning, and made, or bettered, several of them himself.) In 1849, in a novel use of the Morse telegraph, which had been made possible by his electrical discoveries, Henry arranged for his weather spotters (there were four hundred and twelve at the time; the number rose to around six hundred) to wire in their bulletins to the Smithsonian at ten o'clock. This information was correlated on a large wall weather map of North America (Henry soon extended his coverage to Canada, as well as to Bermuda, the West Indies, and Central America) in the entrance hall of the Smithsonian building. It was brought up to date daily by different-colored discs, whose disposition traced the state of the atmosphere and indicated storm warnings and other forecasts. White discs stood for clear weather, gray discs for cloudy, and black ones for rain; arrows gave the direction of the wind at each station. Henry took a personal delight in this map, whose findings were relayed to the Washington papers, but his predictions were not universally appreciated. "It must be admitted," the *Atlantic Monthly* stated in "Washington City," the leading article in its January, 1861, issue,

> that Washington is the Elysium of oddities, the Limbo of absurdities, an imbroglio of ludicrous anomalies. Planned on a scale of surpassing grandeur, its architectural execution is almost contemptible. Blessed with the name of the purest of men, it has the reputation of Sodom. . . . It has a Monument that will never be finished, a Capitol that is to have a dome, a Scientific Institute which does nothing but report the rise and fall of the thermometer, and two pieces of Equestrian Statuary which it would be a waste of time to criticize.

The "Scientific Institute's" weather correspondents were a distinguished crew. Guided by a circular called *Registry of Periodical Phenomena*, which was got up under Henry's direction, and which supplied lists of plants and animals to be inspected periodically for such phenomena as foliation, blossoming, fruiting, defoliation, first spring appearance, migration, and so on, many of them kept the Institution posted (by mail) on local terra-firma natural history as well as celestial conditions, and some of them ranged into topography

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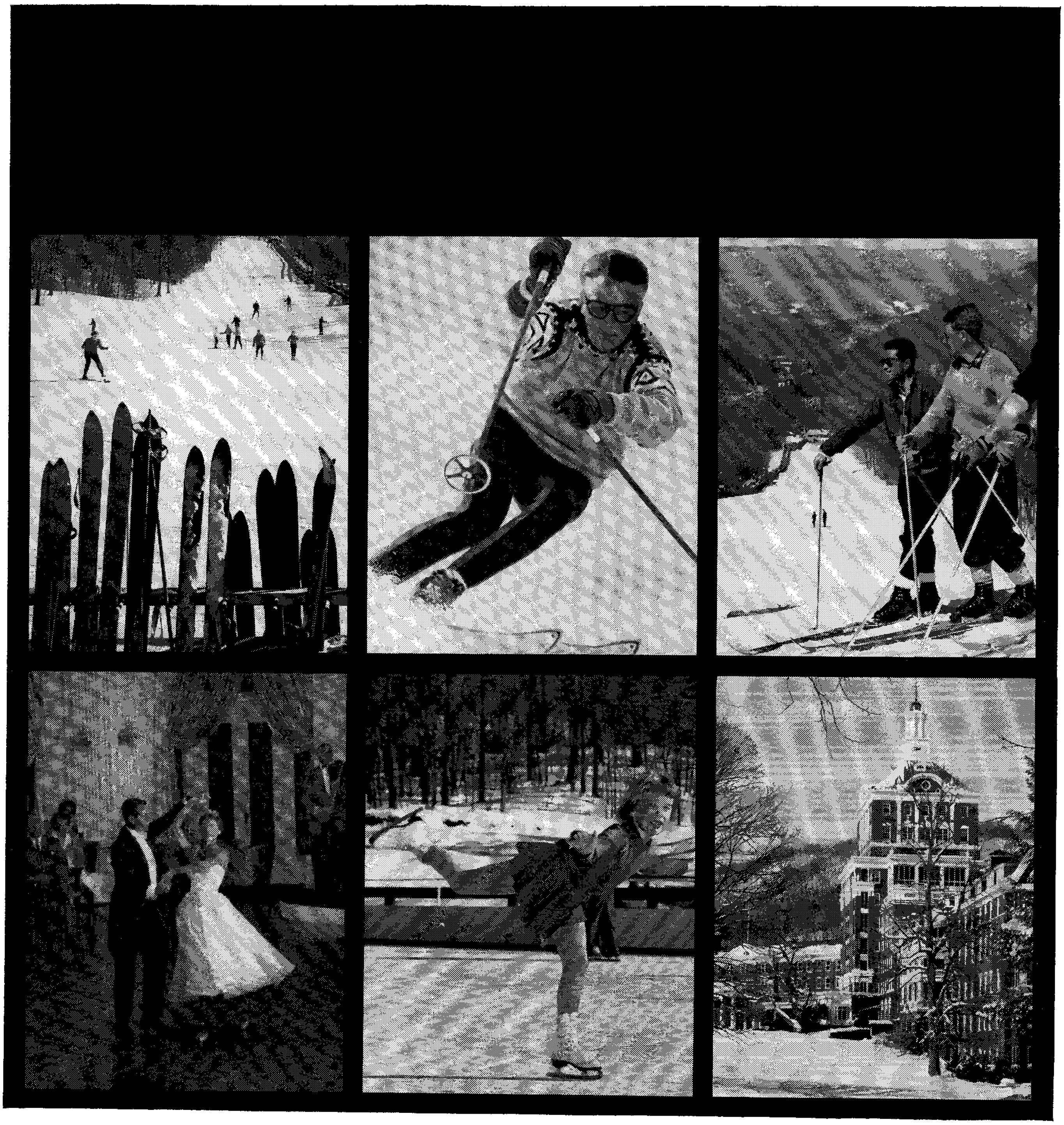

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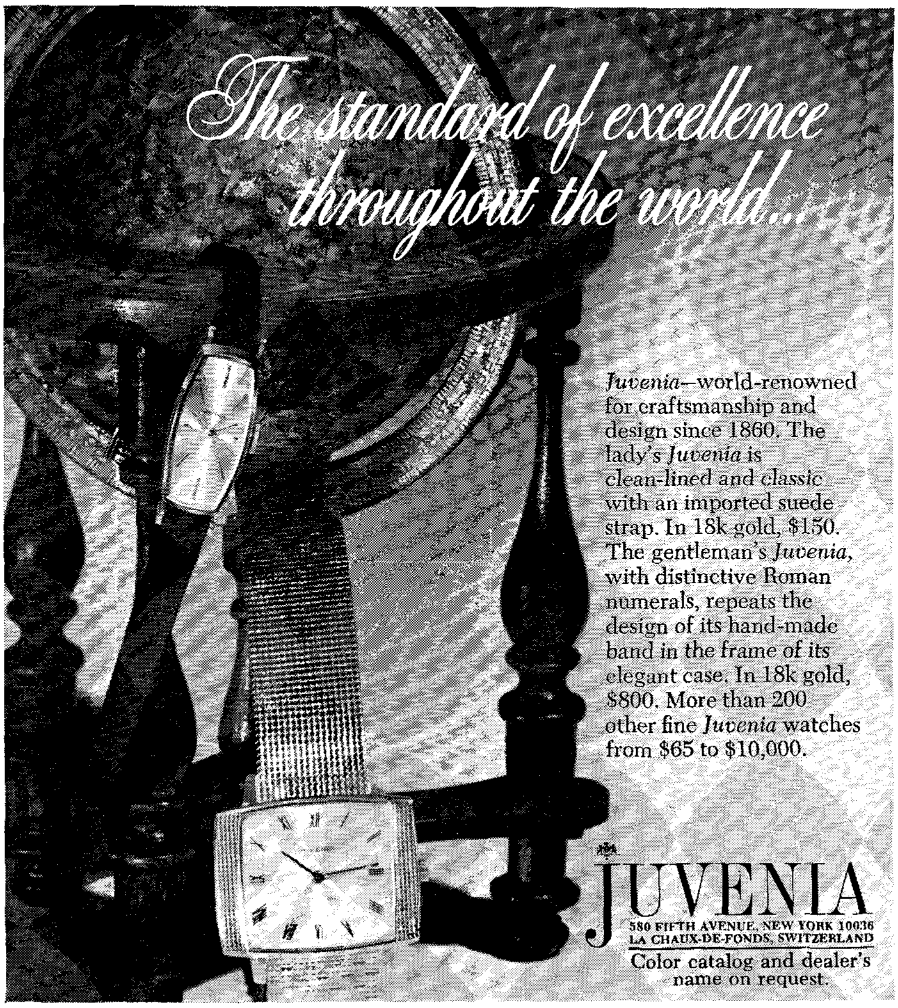
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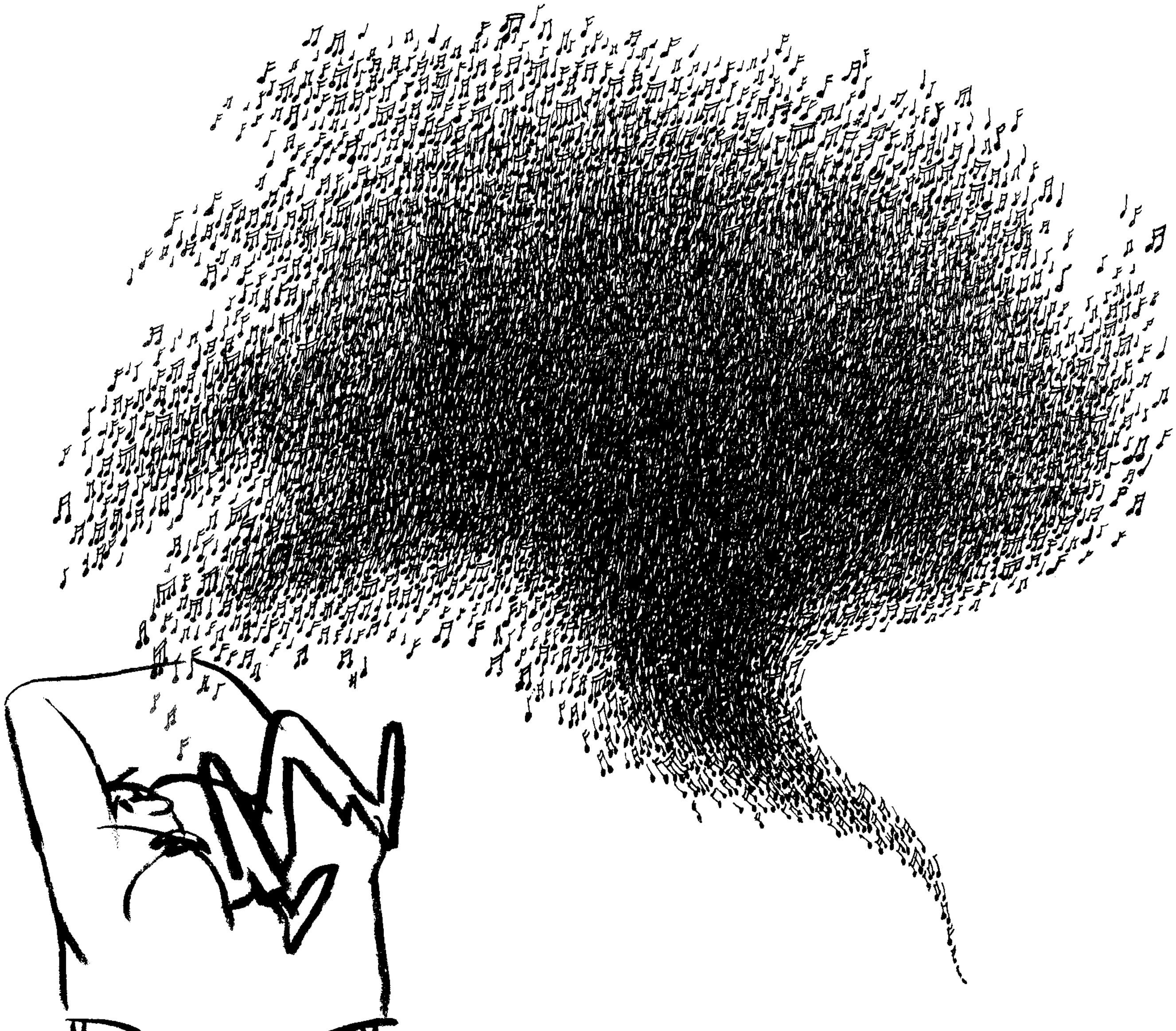
and ethnology. The Smithsonian's system of telegraphic meteorology—the first in the world—lapsed, however, during the Civil War, when the Institution was cut off from its Southern observers and the Western Union Telegraph Company had more pressing matters to transmit than approaching thunderstorms. Briefly revived, it was assigned by Congress in 1870 to the newly established Weather Bureau of the United States Signal Service—a move urged by Henry on the theory that "it has been the policy of this Institution from the first to do nothing which can be done as well or better by other means."

It is probable that Henry was the strongest Secretary the Smithsonian has had prior to Ripley. His biggest positive administrative achievements were the development of the weather service, the participation in the exploration trips, the editing and publishing of the *Contributions*, and the setting up of an exchange system, perpetuated in today's International Exchange Service, whereby these and the Institution's other knowledgeable papers were disseminated all over the world. He hired agents abroad, persuaded steamship companies and Congress to diffuse knowledge free of charge (after a series of congressional fits and starts, the franking privilege was won in the eighteen-seventies), and extended the exchange facilities to government bureaus and other scientific organizations in this country. Between 1846 and 1877, the Smithsonian sent about eleven thousand knowledge-diffusing packages and boxes of its publications to sister museums, libraries, and learned societies, and received in return over a hundred and twenty-five thousand pieces of literature, maps, and engravings, most of which were deposited in the Library of Congress's Smithsonian Deposit. Although Henry did not contribute to the *Contributions*, he considered them his, and Smithson's, most enduring memorial. "Should the government of the United States be dissolved, and the Smithsonian fund dissipated to the winds," he wrote, a touch meteorologically, in his seventh *Annual Report*, "the 'Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge' will still be found in the principal libraries of the world, a perpetual monument of the wisdom and liberality of the Institution, and of the faithfulness of those who first directed its affairs."

On the negative side, Henry's biggest setback was his failure to persuade Congress to relieve him of the natural-



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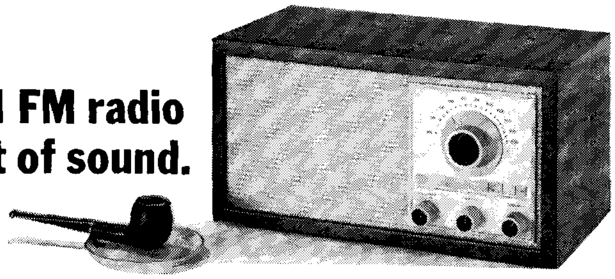

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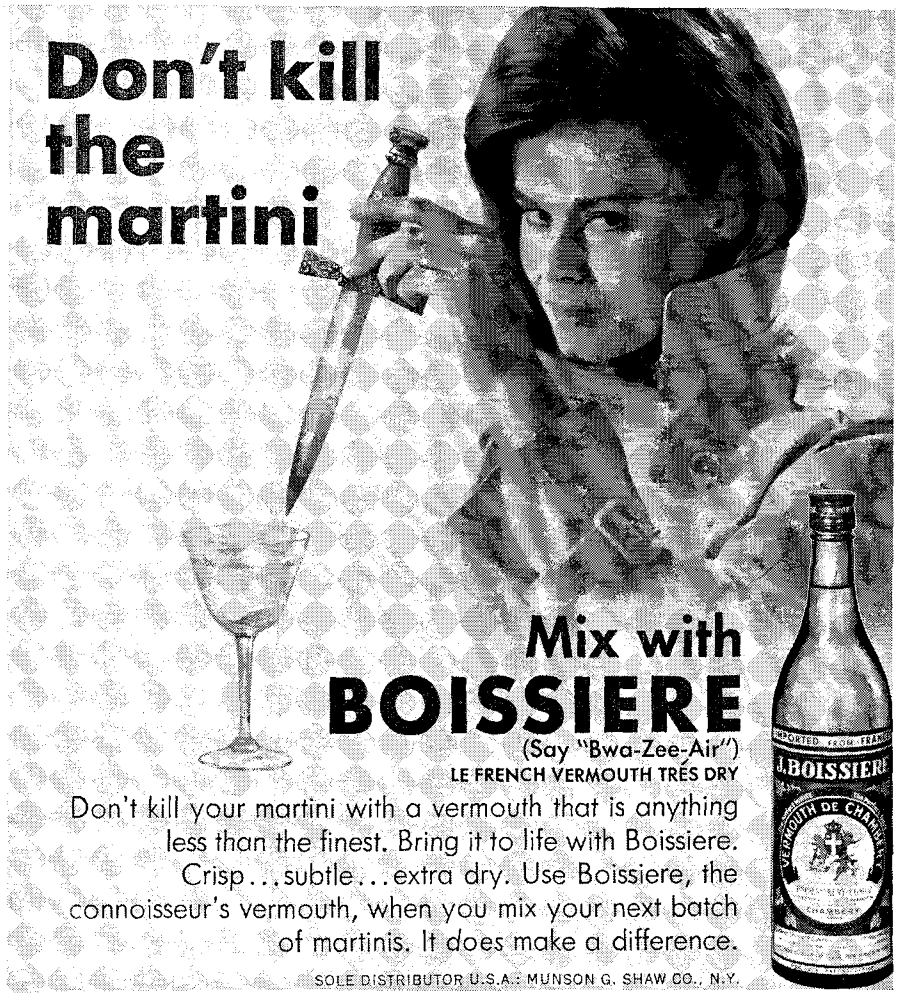
history museum (which during his administration grew to hold two hundred and fifty thousand specimens, and gave away three hundred and seventy-five thousand duplicate specimens), and to get out from under the building in which it (and he and his family) was housed. He never did get reconciled to this costly, shaky, impressive edifice. In *Report* after *Report*, he complained to his Board about "the peculiar style of architecture of the building" and its "points of peculiar exposure to the injuries of the weather," which rendered constant repairs necessary. In 1870, carrying his exasperation overseas, he remarked, in response to a couple of questions from the Duke of Devonshire's fact-finding commission ("What does the building itself represent? What was the original object of the building?"):

> Externally a Norman castle, and it has cost a very large sum. [Around $500,000, including the post-fire repairs.] Unfortunately, architecture is frequently in antagonism with science, and, too often, when an architect gets his hand into the purse of an establishment, everything else must stand aside. Much trouble has resulted from this building; it has been a source of constant anxiety and expense. . . . It was intended to accommodate a library, a museum, and a gallery of art, but, inasmuch as the Institution has turned over the library and the gallery of art . . . the building will now be devoted entirely to the museum. . . . If Congress would accept the building as a gift, allowing one of the wings for the use of the Institution and devoting the main portion of the building to the museum, it would be a gain to the Institution.

In his next-to-last *Report*, the one for 1876, the Secretary made one of his most eloquent despairing pleas for a museumless Smithsonian. "I may further be allowed to remark that the experience of the last year [in which the Museum had been enriched by "Twenty-three cards illustrating the different kinds of hooks made by the company," from the American Needle & Fish-Hook Co., of New Haven; "Series of domestic turkey feather dusters, 5 sizes," from the Chicago Feather-Duster Co.; "Cruikshank's patent self-acting safety-cleat," from A. B. Cruikshank; and "Grasshoppers, from Indiana," from G. C. Boerner] has strengthened my opinion as to the propriety of a separation of the Institution from the National Museum," he advised his Regents, and he went on, in a cry that, if heeded, would have made the Smithsonian a very different kettle of fish (and fishhooks) from what it is today:

> The functions of the Museum and of the Institution are entirely different. The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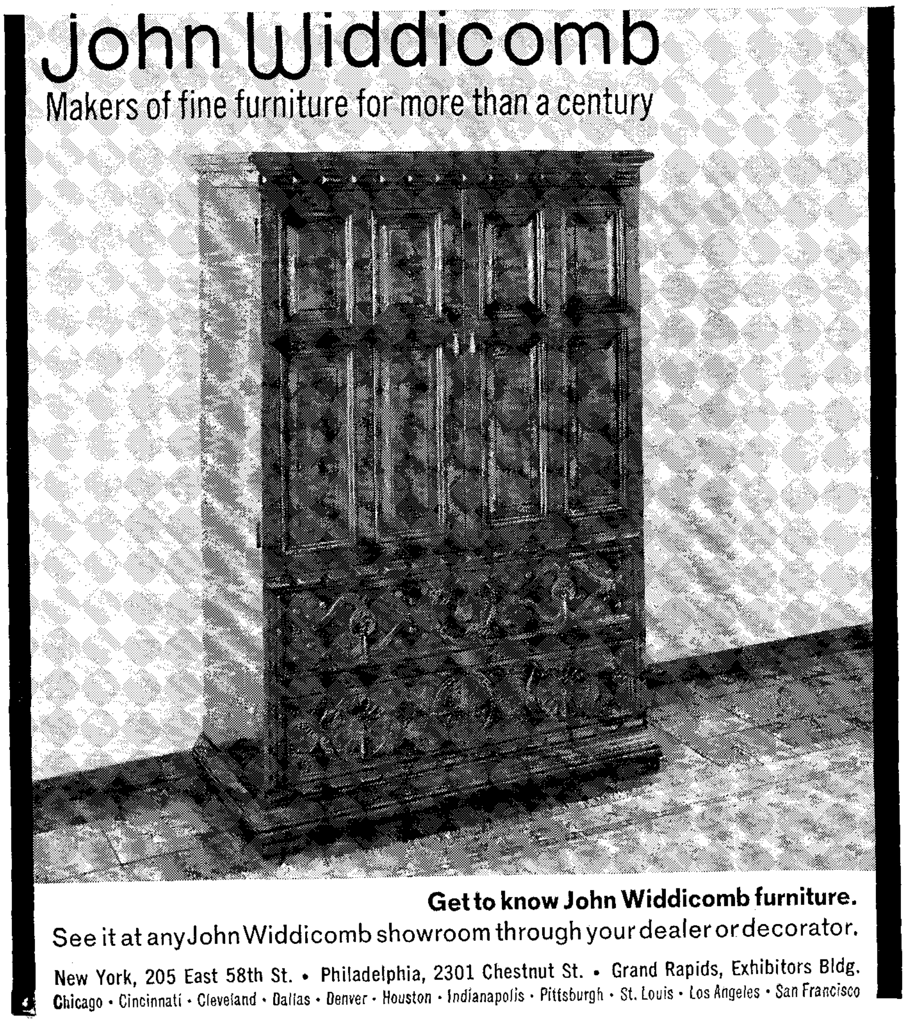
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object of the former is the establishment of a collection of specimens of nature and of art which shall exhibit the natural resources and industry of the country.... The Smithsonian Institution, on the other hand, does not offer the results of its operations to the physical eye, but presents them to the mind in the form of new discoveries.... It is the design of the Museum to continually increase its collection of material objects; of the Institution, to extend the bounds of human knowledge. The latter collects nothing for preservation of a material character. It is true it sends out explorers and makes large collections, but these are for distribution.... Every civilized government of the world has its museum ... while there is but *one Smithsonian Institution*.... It has been supposed that the Institution has derived much benefit from its connection with the Museum in the way of adding to its popularity, but it should be recollected that the Institution is not a popular establishment and that it does not depend for its support upon public patronage ... and that the very nature of its operations, involving study and investigation, is in a considerable degree incompatible with continued interruption from large numbers of visitors. So far from the Institution having derived advantage from the connection which has existed between it and the Museum, the latter has proved a serious obstacle.... The two can scarcely be continued under one organization.

"Nothing has occurred during the past year to change my opinion," he wrote in 1877. "To carry out [its] plan, the Institution requires no costly building but merely accommodations for receiving and distributing its collections," and in the spring of the next year, his hopes still dashed, Henry died in the building he so detested. His funeral was attended by the President, the Vice-President, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, and both houses of Congress, at whose behest the Government Printing Office published fifteen thousand copies of a five-hundred-and-twenty-eight-page "Memorial of Joseph Henry," its title embossed in gold on the spine, which contained an account of the obsequies and fifteen addresses and obituary memoirs.

Two years after his death, Henry caused a minor flurry in Congress. In May, 1880, Mr. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, chairman of the Senate Committee on Buildings and Grounds, and widely known as the Nestor of the Senate, the Grand Old Man of the Republican Party, and the Gladstone of America, introduced a bill authorizing a fifteen-thousand-dollar bronze statue of the first Secretary, by William Wetmore Story, to be erected on the Smithsonian grounds. Mr. Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, president of the Senate pro tempore, known as the Old Roman, asked whether there was any

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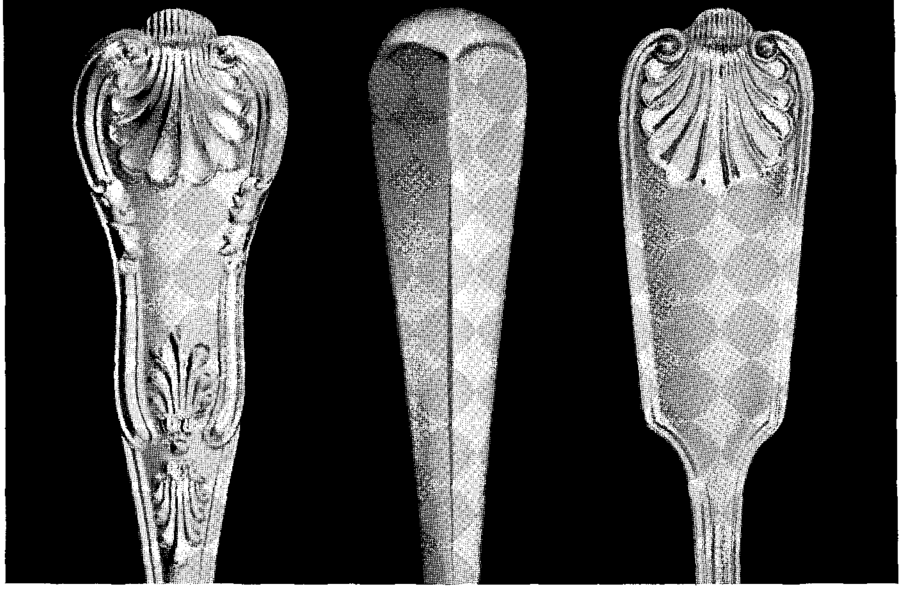

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objection. There *was* an objection, from Mr. Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana (Democrat), known as the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash:

> Mr. President, I am opposed to legislating a contract into any one man's hands on a subject where competition ought to take place. I do not know how often it has been done heretofore, but in every instance where it has been done it is wrong. A work of this kind ought to be open to competition. Every artist ought to be allowed to compete for a work of this character. [A pause.] The Senator from Vermont very justly reminds me that Mr. Story is an eminent artist. I know that. There are other eminent artists in the country, and all of them think they are.... I think that the bill ought to be amended by making this work subject to competition rather than a direct contract with Mr. Story.

Mr. Morrill expressed a hope that no such amendment would be offered. "Mr. Story is the son of the late Chief Justice Story," he pointed out, inaccurately (the sculptor's father, Joseph Story, had been an *Associate* Justice of the Supreme Court), and went on, more or less accurately but rather curiously, "and is one of the most eminent artists of this country or any other, and has never received an order from the Government. He is eminent in very many other respects than as a sculptor. . . . The sum offered is a very small one indeed."

The bill passed, and on April 19, 1883, the statue, facing its subject's hated building, was unveiled before an assemblage of ten thousand people; the United States Marine Band played a grand march, "Transit of Venus," especially composed for the occasion by its conductor, John Philip Sousa; and the news of the ceremony was telegraphed from the speakers' platform over an instrument provided by Henry's old meteorological servicer, the Western Union Telegraph Company. Eighty-two years later, in order to permit the Bicentennial Celebration academic procession to march in front of it across the Mall to a convocation addressed by President Johnson, Secretary Ripley had the statue hoisted on winches and turned around; it now faces the Mall.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the first in a series of articles on the Smithsonian Institution.)

•

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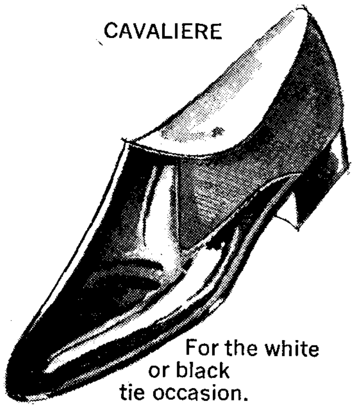

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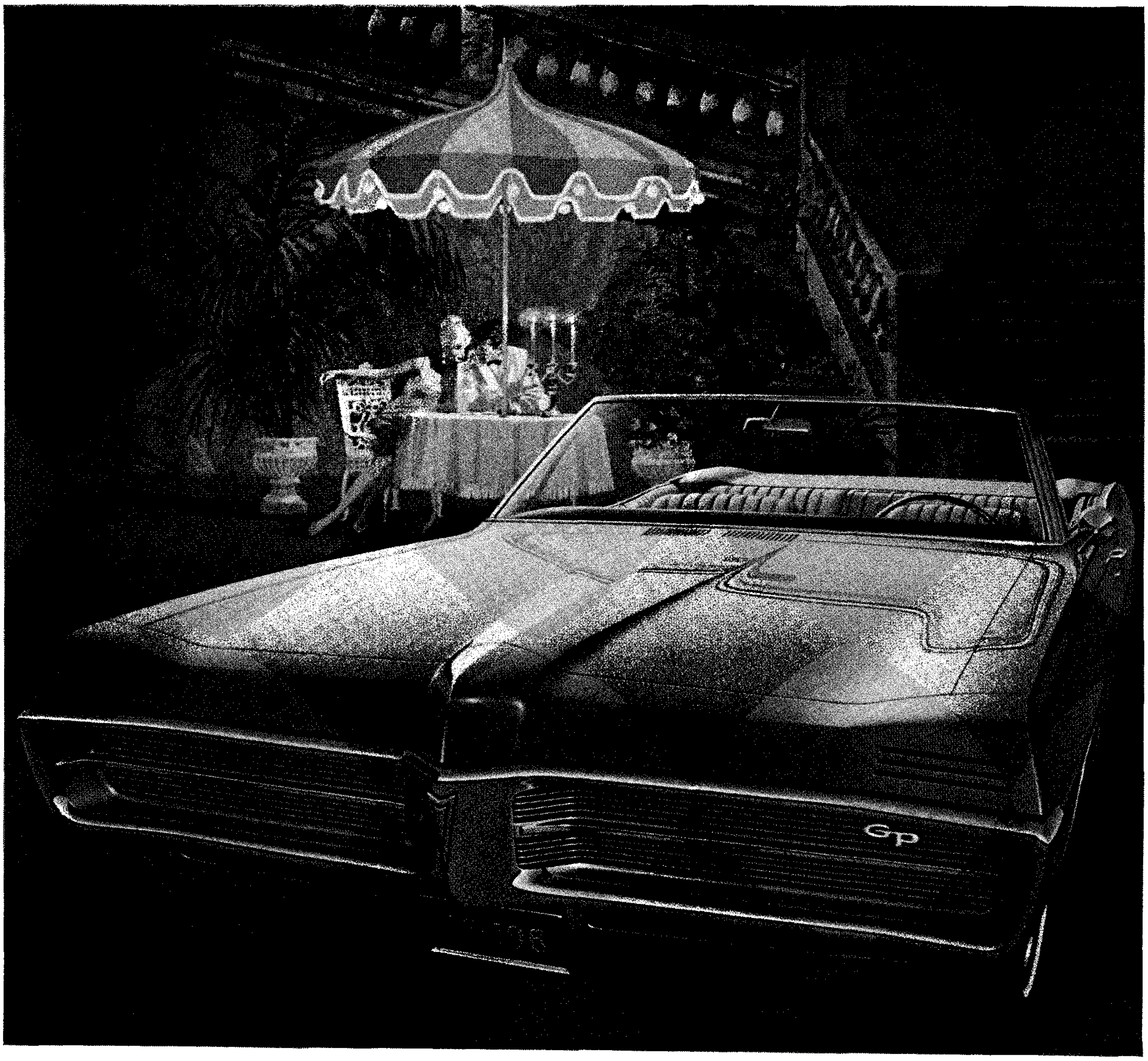

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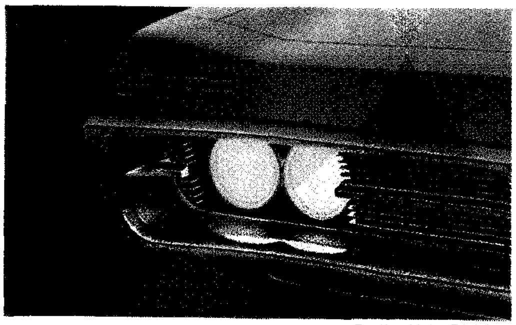

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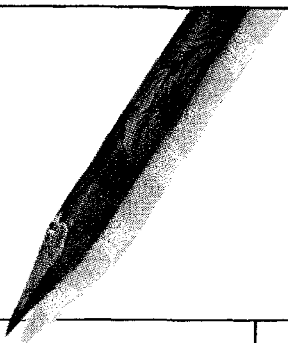

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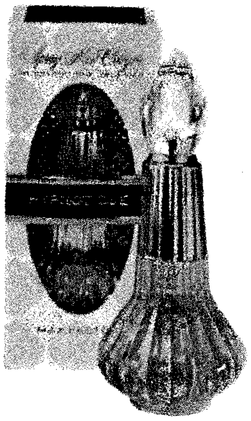
Bubbling Bath Crystals

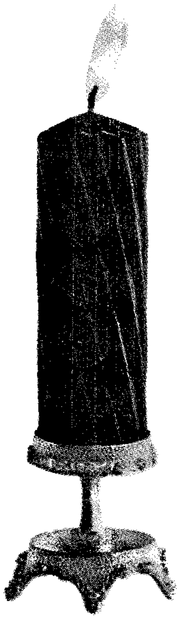
Start your Christmas gift list now, with the heady thrill of Bubbling Bath Crystals, fragrant with the sunlit luxury of Golden Woods. Packed in a glittering decorated canister with a bright measuring dipper. 3.50

BUBBLING
BATH
CRYSTALS

Spray Mist Crystalique Decanters

As long as girls will be girls, gifts as dazzling as this many-faceted Crystalique Decanter of Spray Mist Parfum Cologne will delight them. The fragrances? Cool, enchanting Hypnotique... or the rich, poignant drama of Primitif. 3.00





Perfume Candle

Don't set the world on fire. Do light a flame in her heart with this sigh-catching Perfume Candle. The fragrance is famous Hypnotique, and the elegant holder a decorator's delight. 3.95

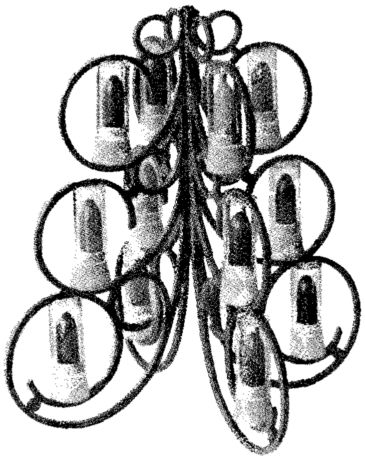
©1966 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada

Sophisti-Cats

Purr-retty, please. The cat's meow in Christmas gifts. The paws hold a glittering flacon of Hypnotique or Primitif perfume. 1.75

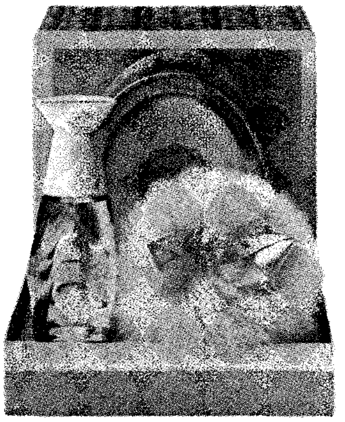
Lipstick Shade Tree

Mistletoe can't hold a candle to this Lipstick Shade Tree. Give it to old friends and new flames. To *all* your favorite females! It holds one dozen Max Factor Lipsticks and Lip Frostings (and the key to her heart) 5.00



Hypnotique Bath Boutique

Only a Beast would deny her the Beauty of this lavish Bath Boutique, filled with the enchanting spell of Hypnotique Parfum Cologne, Deluxe Bath Powder, (and a lamb of a lamb's wool puff!) 6.25



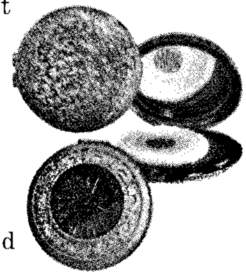
Christmas Gift List

a moment or two, and some people you love!)

MAX FACTOR
Coquette Mirror Boutique

Coquette Mirror Boutique

This is *the* Christmas find of 1966! The papier-maché doll is really a kiss-sized Boudoir Mirror with two UltraLucent Lipsticks. 4.50

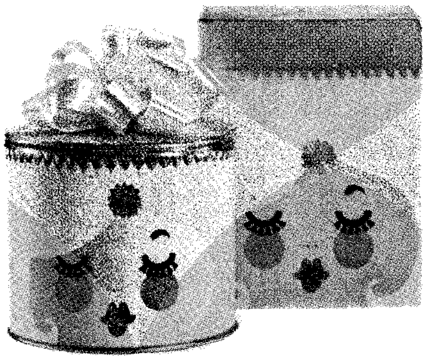


Petite-Pacts Venetian

Is it a jewel...a dream? No, it's a tiny Venetian gold-toned compact with Translucent Creme Puff Powder. 5.50

Petite-Pacts Florentine

All the glitter is Florentine and gold-toned, on a Translucent Creme Puff-filled Petite-Pact. Tuck these in stockings and wait for hugs and kisses. 4.50

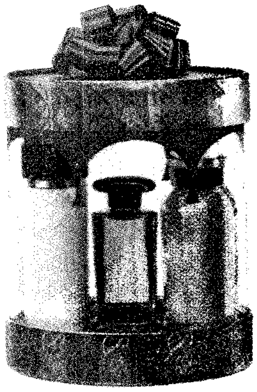


Powder Puffery

Missed anyone on your list? Carry them away on a cloud of silky Bath Powder fluffed on with a puff of purest Lamb's Wool, and packaged in this baby-faced box! Perfumed with Hypnotique, Primitif, or Golden Woods. 3.75

Fragrance Bath Gala

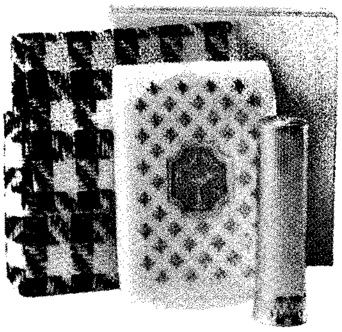
What do little girls dream of, and big girls scheme for? This really extravagant Fragrance Bath Gala. Decanters of Bubble Bath, Bath Powder, and lush Cologne perfumed with Hypnotique or Primitif, all in a glittering see-through gift wrap. 5.75



MAX FACTOR
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

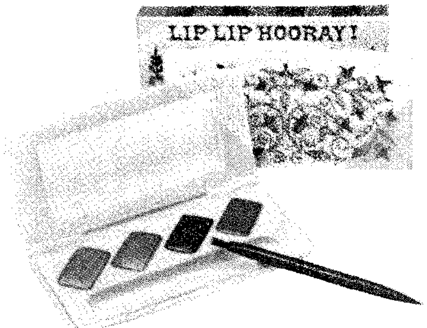
Max Factor for Gentlemen

Perfect for big bad wolves, and dear daddies...the crisp fragrance of Max Factor for Gentlemen. This Gentlemen's Twosome of After Shave Lotion and Cologne is gift-wrapped in quiet splendor. 2.25



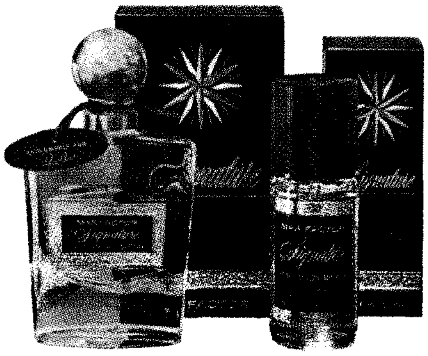
Sportif Packette

Whisk her off to the fashion races with a smart Houndstooth Sportif Packette, filled with Translucent Creme Puff Powder and UltraLucent Lipstick. 3.75



Lip Lip Hooray!

For one-two-three-*four* cheers of lip-colors, all in a darling mirrored case, complete with a lip-brush. This is fashion's latest kick, so play the field. Give one to everyone. $3.50

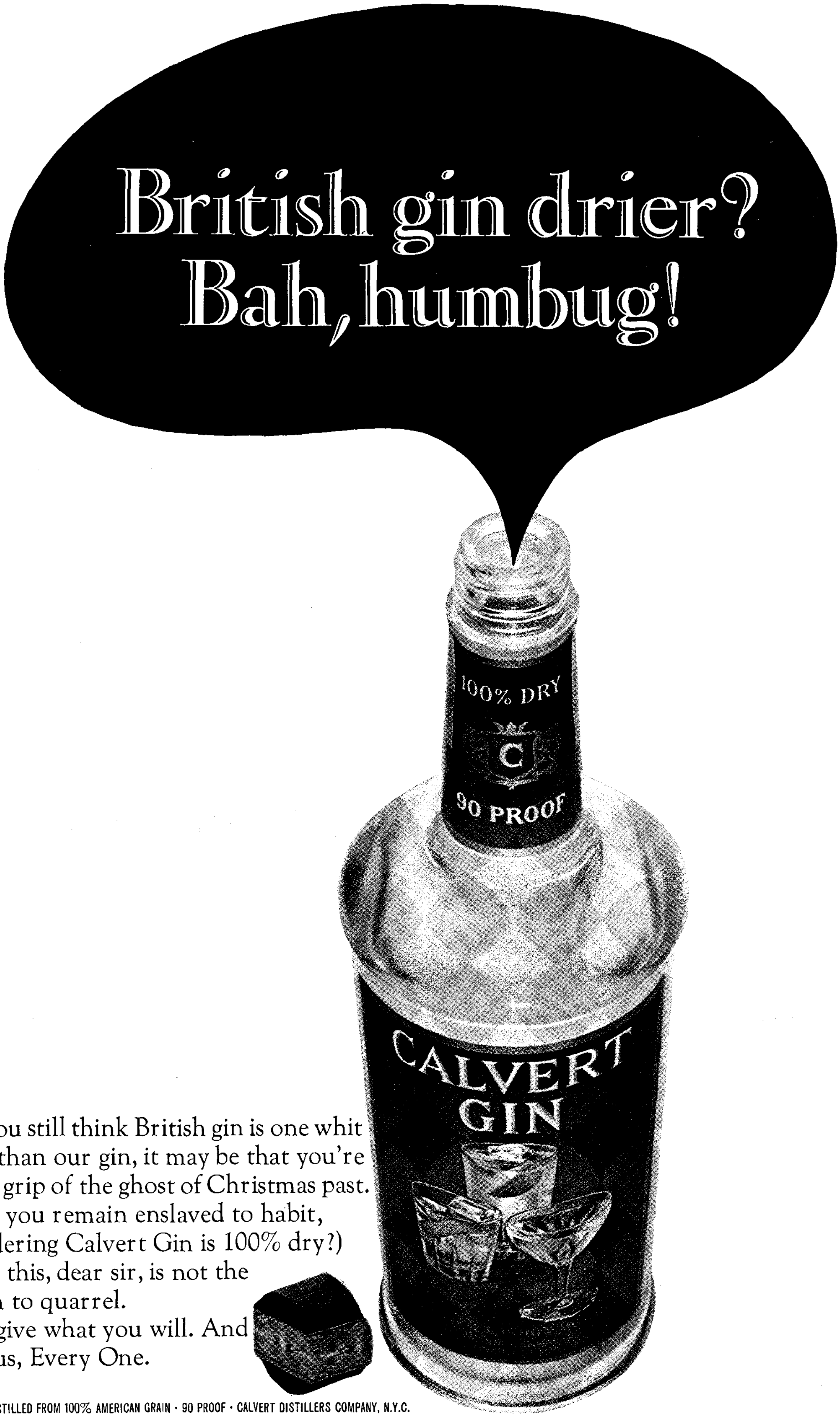


Signature for Men

No ifs, ands or buts. Signature is one of the great fragrances created for the male animal. Signature Spray Cologne, an apéritif for an evening of mischief. 2.75. Signature After Shave Lotion, a tingling bracer. 2.25

Merry
Christmas
from
Max
Factor

FRAGRANCES BLENDED IN U.S.A. WITH DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED ESSENCES.


British gin drier? Bah, humbug!
100% DRY
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90 PROOF
CALVERT
GIN

If you still think British gin is one whit drier than our gin, it may be that you're in the grip of the ghost of Christmas past. (Must you remain enslaved to habit, considering Calvert Gin is 100% dry?)

But this, dear sir, is not the season to quarrel.

So give what you will. And bless us, Every One.

DISTILLED DRY GIN · DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN · 90 PROOF · CALVERT DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

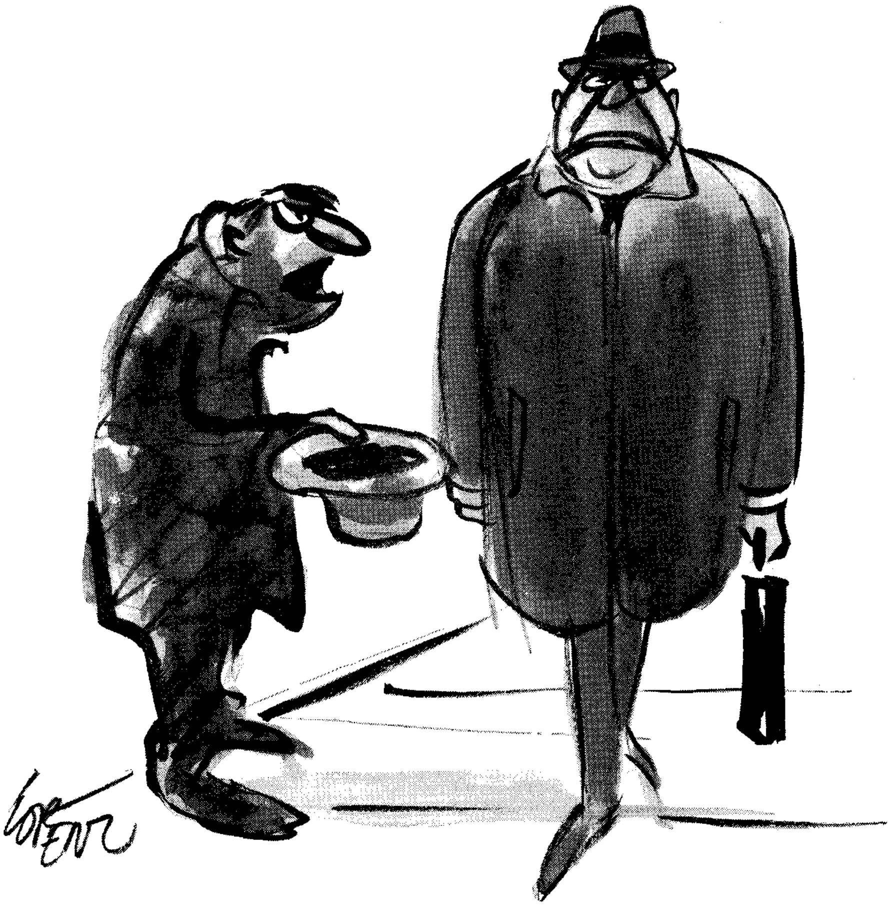
THE THEATRE

ASSORTED APPROACHES

DURING the past fortnight, the theatre, as represented on Broadway, has not scrimped in offering us productions designed to mystify, amuse, enlighten, and edify us, and if these aims have not always been realized, the works, taken as a whole, add up to an interesting congeries. The mystifying item in the group is "The Apparition Theatre of Prague," at the Cort, and in it the prime mover of the outfit, Jiri Srnec, demonstrates what can be done by dressing actors in black and white and bathing them and their surroundings in ultraviolet light. As a man who used to watch in utter stupefaction the Great Thurston make a horse disappear on the stage of B. F. Keith's, I am perhaps not the best explicator of this new-day magic, but I can tell you that Mr. Srnec and his colleagues—most prominent among them a mime named Frantisek Kratochvil—tend to stretch their trickery a bit too far and to indulge in symbolism that seems a bit murky. A portion of the entertainment entitled "Arena," for instance, in which spooky free-flying canes and newspapers beat down Mr. Srnec, left me hopelessly baffled as to its motivation. On the other hand, there are various episodes in which Mr. Srnec uses his bewildering rays to simple and diverting purpose, and for the small fry who never saw Thurston and that evanescent horse this could be just the holiday ticket.

THERE is no trace of symbolism or obfuscation in "Don't Drink the Water," at the Morosco, a farce by Woody Allen, whose jokes are quick and funny but also occasionally frantic, as if he were determined to top himself. When he is in a not too agitated frame of mind, Mr. Allen keeps "Don't Drink the Water" moving along quite pleasantly, and if his inspirational debt to George S. Kaufman and S. J. Perelman is obvious, the debt is one that anybody would like to owe. It is the author's notion that if a Jewish family from Newark, travelling behind the Iron Curtain, should suddenly be accused of being United States spies and forced to take refuge in an American embassy, the results would be calamitous. But if the situation is patently devised to allow Mr. Allen broad scope for his free-association word play, the characters he has assembled are diverting enough to make you forget the rather crude mechanics of the business. The drollest of the lot is the father of the family, a caterer who, after being talked into visiting Europe by a brother-in-law whose intelligence he has always questioned, finds the place inferior in all respects to the euphoric sands of the New Jersey spa where he usually spends his vacation. His arrest as a spy—he's been taking pictures of some fortifications, simply because they looked more interesting than anything else available to his camera—he accepts as just one more indignity inflicted on an innocent abroad. But once he has found sanctuary in the embassy, along with his wife and daughter, he starts throwing his weight around as a put-upon American citizen, to the dismay of the ambassador's son, who is temporarily in charge of the establishment because his father is off on a trip to the United States. The son, who personifies the triumph of nepotism over talent, is widely regarded as the scourge of the State Department, and you may rest assured that he makes a hash of the caterer's case, and also, the plots of comedies like "Don't Drink the Water" being what they are, that he falls in love with the caterer's daughter. As an added attraction in the embassy, there is a priest who has been in residence for six years as a fugitive from the Communists and has taken up legerdemain to while the time away. Altogether, "Don't Drink the Water" is a lightsome thing, and it is well served by Lou Jacobi, as the caterer; Anthony Roberts, as the ambassador's son; Kay Medford, as the caterer's wife; Dick Libertini, as the prestidigitating priest; and most of the others on display. The direction, by Stanley Prager, is deft, and Jo Mielziner has provided a handsome set.

"CABARET," at the Broadhurst, is very large, very garish, very vulgar, and very disappointing. It is a musical adaptation of "I Am a Camera," the play by John van Druten based on stories by Christopher Isherwood. There can be no doubt that the main setting, which was devised by Boris Aronson, is extraordinarily in-



"Come on, Mac, join the human race. Admission two bits."

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genious, or that the direction, by Harold Prince, is imaginative. The trouble, I think, lies in the fact that in dealing with Berlin in 1929 and 1930 it attempts both to deplore the sickness of the city and to entertain us with the fatuous doings of the night-club crowd. The verisimilitude of the cabaret on view cannot be faulted—I toddled into just such a one in the course of a long-ago tour—and everything is precisely as discouraging as it was when the Brown Shirts were beginning their dirty work. But there is little about this—the songs, reedy or blatant, the epicene master of ceremonies, the chorus girls from Billy Watson's Beef Trust—that, at this point in history, demands the close attention given it here. And I had the idea—perhaps an erroneous one—that Joe Masteroff, who wrote the book, and John Kander and Fred Ebb, who were responsible for the music and lyrics, respectively, had an ambivalent attitude toward their creation, not knowing whether to make their cabaret horrible or heady. To offset the noisier aspects of "Cabaret," there is a slight plot that concerns itself with a budding American writer who lives in a house where almost anything goes and who loves an expatriate English girl whose thought processes are hard, if not impossible, to follow. The house is run by a landlady—disillusioned, as anyone might be, by life in Germany between wars—who loves a Jewish roomer but gives him up when the Nazis start bringing her nation to heel. The most memorable song in "Cabaret" is "Tomorrow Belongs to Me," a notion too close to "Tomorrow the World." There we have the dilemma of the affair. A sizable cast is headed by Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, Joel Grey, Bert Convy, and Jill Haworth, and there is also an all-girl jazz quartet. Mr. Convy and Miss Haworth portray the writer and his lass. Alas.

THE APA Repertory Company, at the Lyceum, is splendidly engaged at the moment with Sheridan's "The School for Scandal" and Pirandello's "Right You Are." In the former, the company, after a slow start, gets into the comic groove most happily, and the players who bracket the action with a prologue and an epilogue—Ellis Rabb and Rosemary Harris—squeeze, with the help of all kinds of talented colleagues, the best out of the Irish dramatist. It would be, I suppose, a piece of supererogation to hymn the merits of Miss Harris as an actress at this late date, but I think a word might be said about Mr. Rabb as an actor. He is, of

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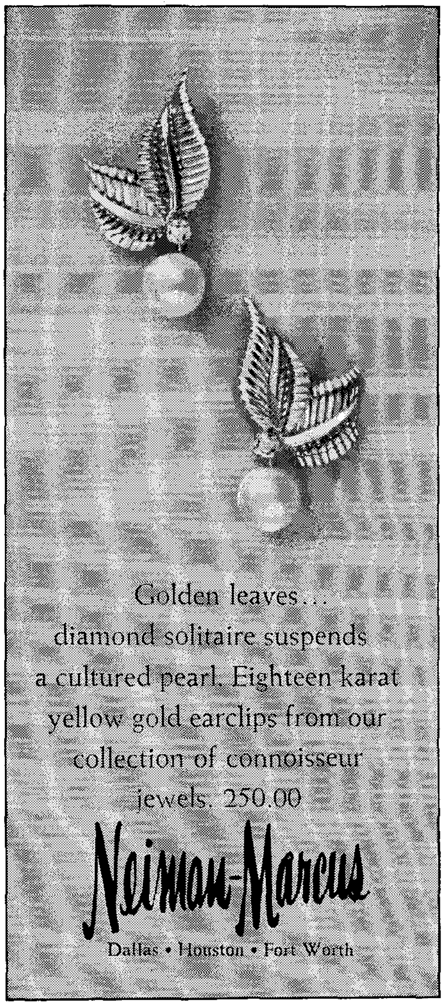
Golden leaves . . . diamond solitaire suspends a cultured pearl. Eighteen karat yellow gold earclips from our collection of connoisseur jewels. 250.00

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course, celebrated as a director, but possibly he hasn't been given his due as a performer. As he slinks through the role of Joseph Surface, he is the epitome of style, and I wish that all the mummers who are busy trying to portray umbrella stands and the like would take a look at him. The Pirandello charade, which has to do, as you may remember, with the fact that reality is in the eye and understanding of the beholder, isn't quite as stimulating as the Sheridan comedy, but it has a couple of superb performances by Helen Hayes and Donald Moffat. As usual, the troupe in its entirety is admirable.

THE by-gum, clog-dancing English Midlands set have taken over the Lunt-Fontanne in a musical called "Walking Happy," and their occupancy is loud and unrewarding. The musical is an adaptation of a comedy called "Hobson's Choice," and concerns a bibulous bootmaker who tries to make slaveys of his three daughters and winds up surrendering his authority to the independent eldest of his brood after she has seduced his best workman, an oaf. The songs, by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, are, perhaps appropriately, pedestrian, and the dialogue, cooked up by Roger O. Hirson and Ketti Frings, is suitable to a Lancashire town in the eighteen-eighties. Norman Wisdom, Louise Troy, and George Rose figure in "Walking Happy," and I must say that Miss Troy, supposedly an aging spinster of thirty, struck me as a delectable and melodious dish.

"THOSE THAT PLAY THE CLOWNS" must pay the piper, and so, after four performances, at the ANTA, the poor players involved, among them Alfred Drake and Joan Greenwood, went to rest. The show

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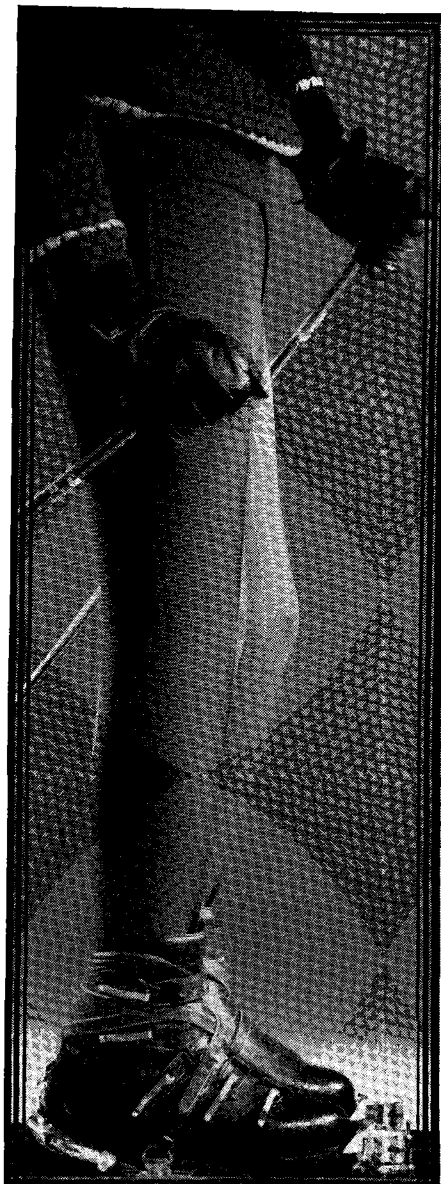

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If skiing is his passion, a most thoughtful Christmas gift would be our comfortable, meticulously tailored stretch slacks in a new Anglo fabric of wool-nylon-and-spandex. In navy, burgundy or black, they are available in 30 to 40 sizes, regular, short and long lengths. Active Sports Shop. Mail and phone orders filled.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
ACTIVE SPORTS SHOP

had to do with what might have happened to the group of strolling actors in Denmark hired by Hamlet to do their bit in his tragedy. It was written by Michael Stewart, and his dialogue was remote from the Globe.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Vietnam Guardian, Saigon*]

PLEIKU, (10)—Corporal John F. Crowe, having prepared his defensive position, tossed his helmet on the ground and sat down to "take five."

Unknown to him, his helmet landed on a nest of Malayan pit viper eggs.

Before the communications repairman of Company C, 2nd Battalion, 35th Infantry, 25 Infantry Division, realized what had happened an adult pit viper was within striking distance of his right leg.

To make things even worse the snake crawled into the soldier's lap.

Crowe didn't move a muscle except his jaw when he cried out "Help!"

Staff Sergeant James R. Minton heard the cries and rushed over to see what the problem was.

When he came close enough to see the snake, he stopped in his tracks.

Walking slowly so as not to excite the snake, Sergeant Minton grabbed the snake and attempted to cut the snake's head off. He was unsuccessful and in the process was bitten on the thumb.

Now, he was the one who needed help!

He was treated by the unit's medic and then grasped a rope tied to a medical-evacuation helicopter hovering about 100 feet above the tree. When the chopper pilot realized that Minton only had a hand hold on the rope, he lowered him back to the ground. There he was tied securely to the rope and was again lifted through the trees and was evacuated to the 18th Surgical Hospital at Pleiku where he was given serum for the snakebite. He was back for duty in two days.

Meanwhile, Corporal Crowe was still in a predicament after Sergeant Minton was bitten: the snake was still on his lap. It was angry and aware of impending danger.

•

This stocking is produced with the selection of the best yarns in the titles particularly studied for the adequated employment.

For the border, made using of yarn to special torsion, we have getting to extraordinary endurance and to exceptional elasticity.

For the reinforcements of the heel and and of the tips we have excogitated special expediences to grant a more long duration and a particular immunity to the friction.—*Legend on a plastic envelope containing a pair of stockings from an Italian hosiery manufacturer.*

When do you have time to get any work done?

A spectacular view of the Jungfrau.
Skiing (of course).
Ski instruction.
Ride on the Schilthorn Bahn.*
Skating school.
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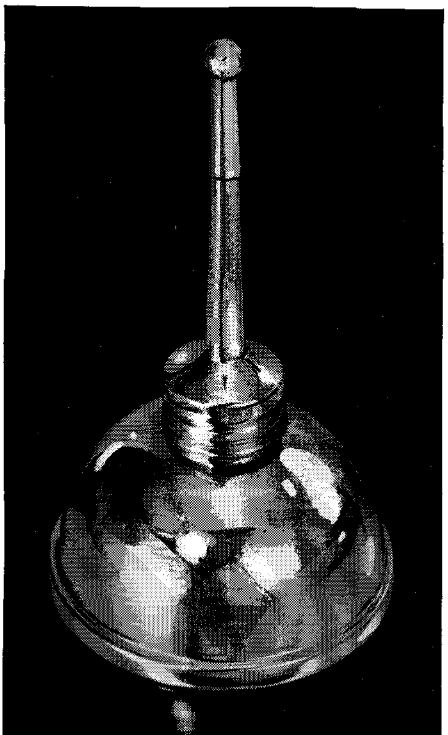

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oil can in sterling silver measures
the exact amount of vermouth, $16.

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FOOTBALL

Hail and Farewell

THAT old morality play—the one about the kingdom that is lost on account of no horse—was reënacted at Kennedy Stadium in (as the geographers jokingly put it) Philadelphia last Saturday, when Army overcame Navy, 20–7, in what is sure to be a well-remembered victory. There was Cartwright pitching Navy passes with vehemence and direction, and there were Taylor and other Navy catchers rising to the occasion—often yards off the ground—as the ball came to them. But there was no truck horse anywhere near the likes of Bellino, who used to do such destructive running for Navy. Cartwright footed it featly when he did choose to run instead of pitch, and Murray was now and then a useful sprinter, yet this was not enough. And so there came about a play within this play (the one about the pitcher going to the well too often), and even when Navy, in the second half of the match, had the ball constantly in Army's portion of the field Army was getting through just frequently enough to catch Cartwright where he didn't want to be caught—just frequently enough to stop Navy on the tip of what for a long time looked like triumph. Army, like so many other teams that have been shorthanded this fall, had kept its best men on defense all season (the ancient theory of playing for a break), and the break it was looking for on Saturday came at last when those good defense men smashed down a Navy kick and grabbed the ball on their forty-two-yard line. This gave Lindell, an Army quarterback who, outside his helmet, looks to be a mere infant (Cartwright doesn't look much older, at that), room to maneuver instead of being pinned down near his own goal. Then, exactly as Army and Jarvis had struck so quickly for Army's first touchdown at the very beginning of the afternoon, Army and Lindell struck—with a bit of running, a bit of pitching—for another, in only four downs, and then, for the hell of it, ran and pitched for another, almost as rapidly. After that third touchdown, Lindell, in a mood of excusable exuberance, threw another pass, instead of doing what is known as playing-it-safe. This was caught by Navy, and for a matter of seconds it appeared that Navy might be beaten by only one touchdown rather than by two. It

A brilliant idea.
Light the lamp at lunch.
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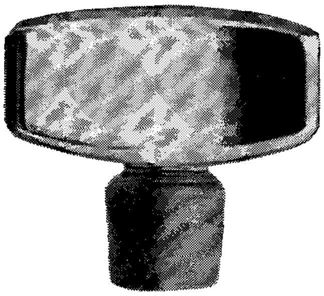

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The perfume with never ending charm.

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wasn't, but the crew of commentators in my neighborhood, who the week before had been denouncing Notre Dame for playing it safe in its tie match with Michigan State, were now denouncing Lindell for *not* playing it safe. This is a ploy within a play that I have never been able to appreciate.

Later, I got to see part of a tape that had been made of the television broadcast of the game. I *think* it was the game, but when television lays its hands on parody, look out! There was a great deal of talk about the event, most of which had the flat sound of recorded announcement, and a great deal of special camerawork, such as Instant Replay and Instant Split-Screen Replay and Ant's-Eye View, and a great deal of vagueness about where the ball was. Once, indeed, it changed hands without explanation. Next year: Television proudly presents Computer Football.

LET this fall's award for Man of All Seasons (Including Vicissitudes) be given to Tom Cahill, the Army coach and a mere beginner at varsity football. And let Palms (Including Vicissitudes) be given to Dick Colman, the Princeton coach, for pulling another ailing team together, and to Warren Harris, who, working on the Princeton defensive team, taught it, too, to play for a break. Its final break came against Cornell, in the final game of the year for both teams, and one of the best spectacles of the season anywhere. The break was a defensive tackle so severe that Cornell lost the ball at midfield, and Princeton, whose repression had a habit of exploding in the fourth quarter, exploded. Through the biggest and most ungenerous Cornell line I have ever seen, Princeton lugged the ball for the day's solitary touchdown. Its season ended as it had begun: touchdown by sophomore Bracken, point after touchdown by Garcia. Abel, who pitched for Cornell, was not quite the pitcher that Sponaugle had been the year before, but Larson, the plunging halfback, and Gervase, the pass-catching end, were tremendous. Any league that can in one year muster the teams that Harvard, Dartmouth, Cornell, and Princeton fielded can't be all bad. Not, at least, as bad as the Jets and the Giants.

THE son of Crowe Magnon, my alter ego, took his physical for entrance into West Point a couple of days before the Army-Navy meeting. The last line, in the smallest type, on the oculist's printed card read (and why not?) "BEAT NAVY." —J. W. L.

Yes, *real* Fraises des Bois . . . . .

Can you think of a nicer or more unique remembrance than 12 husky plants of Fraises des Bois (Wild Strawberries from France) for those gourmet-gardening friends of yours? These berries were developed by us from French stock. They are called Charles V—after the French ruler who first (1365 A.D.) brought wild strawberries from the woods and cultivated them in the gardens of the Louvre. Fraises des Bois begin bearing luscious fruit the end of June and do not stop bearing until frost. As for care, Fraises des Bois want nothing but sun and water.

Also, these plants (clumps of cool green leaves, white blossoms and red berries) make delightful edging plants for borders, for they grow upright (8″ high, 12″ diameter) and do not throw runners. We provide propagating instructions so that anyone starting with only 12 plants of Charles V can multiply them into fifty or a hundred plants in two to three years, enough to supply ample servings of this gourmet's delight every week.

***This is the present that can't go wrong,* because we won't let it. We guarantee safe delivery. As plants are shipped only with an earth ball, they grow. Here's the way you send Fraises des Bois as Christmas gifts. Give us the names of those whom you wish to remember. We send gift cards now, then ship the plants early next spring (Florida and California orders shipped for Christmas). One dozen Charles V $8.95; 25 plants $16.00, delivery free, except to Gulf States & those west of the Mississippi. Add $1.50 and $2.50, respectively, for shipment to those states. Write, wire, or phone (203-567-9415), for we can easily take care of your order at any last minute you choose to act.**

—Amos Pettingill.

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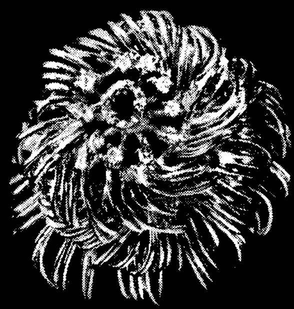
C'EST LES BERNARD



THE SPIRAL SHOWPIECE: this superb pin of polished fourteen karat gold-plated sterling punctuated off-center with a pseudo ruby surrounded by satellites of pseudo spinelles. A masterpiece of workmanship. $35. From a look-of-luxury collection, at Julius Garfinckel & Co., Rich's, Atlanta. For other fine stores, write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, or call ORegon 9-8855.

C'EST LES BERNARD

THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Joke

THE French actor and writer Robert Dhéry can be a very funny fellow, as he has demonstrated on Broadway ("La Plume de Ma Tante") and on the screen ("La Belle Américaine"), but in a movie called "The Counterfeit Constable" he is busy demonstrating a double truth long painfully familiar to us: that even Homer sometimes nods, and on such occasions is apt to make a far more thorough botch of things than a man less gifted and energetic would be able to achieve. Mr. Dhéry takes what amounts to a single not very appealing gag—a Frenchman who has journeyed to London to observe an international soccer match gets a couple of front teeth knocked out, goes to a dentist for repairs, is instructed not to open his mouth for a certain period of time, and is at once plunged into a series of misadventures based upon his muteness—and runs it straight into the ground. Indeed, for all I know to the contrary, he may have run it clear through to China; as an admirer of Mr. Dhéry, I thought it both compassionate and wise to leave his movie before measuring the full depth of the disaster. If, despite my warning, some Francophile should be tempted to attend "The Counterfeit Constable" under the impression that he will at least enjoy hearing French spoken, let me add that the picture has been dubbed into English, or something uneasily approaching English. Failed movies, like old elephants, should have a secret graveyard to repair to, far from prying eyes; the sooner "The Counterfeit Constable" disappears, the better for its somnambulistic maker.

"TEXAS ACROSS THE RIVER" is a burlesque Western, starring Dean Martin, Alain Delon, and Joey Bishop. Mr. Bishop is one of the species known as standup comedians, whose native habitat is the night club and whose speech favors the one-line throwaway. The tone of the burlesque is set by Mr. Bishop's enactment, in cordovan-shoe-polish makeup, of a craven

Stumped for a really original Christmas gift?

This page is from the original manuscript of
"Alice's Adventures under Ground."
Lewis Carroll printed every word by hand.
He drew every picture himself.
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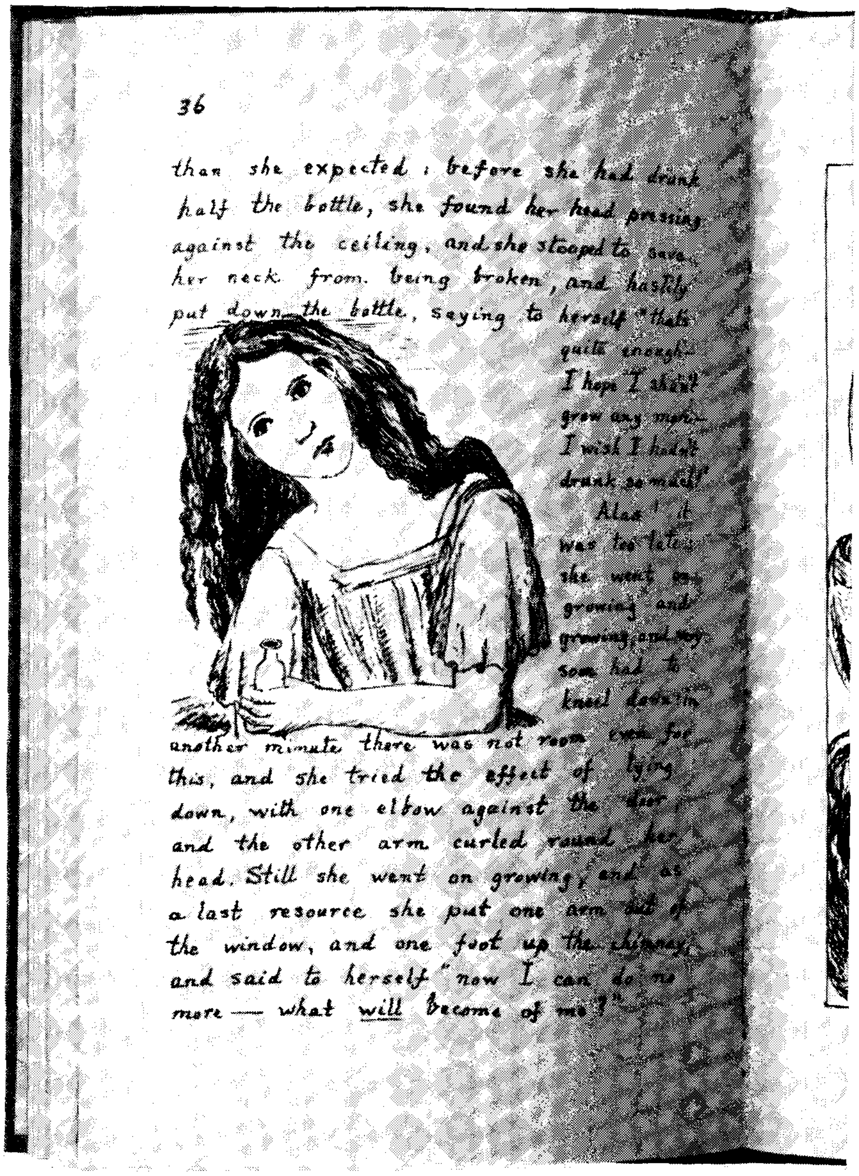

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than she expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and she stooped to save her neck from being broken, and hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's quite enough: I hope I shan't grow any more: I wish I hadn't drunk so much!" Alas! it was too late: she went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down: in another minute there was not room even for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and as a last resource she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself "now I can do no more — what *will* become of me?"

'Alice' is attractively bound in a hard cover with a lovely slipcover.
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Don't promise him anything... Just give him

FIGARO

All his! Cologne, after-shave, talc, soap. By Monsieur Lanvin.

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Indian wisecracker. It is an unnerving non-impersonation. The time of the movie is supposed to be just after the Civil War, and Mr. Delon is supposed to be a Spanish-American aristocrat, while Mr. Martin . . . But my mind refuses to take the next step, which is to attempt to identify Mr. Martin as anyone except himself. The two girls in the movie are Rosemary Forsyth, who splashes her way through an oddly inhibited nude bathing scene (you don't think Hollywood has any difficulty working a nude bathing scene into an eighteen-sixties Western, do you?), and Tina Marquand, who plays an Indian maiden of morose visage and few words. "White man speak with forked tongue" happens to be one of Mr. Bishop's gag lines, but I wouldn't have been surprised to hear Miss Marquand speak the line in earnest. "Texas Across the River" was directed by Michael Gordon, and the screenplay was written, if that is the word, by—and I quote—"Wells Root & Harold Greene and Ben Starr." That ampersand is trying to tell me something, but I don't know what.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

CLEAR DAYS IN THE SOLOMONS

[*From the inside cover of a well-known magazine*]

It seemed certain that my number was up on that November day in 1942. I was floating in the sea off the island of Malaita in the Solomons, and darkness was falling fast. I had bagged three Japanese Zeros, but my plane had been so badly shot up that it crashed into the ocean. Weak from swallowing sea water and trying to buck the tide, I could barely stay afloat. If the waves didn't get me, the sharks surely would.

And then I heard through the murk the incredibly welcome sound of a canoe paddling toward me and a voice saying, in English, "Let's look over here."

I began to call, "Here! American! Here!"

Soon friendly arms were hauling me into the canoe. They belonged to Melanesian natives and to "Father Dan" Stuyvenberg, a Roman Catholic missionary who had led the natives on their errand of mercy after seeing my plane fall. Next day, another plane came up from Henderson Field and flew me back to Guadalcanal.

That Christmas was the most joyous I've ever spent, thanks to the gift of life I had received. How could I thank Father Dan for fishing me out of the drink?

After much thought, I decided to give him a subscription to The Reader's Digest. I knew that to him, in a remote part of the world, the monthly package of stimulating ideas, warm entertainment and rich wisdom would be one of the most useful gifts I could select.

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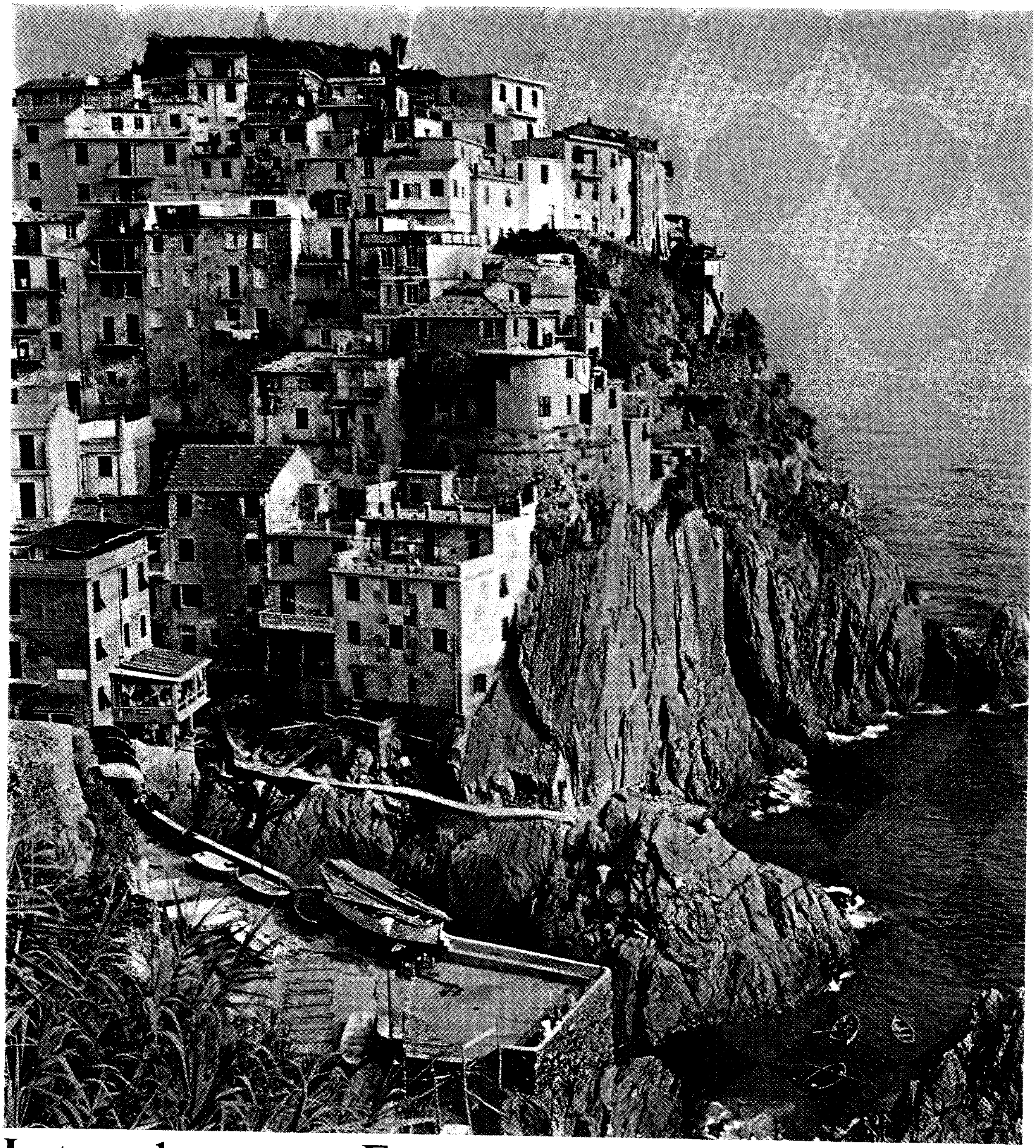

Let us show you a Europe you didn't know was there.

PAN AM

They call this village Manarola and, to tell the truth, it is just a little bit out of this world.

You will find it, easily enough, about halfway between Genoa and Leghorn, perched in the sun above the Gulf of La Spezia.

Manarola is known to astute Italians for its wine and its happy indolence and, alora, there are four more towns just like it, collectively and lovingly called Le Cinque Terre.

Europe is waiting with countless experiences like Manarola. And we're waiting to take you to them. To a perfect Georgian house in Dublin. A secret cove along the Dalmatian Coast. A pub in London where Dr. Johnson held forth. A bottle of 100-year-old port in Oporto. A Paris hideaway.

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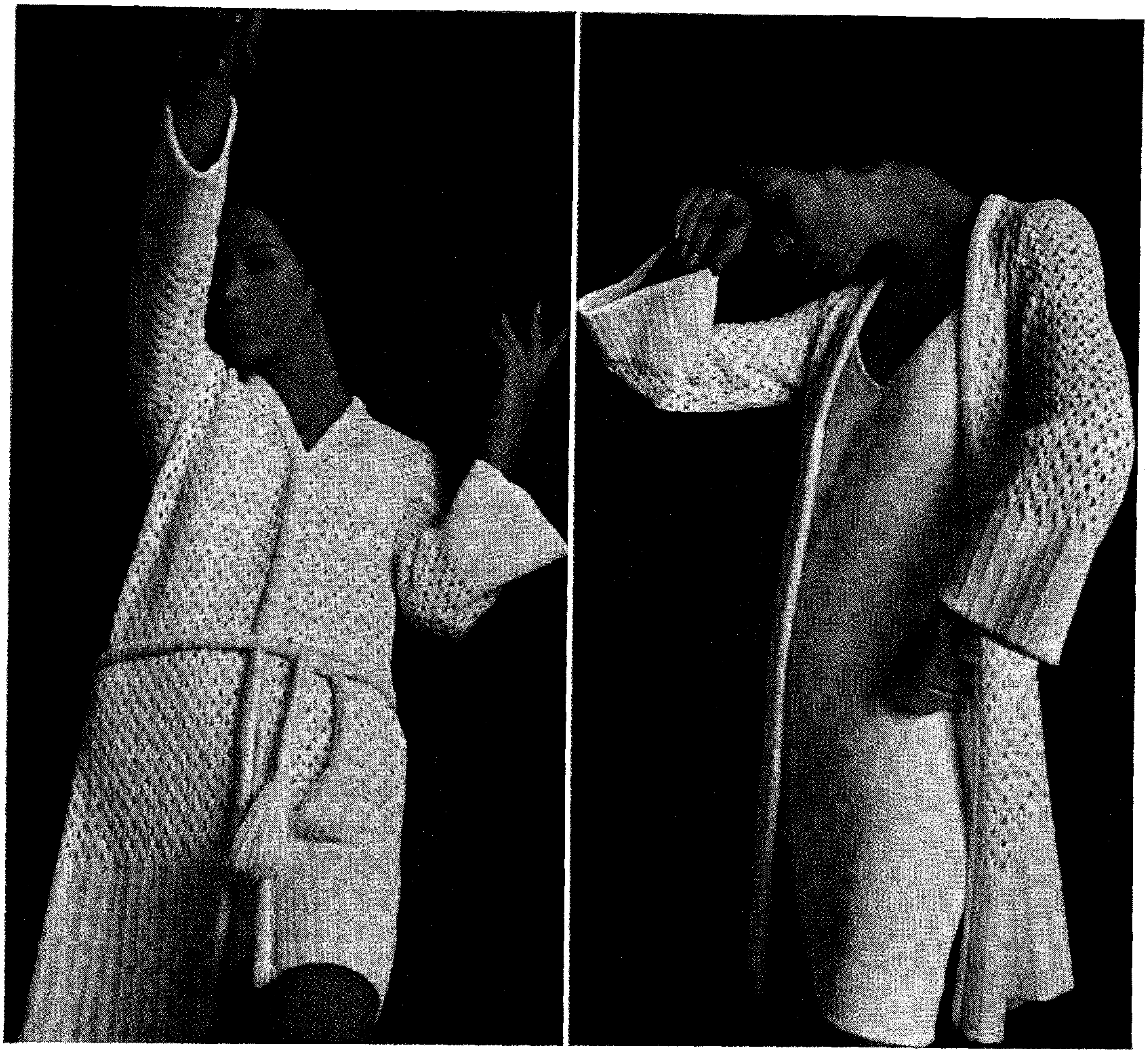

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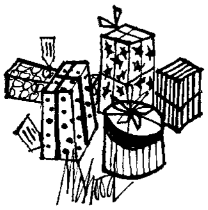


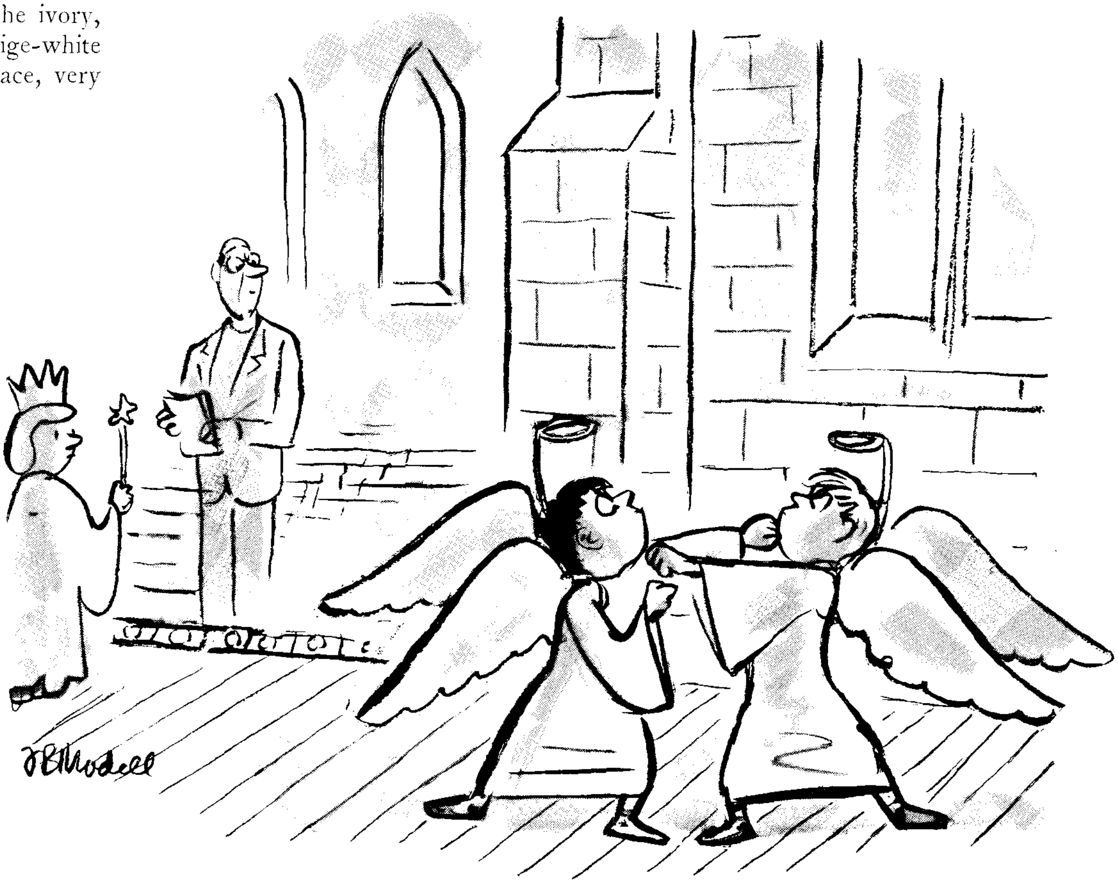
WHILE most of us buy Christmas presents that we hope will make us appear as openhanded as our means allow us to be, there are some people—if all the talk about affluence is true—whose chief problem at Christmastime is to find presents that won't overwhelm and embarrass the receiver. The stores, with their electric saffron-mincers and battery-powered diamonds, are not making the job any easier, and we propose to preface our customary report on presents for the house with some suggestions that may help with this dilemma. What we offer, to begin with, is a list of gifts that are very costly but so inconspicuous that the donor needn't worry in the slightest that the receiver will be overwhelmed; on the contrary, he may look a little hurt.

Our prize exhibit in this genre is a minuscule salt dish that costs $35 and looks like a shell picked up on the beach. It is not a shell, however, but the heart of a walrus tusk that an Alaskan Eskimo named Peter Seeganna took the trouble to fashion into a little oval bowl; he also made a tiny spoon and decorated its handle with three diminutive black dots by inlaying bits of baleen, or whalebone, in the ivory, goodness knows how. The beige-white ivory has a lovely lucent surface, very smooth to the touch, and the bowl and spoon are altogether delightful to handle and to contemplate. They are at the American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue (62nd). Not as offhand, perhaps, but hardly off-putting is a little thirty-three-dollar ashtray, decorated with a single sprig of forget-me-not very accurately painted on its three-inch round surface, and elaborately bordered with real gold. The ashtray, which resides at Georg Jensen, on the second floor, is the lowliest member of the Flora Danica service, which was got up, as you may know, for Catherine the Great by the same Danish firm that makes it today. We'll have more gifts from this section of Jensen later, but now follow us up to the next floor and regard a wooden box on the wall next to the elevator. You may have passed this box a hundred times and never noticed it, for it is unassuming almost to the point of invisibility. Once observed, however, and studied at close range, it makes an enormous impression, for it is a wonderfully made piece, reminiscent, in its gaunt concinnity, of the work of the Shakers, though it was made by a Danish craftsman. The box, called a glove box, is of teak, twenty-two and a half inches across and eight inches deep and wide, and is equipped to hang on the wall like a picture, on a pair of nails. The mildly rounded and rimmed top extends slightly beyond the sides, forming a kind of shelf, while the front offers a knob, set in a round concavity, that one pulls to bring out a bin, with room for several pairs of gloves, or for mufflers, or for a pile of unanswered letters. Above the box, at Jensen, hangs a mirror (of the same teak and by the same designer) thirty-five inches high and sixteen inches wide, whose three-quarter-inch frame is square-cut without but curved where it meets the glass. It costs $70, and the box is $90. These pieces would be splendid in a hallway—in just about any hallway except, perhaps, one that leads to rooms whose décor adheres strictly to one of the fussier periods of furniture design.

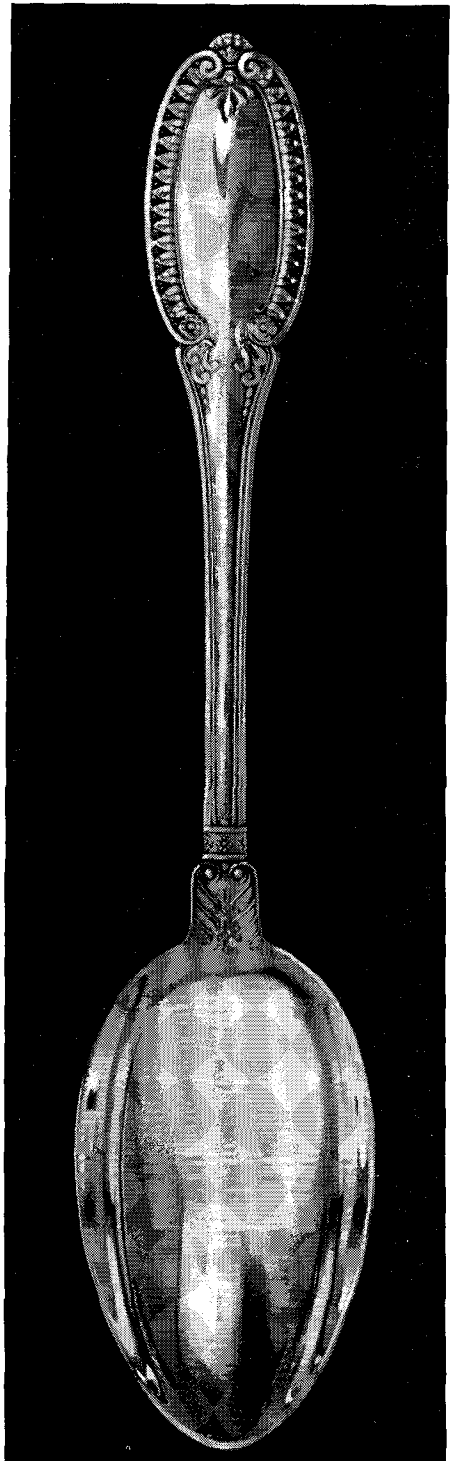
Consider next a well-wrought silver cabbage, round and delicately leafy, about three inches high and three inches across, that turns out, on being picked up and turned over, to be a table lighter. It costs $180 and may be inspected, with other secret lighters (pears, apples, domed chests), at Mario Buccellati, 703 Fifth Avenue (55th). While at that regal establishment, you might ask permission to peer into their samovar. It isn't every day, after all, that one has the opportunity to inspect one of these, as it were, literary devices. Buccellati's specimen is a spigoted silver urn—nineteen inches high and fourteen inches across the most bulbous part of its middle—set on a low, footed stand. Inside, there is a long, upright hollow cylinder that holds hot coals to heat the surrounding water. Price: $1,780.

A few blocks away, at Tiffany, we admired a little plain round basket made of thin, very closely woven strands of sterling silver, four inches in diameter at the top, three inches in diameter at the bottom, and one and a quarter inches high. It is a pleasant, if rather heavy, conceit, and it costs $200.

At the Manhattan Gardener, 201 East 74th Street, two plants with small



Buccellati



EMPIRE A bold note from royal trumpets, gentled by passing years. Build your family tradition with Buccellati's lovely-to-live-with sterling. Hand finished. Six-piece place setting of Empire $59, other patterns from $50 a setting.

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VISIT OR WRITE ANY OF ABOVE FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

white flowers arise with cold elegance from a shallow blue-and-white porcelain dish and cost $67.50. Why? Because the plants are orchids with a pedigree, and the container is a piece of Canton china made around 1820. The orchids seem to be growing out of sheet moss, but this only hides the plastic pots they are rooted in, which may be removed, and from which they may presently be transplanted to a larger pot and, in theory, kept as permanent house plants in a northern or western window. The plant lover you give them to may just possibly carry this off, but most people neither live in greenhouses nor are willing to stand around all day creating a greenhouse ambience for their plants, which is exactly what orchids require to live. Anyway, the dish remains after the plant expires, and its beauty and antiquity should console the china lover, if not the person who piques himself on his green thumb. The dish is eleven inches long and nine and a quarter inches wide, and it has a cover, which comes as part of the arrangement—stuck upright in the sheet moss and kept in place by Scotch Tape. The Manhattan Gardener will ship the plants anywhere at no extra cost, and it must be a great delight for the recipient to unpack all that excelsior and find not a bar stool or an elephant's foot but a living plant about to burst into bloom. A similar but smaller Canton dish, nine and a quarter inches long and seven and a half wide, with the same orchids, costs $47.50.

At S. Wyler, 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), there is a handsome oval silver basin, twelve inches long and eight inches wide, that has a wide, flat rim from which a sizable crescent-shaped piece is missing. This gives the basin a rather odd look, but it is what emboldens Mr. Wyler to ask $5,500 for it, because the thing is a shaving bowl made in 1726 by a London craftsman named William Fawdrey, and a great rarity, apparently. The purpose of the cutout is to enable the shaver to get his chin right into the bowl. Wyler also has a large collection of nineteenth-century Sheffield silver-plated toast racks. The English employ these objects to convert freshly browned bread into cold, dry, butter-repellent toast, but people over here use them on their desks as elegant repositories for letters and stationery. They are one-of-a-kind, but all are the usual row of parallel wickets set on footed stands and equipped with upright center handles terminating in graspable circles. The average length is five inches and the average width three, and there are six or seven partitions. They

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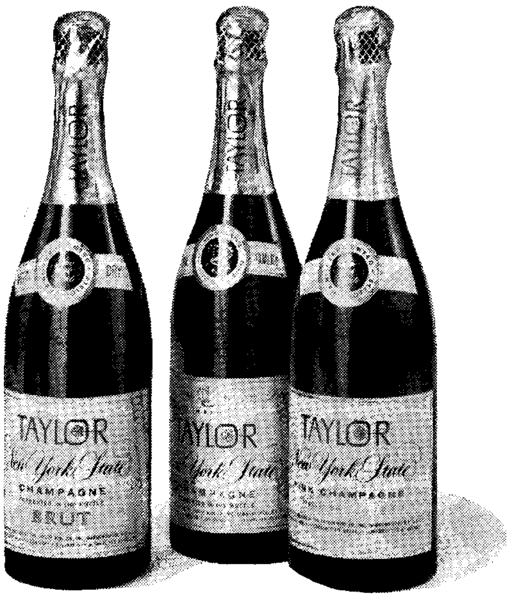
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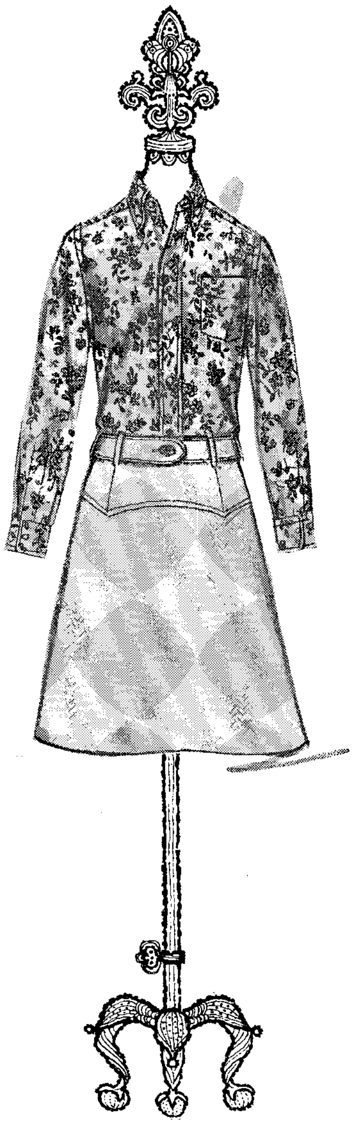

Smooth

A sleek look, with the scrupulously-tended glow of polished wood. The shetland wool skirt is à la Western, smoothly belted and buttoned, seat lined. Sizes 6 to 16. The shirt is tailored with gentlemanly precision, in Dacron polyester and cotton, but covered with ungentlemanly flowers. Sizes 8 to 16. Both, Clover Pink, True Blue, Peach Fuzz, Fresh Green.

Skirt about fifteen dollars, shirt about seven dollars at good stores and college shops

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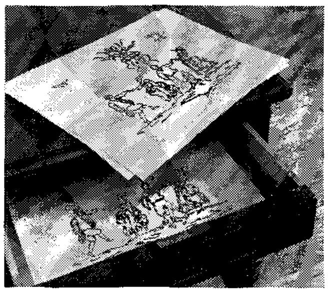
are simply and nicely designed, and they cost from $13 to $25.

LET us turn now—a big turn—to some remarkably well-designed measuring utensils, strung on a wire ring, made of a comely, durable, flexible off-white plastic, and marked with milligram gradations and what we gather are the Swedish words for half a cup, one tablespoon, one teaspoon, and a pinch. The set—which, as you may have guessed, comes from Sweden—costs fifty cents, and it is at Merrill Ames, 41 East 8th Street. While there, you might closely scrutinize some Plexiglas salad or fruit bowls, for at a distance it is all but impossible to tell that they are not made of glass. They come from Finland and are obviously modelled on the beautiful colored crystal we have come to think of as typically Finnish. The plastic specimens—ten and a quarter inches across the top, and tinted Prussian blue or smoke gray—have all the original lucidity of design and subtlety of color but escape the common fate of things made of glass. Looking hard at a Plexiglas object, one notices that it picks up highlights in a somewhat more active way than glass does, but this is not a fault, only a difference; one fault Plexiglas *does* have is that it is more susceptible than glass to scratches. The bowls cost $14.95 apiece, and are heatproof. Merrill Ames' Plexiglas drinking glasses also resemble Finnish glass, though they come from Italy and may be had clear or in translucent red, purple, yellow, brown, or blue-green. They are plain and slightly rounded, quite thin, light (naturally), and dishwasher-proof. A highball glass is $1.95, an Old-Fashioned glass is $1.65, and a yet shorter glass is $1.25. There are frosted versions of these glasses, which, to our mind, are not as impressive as the translucent ones.

In time, someone will doubtless figure out a way to make plastic dinnerware look exactly like Sèvres porcelain, but at the moment plastic dinnerware cannot be regarded with anything but hatred, and there is no reason for anyone over the age of three to want to eat off a plastic plate or drink from a plastic cup. There is good reason, however, for a person *under* three to prefer crockery that doesn't break when he dashes it to the ground. The Swedish *ornamin* (a plasticlike material) baby dishes at Seabon, 54 East 54th Street, have the merit of looking quite like china, and are painted with pictures so gay and cheerful that parents will have trouble repressing the unfortunate line about eating the carrots to see the pic-

A Carolina Original



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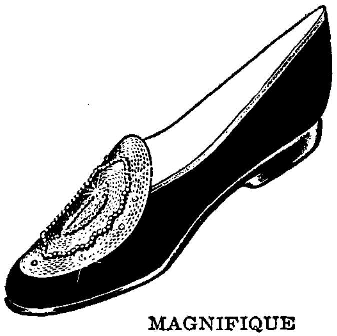

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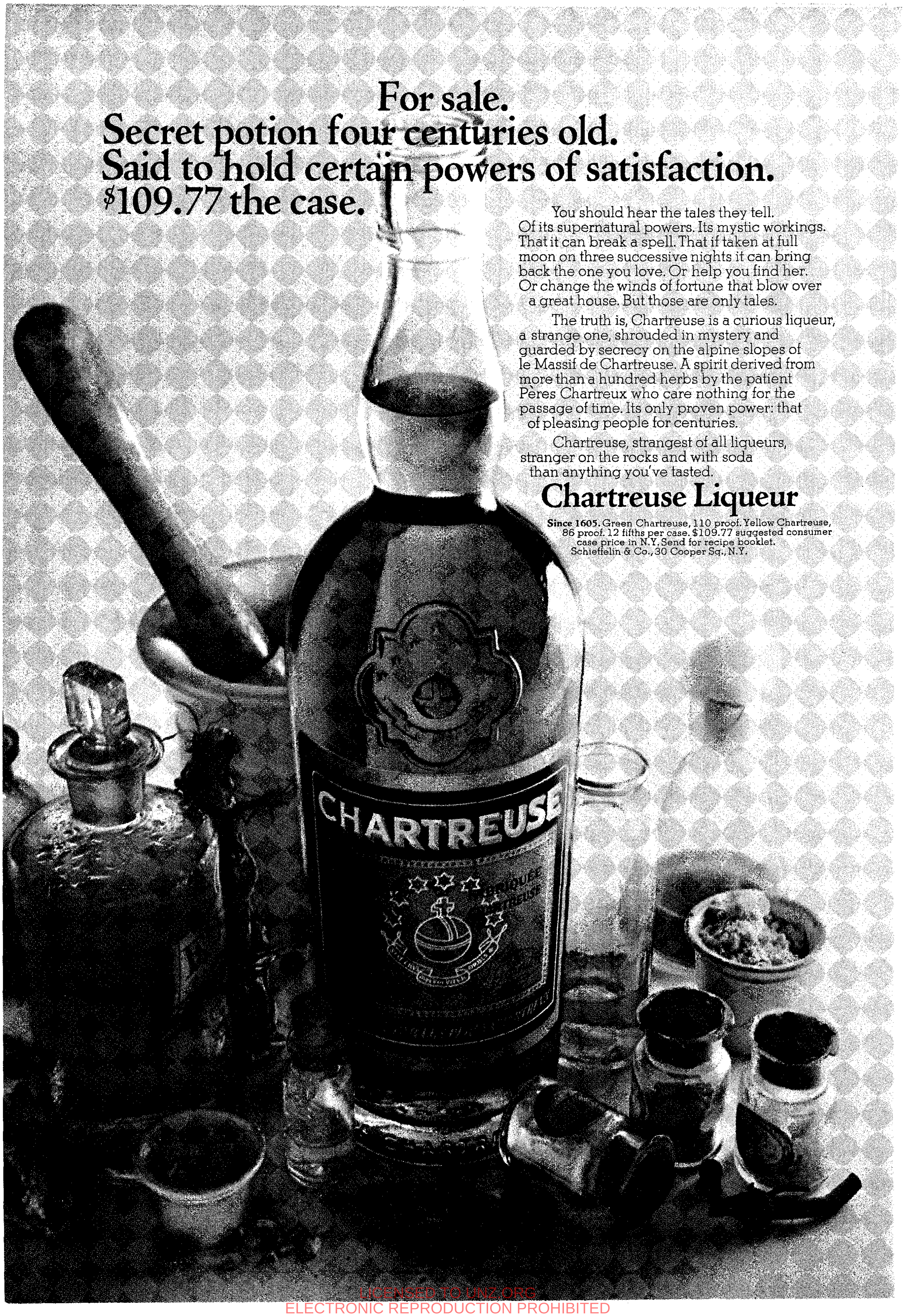

You should hear the tales they tell. Of its supernatural powers. Its mystic workings. That it can break a spell. That if taken at full moon on three successive nights it can bring back the one you love. Or help you find her. Or change the winds of fortune that blow over a great house. But those are only tales.

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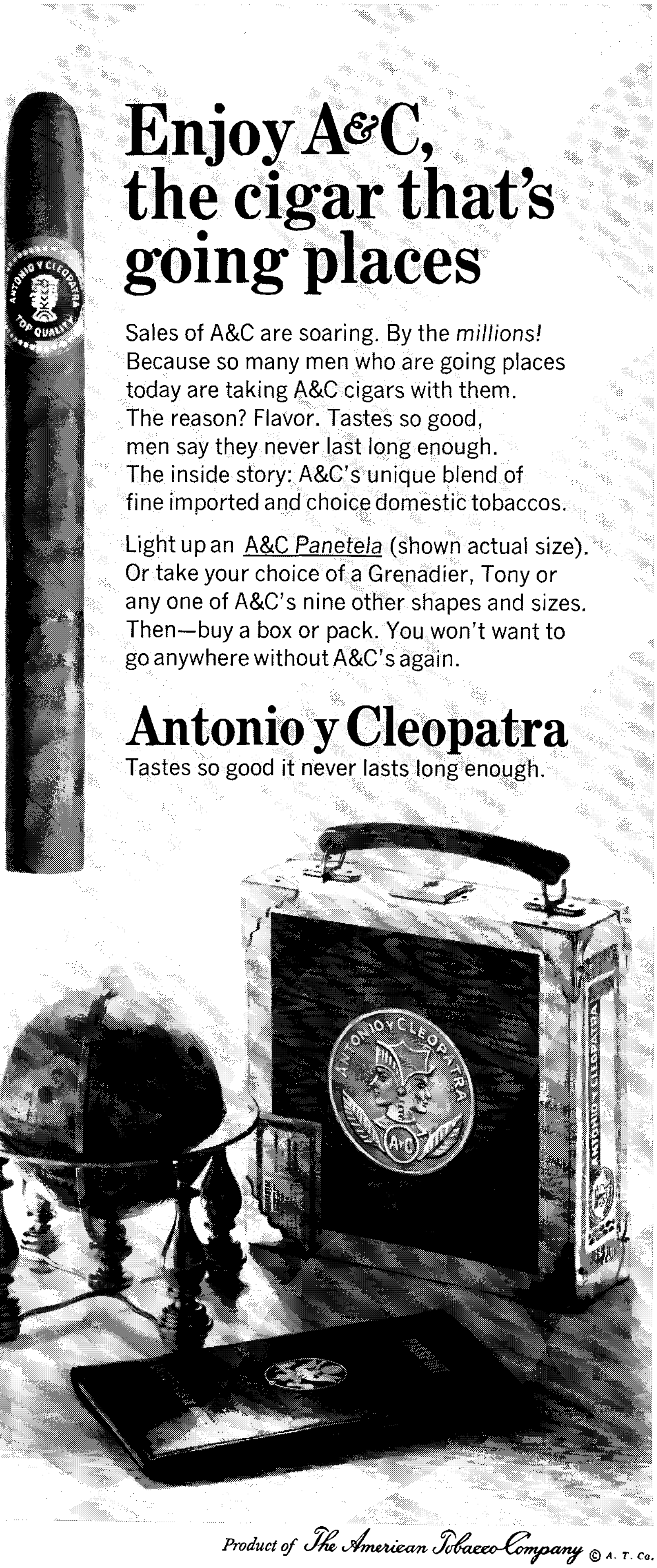
ture—a gambit that seems only to strengthen a child in his resolve to eat nothing. One of the patterns shows a smiling boy holding balloons (on the plate and mug) and a smiling girl holding a jump rope (on the bowl), and the colors are bright green, red, blue, and yellow. The mug has a seven-ounce capacity, the plate is seven and a quarter inches in diameter, the bowl is six and a quarter inches in diameter, and the set costs $4.95. At Seabon, we also admired a set of five long-handled mixing spoons of various useful sizes and shapes, made in Denmark of a very hard, heat-resistant plastic in a choice of red, white, blue, yellow, or green. Unlike wooden utensils, they won't absorb the foods they deal with, so they will undoubtedly replace wood in the affections of cooks if they turn out to be as durable as they are claimed to be; $5.95 for the set. We liked Seabon's plastic refrigerator box (from Sweden, and three inches wide, six inches long, and four inches high), whose purpose is to keep butter at a soft, spreadable consistency. It works on what the directions call the Double Wall Principle and explain at length, from which we make out that the box has two walls. The colors are two tones of blue or yellow on the outside and white within, and the price is $2.75. A narrow band is provided that clamps over the top and makes the container absolutely airtight. Seabon's plastic refrigerator pitchers are tall triangles that take up little room in the refrigerator and would be much appreciated by the people who still haven't come to terms with the new spout openings on wax-paper milk containers. The pitchers hold a quart and come in red, turquoise, or yellow; $2.50.

We were delighted with the dashing space-age looks of Bonniers' new Plexiglas ice bucket, which has a bubble dome of a lid and a body that is a bowl within a cylinder, but our heart sank when we learned that in order to use it you need to crush ice and put it in the outer container. This is hardly a space-age way of going about the job of keeping things cold—it's what our great-grandmothers did—but it *is* a beautiful ice bucket, and, come to think of it, it might give enormous pleasure to someone who received an ice crusher last Christmas and hasn't found occasion to crush nearly the amount of ice he'd like to crush. The clear plastic dome measures ten and a quarter inches in diameter and has an aluminum knob on its summit. The cylinder—smoke gray and translucent—that holds the crushed ice is eight and a quarter inches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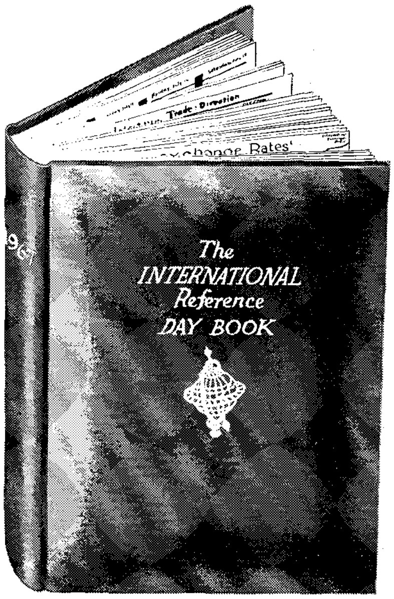

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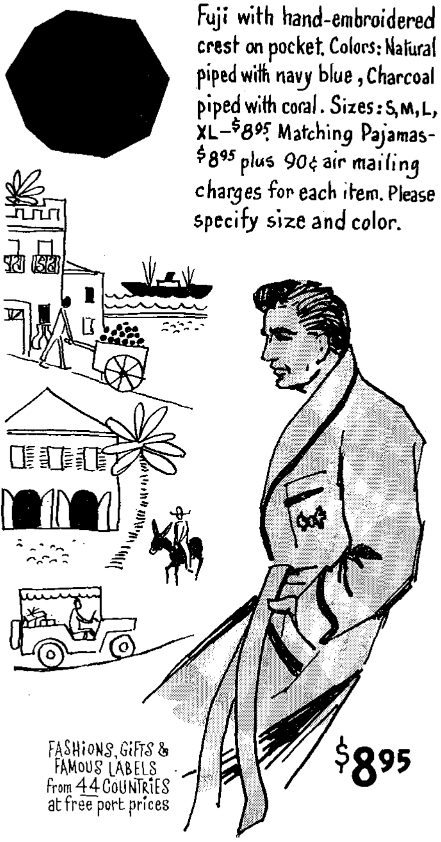
high and ten and a quarter inches in diameter. The narrower, inner receptacle—white and opaque—depends from its wide rim into the cylinder and, since it doesn't quite touch bottom, is completely surrounded by crushed ice (or, if you put hot soup in it, by hot water); $18.

All over town—at Azuma, 666 Lexington Avenue (56th); The Pink Balloon, 971 First Avenue (53rd); the Public Library (main floor); Scarabaeus, 223 East 60th Street; Merrill Ames; and elsewhere—there are tiny, bright-colored translucent plastic boxes, whose reason for being is not altogether clear to anyone but whose gaiety and variety and cheapness are hard to resist. The colors are yellow, red, lavender, black, white, clear, light blue, dark blue, green, and dark green, and the sizes range from a box that is only three-quarters of an inch high and one inch square (ten cents) to a box that is not quite four inches high and one and a half inches square (thirty-five cents). The boxes are well made—the tops precisely fit the bottoms—and the plastic is good and hard. Here is a fairly complete list of the objects that will fit in them:

paper clips
safety pins
needles
pills
herbs
stamps
raisins
snuff
seeds
false eyelashes
rubber bands
Chiclets
buttons
nails
screws
little bits of string
soil samples
pennies
gold stars
locks of hair
mica

Our final plastic offering is a fourteenth-century Spanish mirror frame—a copy of one, that is, whose elaborately scrolled surface is so artfully finished to look like ancient gilded wood that one would be hard put to it to say it wasn't what it seems to be, and certainly would never guess it was made of plastic. The frame contains a smoked-glass mirror, six and three-quarters inches wide and nine and a half inches high, and is for sale for $48 at a place with the uninviting (or, at any rate, tautological) name of Fabulous Fakes, 239 Third Avenue (20th), whose fake-medieval décor doesn't inspire confidence, either. For all that, it is a source of some astonishingly persuasive



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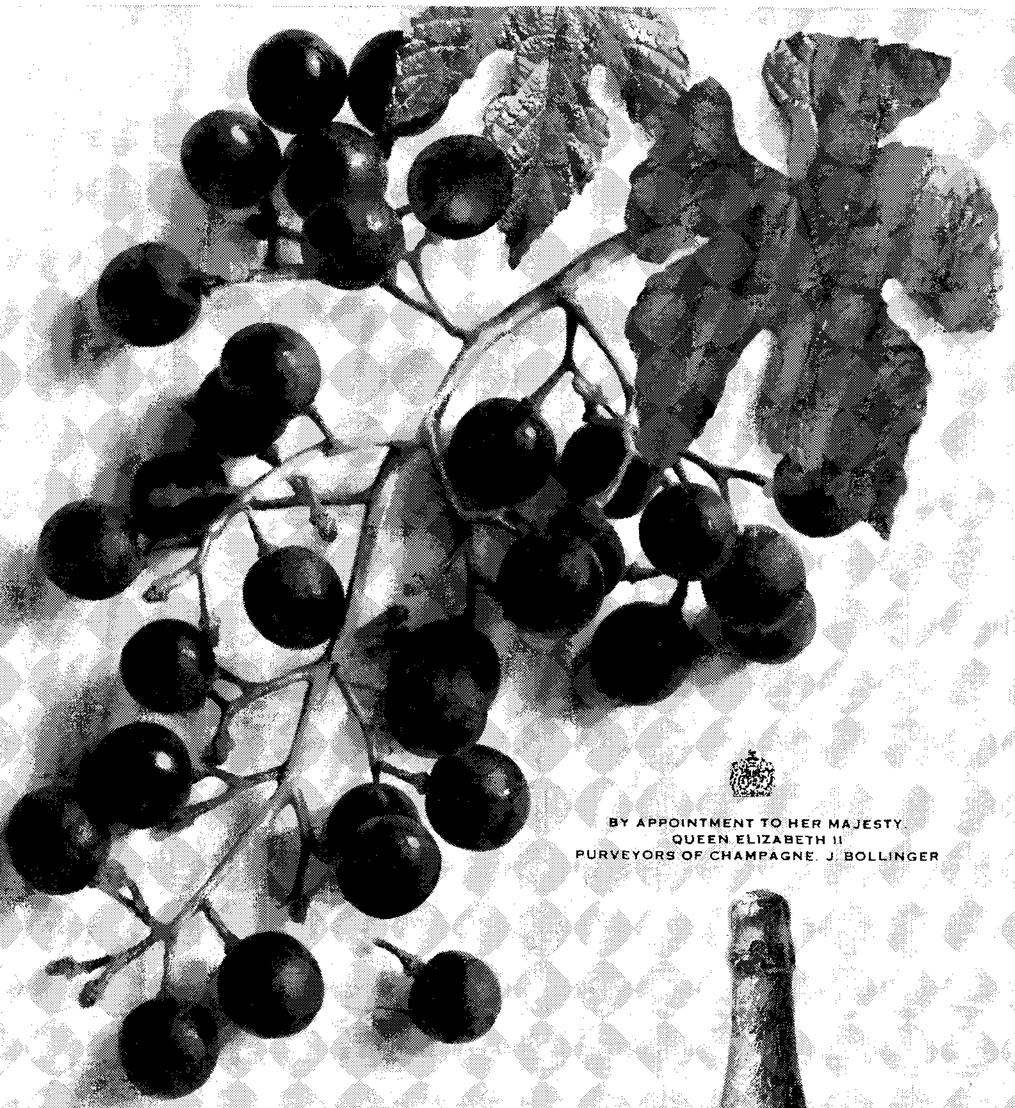

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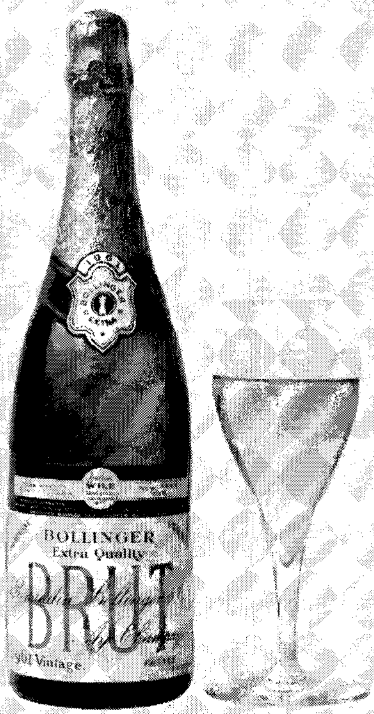

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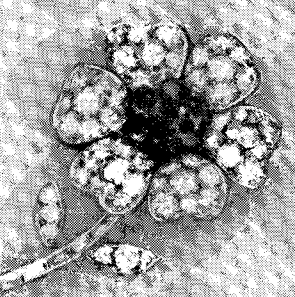
copies of antique statues, mirrors, frames, wall brackets, sconces, bas-reliefs, candlesticks, carvings, and plaques. The proprietor borrows pieces from private collections, makes molds of them, and casts the molds in Hydrostone (a plasterlike composition) or plastic—and up to this point has done nothing that you or we couldn't do if we had the equipment and a mind to do it. The next step is the hard one, and where he parts company with most reproducers of old objects. He has the knack, somehow, of making the plaster or plastic look like wood or stone or metal, and very old wood or stone or metal at that. There is a remarkable pair of wall panels—copies of primitive Welsh carvings made circa 1680—each depicting a fierce and appealing odd Welsh dragon spewing an arrow and curling his tail so it will fit on the panel. They look for all the world like very old, weathered ebony. Each panel is $40 and measures twenty-two and a half inches wide and ten inches long; on one the dragon faces right and on the other he faces left. Among the wall brackets, we admired a fruitwood-finished specimen whose top (seven and a half inches wide and five and a quarter inches deep) is supported by a puffy-cheeked and weary-eyed cherub, the work, originally, of a seventeenth-century Spanish artisan. It is six inches high and costs $14.40. Among the statuary, there is a delightful crouching angel, also simulated fruitwood, and copied from a fourteenth-century Spanish piece, that is six inches wide and nine and a half inches tall and would be a fine Christmas ornament. It costs $16. And there is a lovely Gothic diptych mirror, twenty-nine inches high and eighteen inches wide. The two narrow smoked-glass mirrors are set in gilded frames with pointed arches on top and with the chips and abrasions of the fourteenth-century Italian original faithfully reproduced; $90. Fabulous Fakes also offers copies of oil paintings that are appalling, for the obvious reason that most anyone who could do a decent copy of a Hals or a Velázquez wouldn't be selling it for a hundred dollars; he would be a prosperous forger. But the objects made by molds are uniformly excellent, and in almost all cases the things chosen for copying are excellent choices. You wouldn't want a houseful of these reproductions, but one or two pieces could be well absorbed by almost any interior, and would be an enhancement to it. There has been a lot written about the "eclecticism" of today's style of home decoration, but it isn't quite as eclectic as one might

Flower That Blooms Forever



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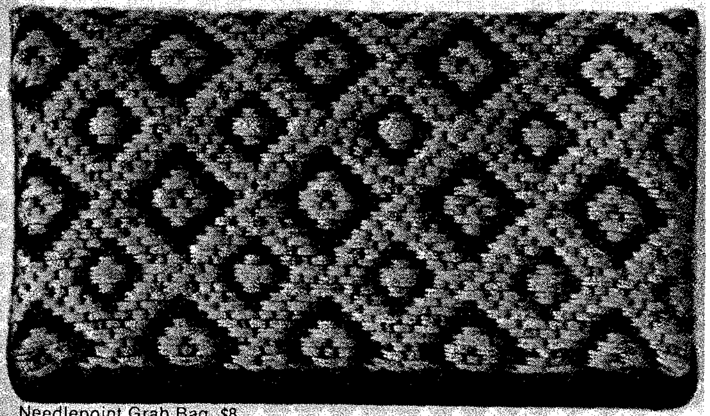

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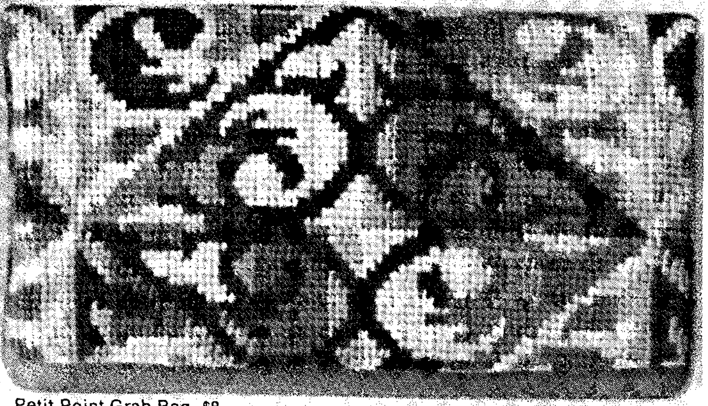

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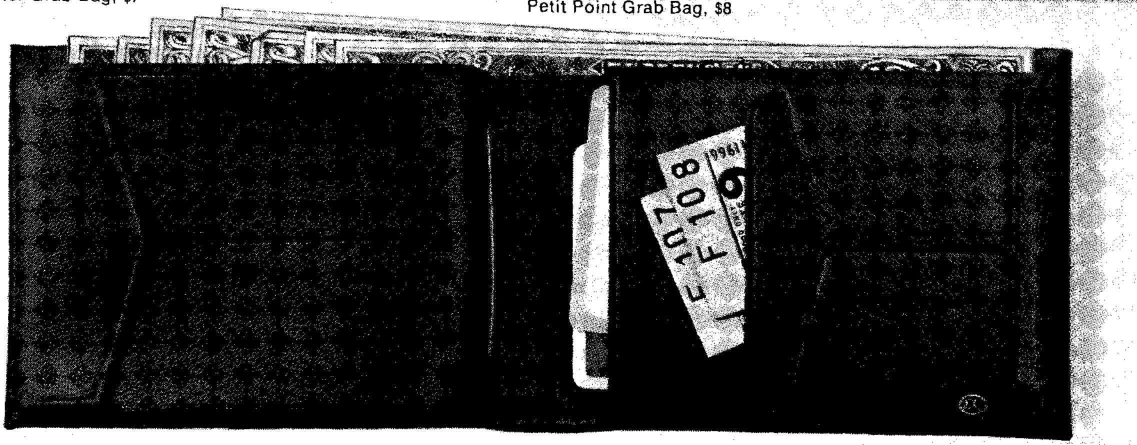

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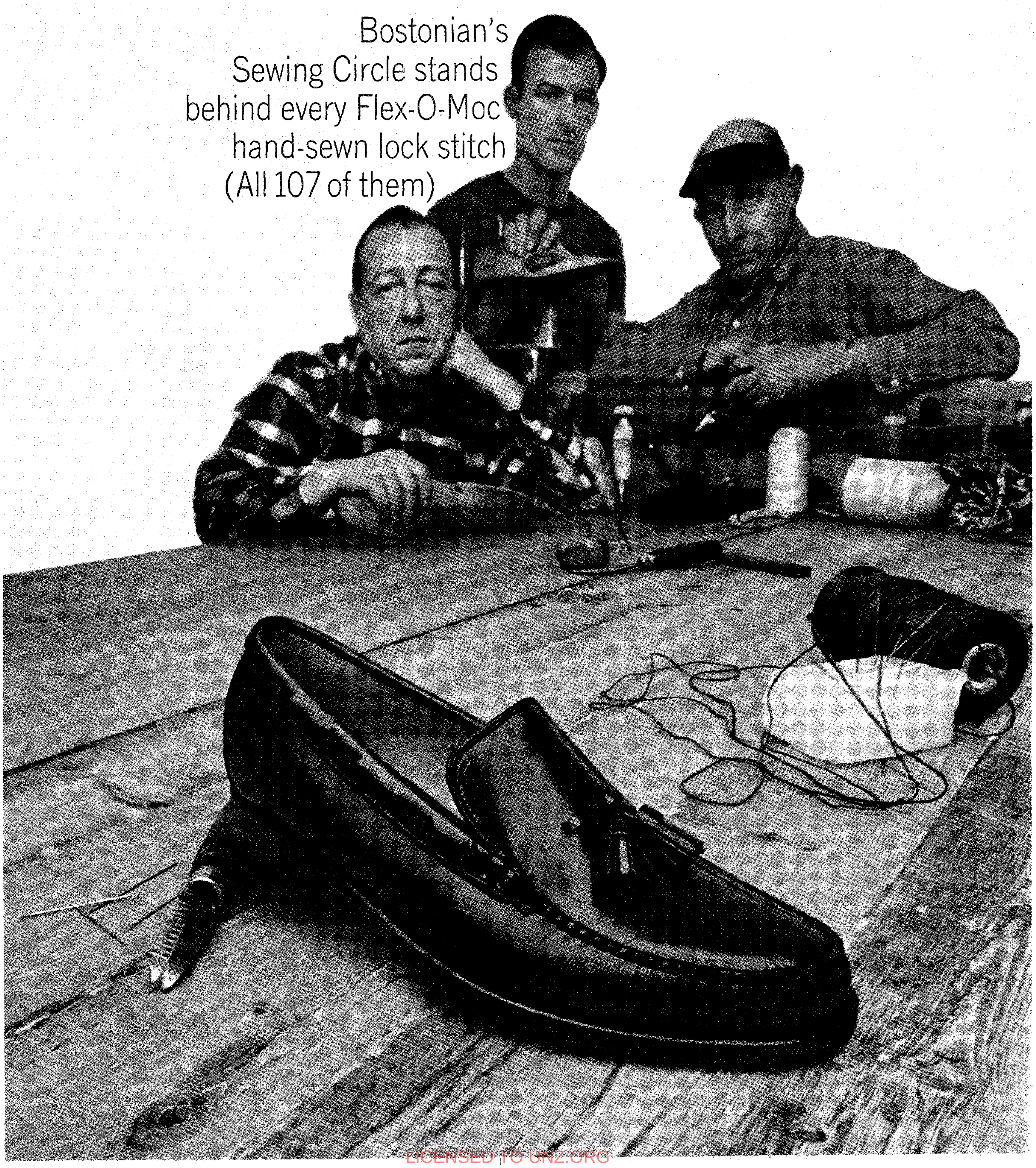
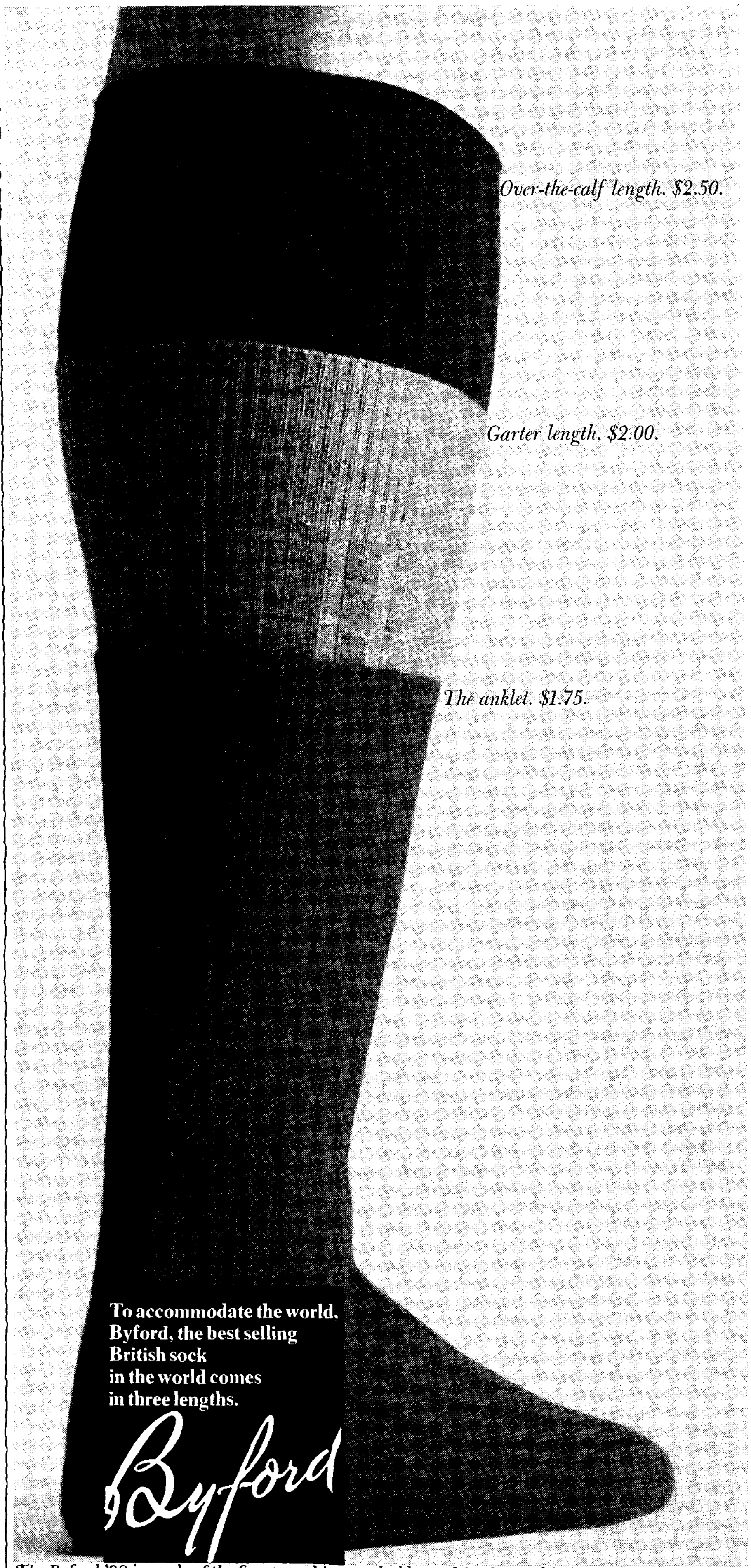


think. Our pilferings from the past are done with a selective and biassed eye, and the objects at Fabulous Fakes interestingly reflect the contemporary preoccupation with the periods marked by the rough-edged and the primitive and the idiosyncratic, and our large indifference to those dedicated to the chaste and the classical and the overrefined.

THE nineteenth-century views of Central Park at the Argosy Gallery, 116 East 59th Street, should be of interest and reassurance to people who are under the impression that everything used to be much better, for they demonstrate that Central Park, at least, was no better a hundred years ago than it is now, and, indeed, has scarcely changed at all. There is a large colored engraving entitled "View of Terrace and Lake, Central Park" and dated 1869 that puts one in mind of Renoir's boating party in the feeling of happiness it has captured—and of one's most recent visit to Bethesda Fountain on a Sunday afternoon when the weather was fine and everyone came. The rowboats in the picture are fancier than today's models—they bear plaques with such names as Daisy, Lily, and Violet, and some have canopies—there are swans on the lake, peacocks strut on the shore, and the people are dressed in old-fashioned clothes, but otherwise the scene is the same. The matted and framed print is thirty-two and a half inches wide and fourteen and a half inches high, and the price is $65. Another engraving, dated 1861 and depicting a skating scene on the lake near the bow bridge, will similarly produce no pang of regret for what was, since here, too, the only differences between then and now are in such things as the clothes of the skaters—and in the presence on the ice of sledges, in which old ladies are being sedately pushed around. This print measures fourteen by twelve and a half inches in its mat and gold-leaf frame, and costs $35.

There is reason to think, from a print in the Argosy's files entitled "Some Fine Points of the National Game," that the national level of wit has gone up a few notches in the last hundred years. This picture, which would be a fine, Jamesian gift for a Met fan, has a number of illustrated sallies scattered across the page, of which we trust that one ripe example will suffice to give a sense of the whole: the figure captioned "Rooting for the Home Team" shows an old man in top hat and whiskers whose arms and legs terminate in roots. It measures thir-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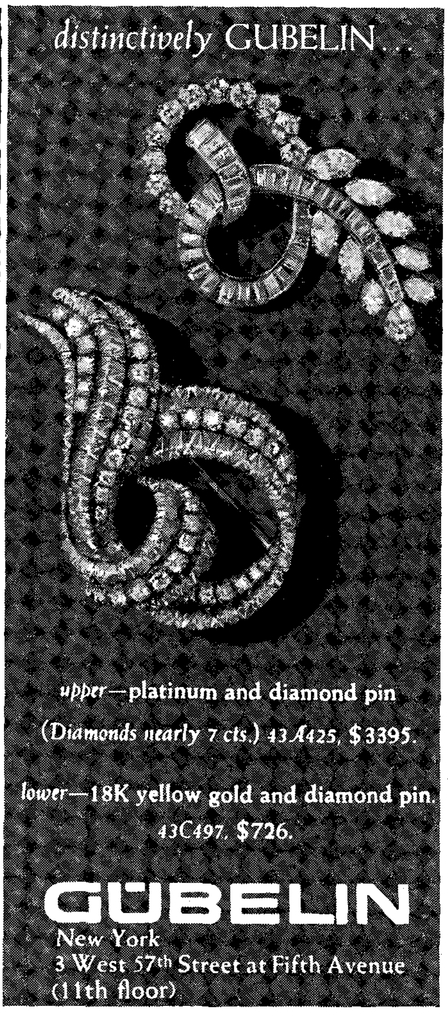
teen and a half inches by eighteen and a half, and costs $15. Another baseball print shows the Boston Champions of 1874. They sit in a double row staring at the engraver, and they look purehearted and aloof, but the remarkable thing about this picture, which was taken from *Harper's Weekly*, is a photograph on its other side, showing the peculiar spectacle of a horse suspended in the air by a crane, surrounded by a policeman and gapers, and captioned, in part, "Many interesting problems have developed in the prosecution of the subway work, now about half completed. One of these is the extrication of horses from the trenches into which they have fallen. . . ." The print, either way, measures ten by fourteen inches and costs $5.

We felt much the way a person must feel who indifferently puts a quarter in a slot machine and finds himself the winner of a jackpot when we idly opened a folder at the E. Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Avenue (61st), and found ourself looking at the most beautiful original watercolors of flowers we have ever seen. They are the work of a mysterious eighteenth-century painter named W. Goodall, about whom nothing whatever is known except the date he painted, revealed by the watermark on the paper he used. Mr. Weyhe happened on the watercolors—hundreds of them—fifty years ago in London, but has never succeeded in learning who Goodall was or for what purpose he did the paintings. The flowers are drawn with delicate concision and utter botanical veracity, and they are subtly, fragrantly colored. They look as if they might be the originals of the plates in one of the old botanical magazines but in odd point of fact they are copies, in most cases, of published prints. They are $15 and $20, and each eleven-by-fifteen-inch sheet has the flower in the center, an obsolete classification above it (*Penandria monogani*, for instance), and, below the flower, its Latin name, a Latin description, its common name, and the artist's signature (for example, *Campanula gracilis/ folis lineari lanceolatis obsolete ferratis; caule dichotomo; floribus soletaris terminalibus*/Bellflower, slender/W. Goodall, *fecit*). The text is penned in a fine, sloping hand, and in the lower right-hand corner of the majority of the pictures appears the legend "Bot. Mag.," evidently a reference to the source; the few flowers done from life are not as graceful or as lifelike as the copies. Mr. Weyhe has been quietly



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Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer
Animated musical fantasy. Sunday, Dec. 4 (5:30-6:30 pm).

The Cleveland Orchestra
Bell Telephone Hour shows how George Szell shapes the orchestra. Sunday, Dec. 4 (6:30-7:30 pm).

S. Hurok Presents
Marian Anderson, Van Cliburn, Andres Segovia, Isaac Stern and others salute the impresario, Sol Hurok. Tuesday, Dec. 6 (9:30-11 pm).

Blithe Spirit
Noel Coward's comedy starring Rosemary Harris, Dirk Bogarde and Rachel Roberts. Wednesday, Dec. 7 (7:30-9 pm).

Christ Is Born
Saga of Western Man recreates the Nativity story. Wednesday, Dec. 7 (8-9 pm). Repeated on Dec. 25 (4-5 pm).

On the FLIP Side
Stage 67: A musical look at the present and future pop music scene, starring Rick Nelson and Joanie Sommers. Wednesday, Dec. 7 (10-11 pm).

The Glass Menagerie
Tennessee Williams' drama starring Shirley Booth, Hal Holbrook, Barbara Loden and Pat Hingle. Thursday, Dec. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Charlie Brown Christmas
Charlie and his friends in the Peabody Award-winning cartoon. Sunday, Dec. 11 (7-7:30 pm).

The Hill Country: LBJ's Texas
President Johnson tours the Texas Hill Country of his childhood. Sunday, Dec. 11 (6:30-7:30 pm).

The Hidden World
National Geographic Society special explores the insect world. Tuesday, Dec. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Long Childhood of Timmy
The sensitive, intimate story of a retarded boy and his family. Tuesday, Dec. 13 (10-11 pm).

The Brave Rifles
Arthur Kennedy narrates a moving documentary on the Battle of the Bulge on Stage 67. Wednesday, Dec. 14 (10-11 pm).

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol
Animated version of Dickens' classic. Saturday, Dec. 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Christmas with Lorne Greene
Lorne Greene and the UNICEF Choir in a musical tribute to the Holiday season. Saturday, Dec. 17 (8:30-9 pm).

How The Grinch Stole Christmas
Animated musical based on the Dr. Seuss characters and narrated by Boris Karloff. Sunday, Dec. 18 (7-7:30 pm).

A Christmas Memory
Geraldine Page and Donnie Melvin star in Truman Capote's drama. Wednesday, Dec. 21 (10-11 pm).

L'Enfance du Christ
Hector Berlioz' oratorio-trilogy on the Childhood of Christ performed in pageant form by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Sunday, Dec. 25 (10-11 am).

Christmas In The Market Place
An adaptation of the French classic with choreography by Valerie Bettis. Sunday, Dec. 25 (1-2 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday Through Friday:
Captain Kangaroo / Today / Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Wednesdays: ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian / Animal Secrets / Wide World of Sports / Vietnam Weekly Review / ABC Scope: The War In Vietnam

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up and Live / Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery '67 / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / The Eternal Light / Issues and Answers / Wild Kingdom / College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report / Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

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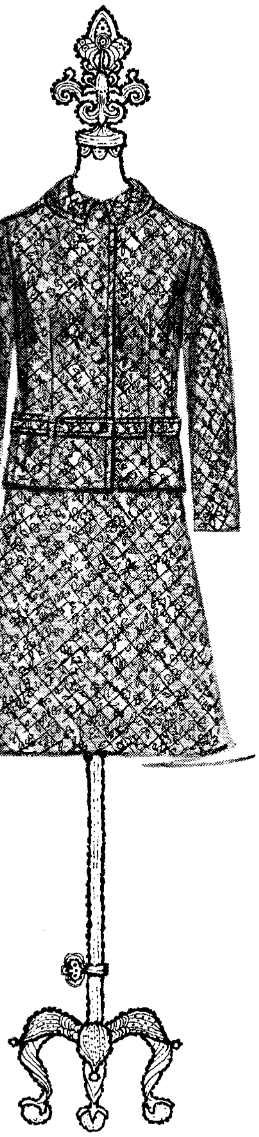

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selling these wonderful flowers for half a century, so the hoard is considerably diminished, but it is not depleted; there are over a hundred left. The Weyhe Gallery also has some handsome hand-colored engravings of fish, done in 1780 by M. E. Bloch for his "Ichtiologie." They measure ten by sixteen inches and cost from $10 to $15, the price dependent on the popularity of the fish. Salmon, for instance, is more expensive than African herring. One of these prints would be a good gift for an angler or a fishmonger.

Jensen has a group of linoleum-block prints of flowers by a contemporary American artist named Henry Evans that are as remarkable, in their way, as the Goodall watercolors, though they offer an altogether different approach to the subject. The flowers are large, abstract, quite stark, and reflective of an interest in the morphology rather than the botany of plants. The prints have something of the spareness of Japanese and Chinese flower painting but none of their softness and pensive vagueness. The daffodil print, for example, brings out the clarity and fresh intensity of the flower, and it makes the impression that the flowers do in nature when seen on a bleak March day. The spiderwort print is a dramatic instance of art's capacity for improving on nature, for the subject is as untidy and unattractive a plant as ever grew, and the print is a beautifully organized entanglement of long, tentacle-like leaves punctuated by tiny blue flowers. There are also tulips, carnations, persimmons, sorrel, maple leaves, and chrysanthemums, and the prints are sold in linen mats and sixteen-by-twenty-four-inch frames. All are signed, and the price range is from $25 to $45.

At Brandon Memorabilia, 13 East 53rd Street, one can indulge a taste for nineteenth-century paper ornaments, and Christmas gives one a reasonable excuse for doing so. We relished the angels, approximately twelve inches high, mounted on cardboard, and suitable for standing on a mantel or hanging in a doorway or on the Christmas tree. A typical specimen wears a flowing blue robe, pink wings, and a floral wreath, and has a fat, rosy face framed by long black ringlets. She stands on a cloud and has the rapt, dreamy, speculative look of someone gazing into the window of a pastry shop. She costs $1, and there are other, even better-nourished angels for $2.50. The establishment also offers sheets of small decorations that were probably used originally to decorate Christmas cookies. A sheet of eighteen heads of Santa Claus, one inch high, who look like criminals, costs thirty cents. There are sheets of Christmas trees, babies, toys, animals, religious subjects, flowers, and any manner of other things, all done with extravagant prettiness and sentimentality. Some are old, and others have been made recently from the original old plates.

At the Gallery of Graphic Arts, 1603 York Avenue (85th), there are some Polish movie posters that are truly works of art, and therefore could be given to people who have no special interest in the movies, although a film buff would doubtless derive pleasure from the sight of Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, and Jean Arthur in "Jezdziec Znikad," or of Grace Kelly and Gary Cooper in "W Samo Poludnie." One has a tendency, on seeing or hearing the word "Polish," to mentally supply the words "folk art" after it, but these posters—twenty-three inches wide and thirty-three inches high, and $10—are about as folksy as the Museum of Modern Art, where many of them could hang. They are urban, sophisticated, abstract, and full of graphic and typographic ideas and strong, vivid colors. We don't know how well the ideas fit the films in question (German, French, American, Italian, Japanese, Polish, and Swedish), knowing neither Polish nor enough about movies to figure out the titles from the names of the actors, but they are splendid in themselves—playful, restless, tough-minded sometimes to the point of cynicism, but always vigorous and unconventional.

NOW let us praise some kitchen implements—to begin with, a pair of spaghetti tongs that differ from ordinary tongs in their rakelike extremities and their ability to grasp and hold on to slippery strands of pasta. They cost around $1.50 and are at, among other places, Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th); La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd); the Village Kitchen Shop, 338 Bleecker Street (near Sheridan Square); and Bazaar de la Cuisine, 252 East 52nd Street. Another device made to assist a single brief but tricky procedure is the Foley Meat Lifter—a perforated metal shovel, with a black plastic handle, that slips under a roast and safely transports it to the carving board. It will lift as much as fifteen pounds of meat, and costs ninety-eight cents at Bloomingdale's. At Merrill Ames, there is a con-

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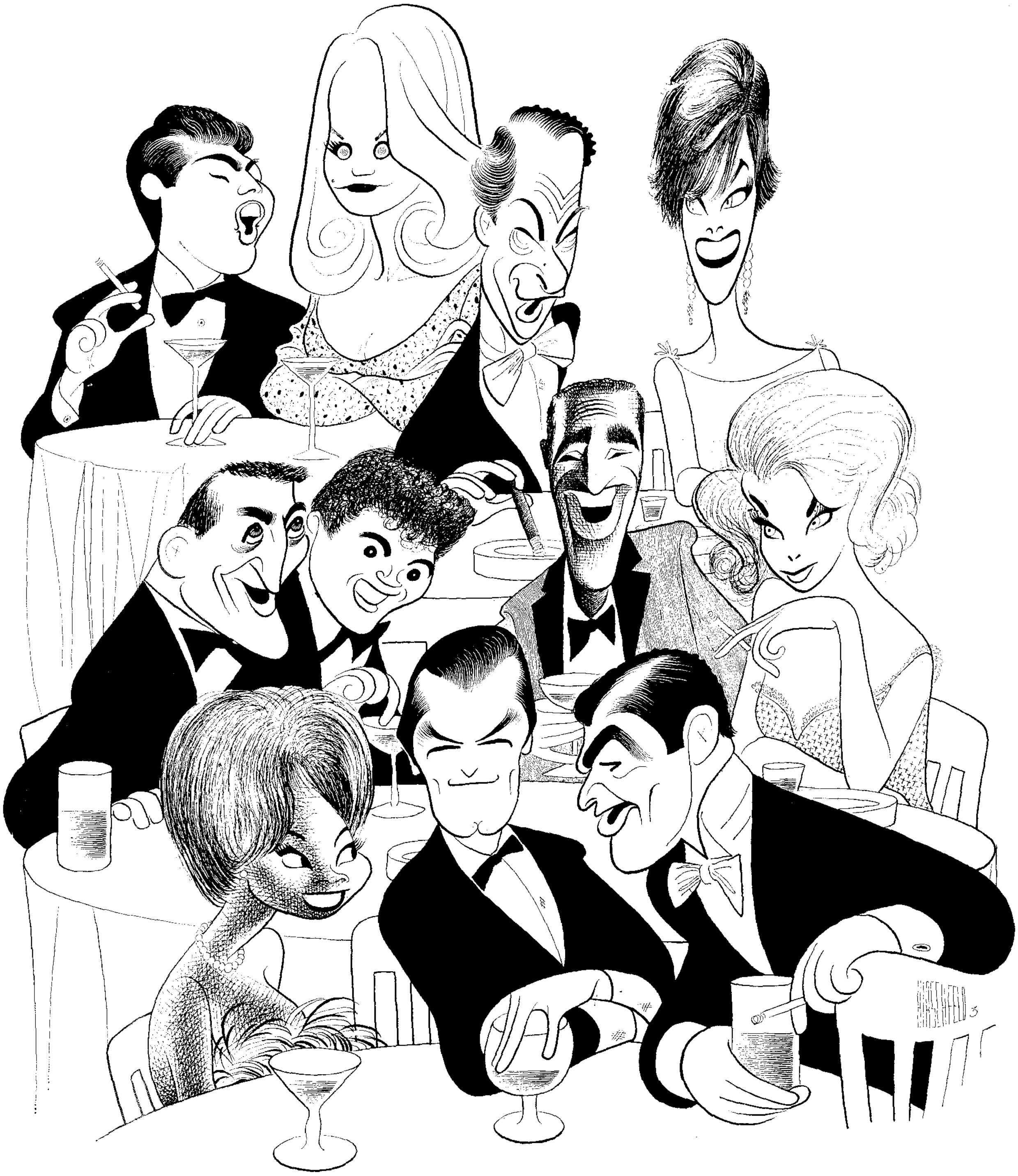

Paul Anka, Tony Bennett, Victor Borge, Sammy Davis, Robert Goulet, Miss Peggy Lee, Tony Martin, Jane Morgan, Dick Shawn, Kaye Stevens, Leslie Uggams, and Bobby Vinton!

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el san juan hotel
ON THE FINEST BEACH IN PUERTO RICO

traption called an onion holder, which addresses itself to the problem of uneven onion slices. It is a row of long, thin prongs emanating from a slablike teak handle, and it is plunged, with a downward thrust, into the body of the onion. This done, one takes a knife and slices between the tines, and when the holder is removed even slices of onion remain; $1.95.

Anyone who has had the satisfaction of placing a fresh egg in a pan of boiling water to which some vinegar has been added and beholding its metamorphosis from a nasty-looking transparent mess into an opaque, beautifully formed poached egg will not be much impressed with the device for poaching eggs that La Cuisinière, Bloomingdale's, Bazaar de la Cuisine, and the Village Kitchen Shop are offering at $1. But people who can't buy fresh eggs or don't enjoy nervously peering into a pan will probably be glad to have the thing—a shapely oviform perforated tin dish, on four little feet, with a long upright handle by which the egg is lifted in and out of the water. Another egg cooker—the Kitchener Egg Cup—is a little buff-colored earthenware jar from England into which one is enjoined by its accompanying sheet of instructions to place a dab of butter, salt and pepper, an egg, and more salt and pepper, after which one screws on the top, plunges the cup into a pot of boiling water, and in five minutes has a nicely coddled egg; $1.75, at Lord & Taylor.

There isn't a word of truth in the name of the Original California Miracle Worker—it is made in Michigan and works no miracles—but nevertheless it is an excellent vegetable peeler, enabling the user to peel swiftly, thinly, and without any lingering doubts about which direction to be peeling in. The form of this small implement dictates usage, and we're told that it can also be wielded against fruit skins, corn on the cob, stringbeans, chocolate, and soap; also at Macy's, and the price is twenty-nine cents.

While it is always extremely cheering to see a small, uncomplicated hand tool do a job as well as a large, abstruse piece of machinery does it, if not better, one sometimes encounters a Goliath of a machine that gives one something of the same active pleasure to contemplate, because of the uncanny rapport it seems to have with the human being using it. Such a device is the Braun Kitchen Machine, whose sleek Teutonic lineaments put one in mind of the Leica or the Mercedes-Benz, and whose performance of various useful

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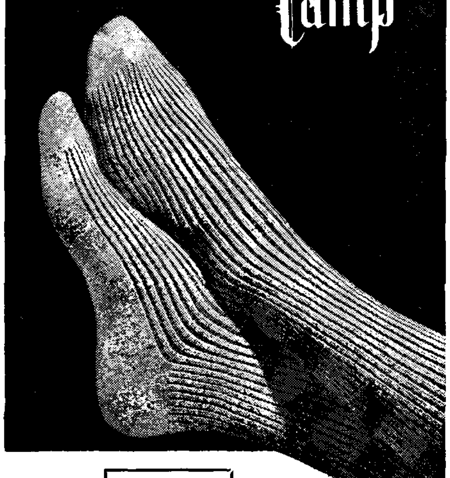

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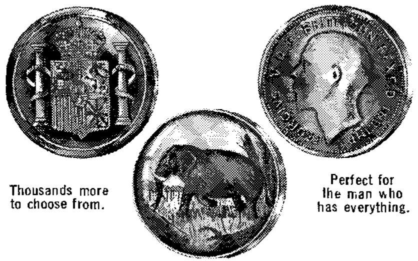
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kitchen jobs, as far as we could tell from some not precisely Teutonic experiments with the thing, has a similar excellence and elegance. The beauty of the machine is that it is *one* machine—thirteen inches long, six inches wide at its widest, and eight inches high—equipped with interchangeable parts, so that instead of a kitchen cluttered with a blender and a mixer and a meat grinder and a vegetable shredder and a coffee grinder and an orange-juice squeezer, there is a single piece of equipment to do all these jobs, and one mounts and demounts the attachments as one would change lenses on a camera. We made no comparative studies, so we don't know whether American blenders, mixers, squeezers, etc., are or are not as puissant as the Braun Machine (we suspect they are), but they are certainly not as handsome. It has a Bauhaus look of insistent good design, and the materials used—the plastic for the bowls, the glass for the blender, the metal of the whisk—are strong and first-rate. American appliances just don't have the class of this one. In view of all this *echt-Deutsch* efficiency, it is heartening to come upon evidence of human fallibility in the booklet of instructions—particularly in the section entitled "General Tips," which is not a military biography but a set of exhortations to the reader "to see that the butter is soft and already reduced to knobs," for example, and to see that "the child's daily vitamin requirements are covered, e.g. by feeding fresh fruit or fresh herbs added to the vegetables raw." The machine is sold at Hammacher Schlemmer, Bloomingdale's, Gimbels, Stern's, Abraham & Straus, and Design Research, 53 East 57th Street, and the price of the motor unit with mixer, slicer and shredder, and blender is $100. There are variations from store to store in the prices of attachments, but at most places the orange-juice-squeezer attachment is $8, the coffee grinder $7, and the meat grinder $30.

At Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, there is a superb carving table that we'd better say right off costs $325, which is too bad, because we wish every kitchen could be equipped with one. "Carving table" doesn't begin to encompass this compact piece of equipment. It is a fourteen-by-twenty-four-inch board of hard sugar maple, one and three-quarters inches thick, that reposes on heavy, square-cut legs of the same wood stained brown. The legs are set on large casters, so that the roast may be wheeled right to the dining table, where

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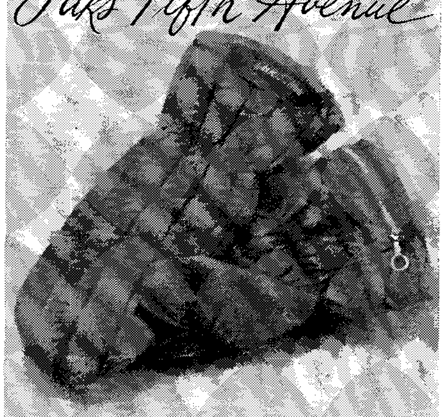
it can be carved and served with great dispatch and elegance, thanks to such further amenities as a chrome splashboard, a shelf for plates, a rack for knives and spoons to hang on, two towel rings, and two thirteen-inch extension leaves, on either side of the board. There are grooves and a well in the board for the roast's juices, and the board can be turned over onto its flat side and used as a chopping surface. The piece has a utilitarian but by no means proletarian aspect, and is the sort of equipment that one wishes the designers of dining-roomless apartments would have the wit to appoint the tiny kitchens with.

We also admired Soupçon's heavy, squat glazed-earthenware crocks, six inches high and six inches in diameter at the bottom, which put one in mind of old-fashioned country kitchens and are stuck with beige labels boldly printed with the words "Tea," "Coffee," "Flour," "Sugar," "Salt," "Pickles," and "Biscuits." For the French or the affected, Soupçon provides labels that say "Thé," "Café," "Farine," "Sucre," "Sel," "Cornichons," and "Biscuit." The three-and-three-quarters-inch-round opening is plugged with a big rough-textured cork that pleasingly contrasts with the glossy terra-cotta or white or dark-brown body of the crock. The price is $20.

And we relished Soupçon's breakfast set of Limoges china in a pattern designed expressly for the store—wild strawberries, violets, and forget-me-nots painted with great delicacy and accuracy but with a freer hand than usually does china painting. The set includes a cup and saucer, a muffin plate with a domed cover, a coffeepot with a wooden handle, a butter plate, a little porcelain-handled knife, an eggcup, a sugar bowl, and a creamer, and it would be a most fitting present for someone who likes nice things.

If you have just such a lady on your list but don't have the $195 necessary to buy the breakfast set at Soupçon, come with us to West Town House, 260 West 86th Street, and inspect some—as the proprietresses of the shop call it—*Japanese Limoges.* This is china done in frank imitation of Limoges, and though it hasn't anything like the lucent authority and fragility of the original, it is pretty and very inexpensive. A graceful old-fashioned jam pot, for example, that is seven inches high and comes with a cover, a ladle, and a tray four inches in diameter, costs only $3; four of the little trays, which have wavy gold-trimmed edges and would be fine individual ash-

Saks Fifth Avenue



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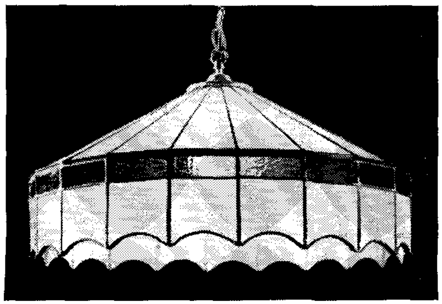

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trays for the dinner table, are also $3; and a sugar bowl and creamer cost $3.50 for the set. Although the label that says "Made in Japan" also declares the china to be "hand-painted," we must say that it doesn't look hand-painted to us. Maybe the Japanese mean something else by "hand" than we do—like machine. It scarcely matters, though, who or what affixed the multicolored strawberries, butterflies, and bugs to the china, for they are delicate and fresh-looking, and they don't come off in the dishwasher. West Town House has some good-looking luncheon napkins that wouldn't do much for a table set with flowered china but would be an asset to a table set with a plain white service. They are very bright and vivid and come in a variety of prints—polka dots, stripes, and flowers, mostly. There is a napkin with clusters of stylized green, orange, and white flowers on a dark-blue background that looks like part of a Matisse, and in all cases the material is a good strong cotton and the price is $1 apiece. West Town House's earthenware bean pots from England are an encouragement to oven cookery; a pot with a two-and-a-half-quart capacity is $5.95, and a pot with a one-and-a-half-quart capacity is $3.50. They are glazed bean-pot brown on the outside and porous beige on the inside, and they have two brief side handles and a hole in the lid for escaping steam.

The person who is willing to go to the enormous trouble of producing an authentic paella deserves to have the new, inauthentic paella pan that is for sale at Bazaar de la Cuisine and the Village Kitchen Shop. It is modelled on the original Spanish version, of crude cast iron, and presumably it makes as good a paella, but it is of cast aluminum, and is therefore much easier to lift and clean. It is fifteen inches in diameter and three inches deep, and it has handles and a lid knob of brass. The price is $17.95.

At Chequer, 1071A Third Avenue (63rd), there is an object called a Bun Hut that, in spite of its daunting name, is a very handy and handsome appliance for keeping bread warm. It is a wicker basket, seven inches high and eight inches in diameter, with a cheerful red-and-blue striped cloth top that zips, and a lining that harbors an electric heating unit. It comes with a set of stern and rather chilling instructions—"*Never* use sharp pointed utensils to handle contents of warmer. . . . *Do not crush* this warmer at any time. . . . *Never pull* this warmer"—so perhaps you had better not give the thing to

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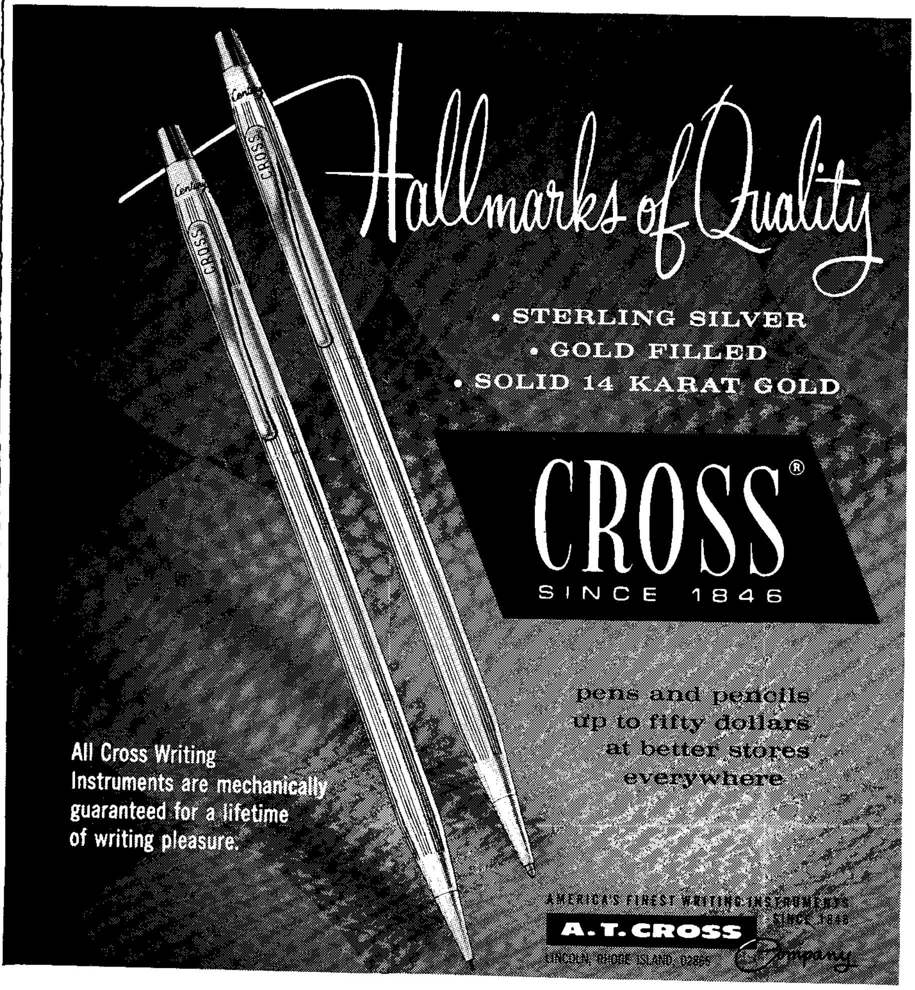

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anyone who is notoriously fond of pulling and crushing and poking at bread warmers. But it seems safe enough for everyone else. The price is $11.

There are two new teapots on the market—one from Italy and the other from France—that reflect the rampant unwillingness of other people to take the pains the English do with the brewing of tea, and while the pots would horrify an Englishman, they might please an American lady who likes to fix herself a cup of tea every now and then but has no passion for doing it properly. The Italian pot, styled La Signora Teiera, is a teakettle as well as a teapot, and it has a small metal basket hooked to the inside of its lid. The basket is filled with tea leaves and the pot with water; when the water comes to a boil, a small catch protruding from a notch on the lid is pressed, and this releases the basket and propels it, dangling like a teabag, into the boiling water. The user is thus spared the bother of warming a teapot and coping with tea leaves. The pot, made of shiny cast aluminum, has a pleasant rounded shape and a four-cup or a six-cup capacity; $7.95 or $10.25, at Wilburt, 194 Third Avenue (18th). The French teapot, which is at La Cuisinière, doesn't do anything, but it has a heretical and most handy perforated insert for the tea leaves. The pot is glazed cobalt-blue pottery, and the lid and the insert are white; a four-cup pot costs $7.50, and a six-cup pot is $9.50.

SUCH remarkable bird cages are being offered for sale today that one can almost sympathize with people who will put up with dejected, dull-eyed birds just in order to admire the cages. Jensen's porcelain cages are a case in point; they are hand-painted with blue and green leaves, flowers, and scrolls of a French Provincial persuasion, and they are simply lovely. There is one that is a kind of octagonal pagoda, sixteen inches high and twelve inches in diameter, with three square, barred windows in each of the eight sides, and two feeding dishes and a swing within. The porcelain has a prominent craze, which gives the cage a look of antiquity, though it is made today in Italy; it costs $200. At The Four Seasons, 972 Third Avenue (58th), there is a hundred-and-thirty-year-old cage, made of tôle, brass, iron, and stained glass, that is a specimen of French *chinoiserie* and as fanciful and mysterious-looking an object as one can see anywhere. A tri-

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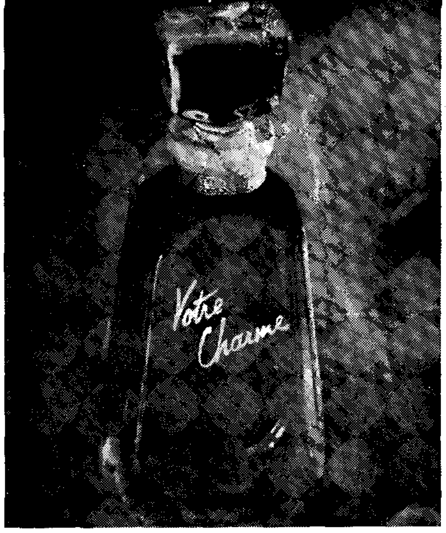

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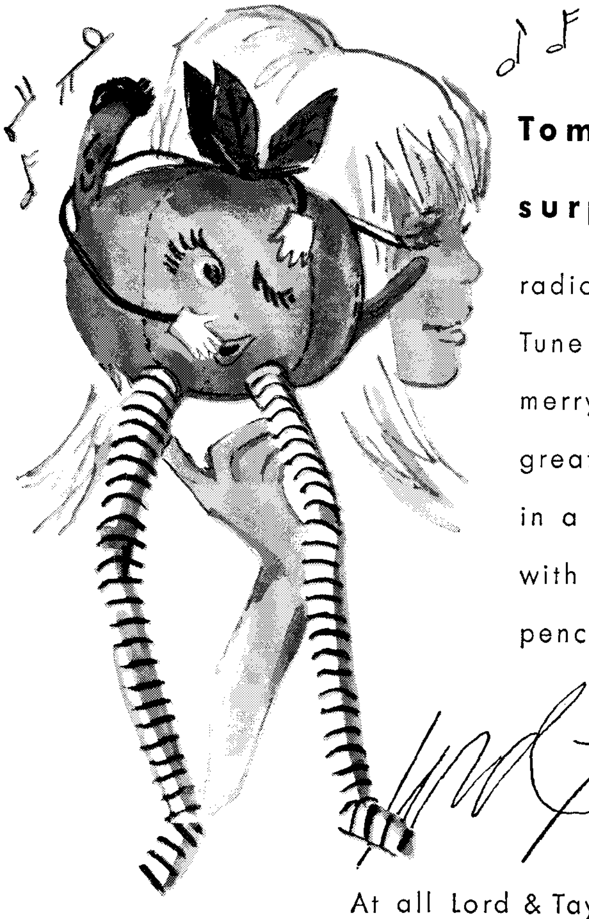
angle of green glass, two brass flowers, and a circle of tôle wires are so arranged that the cage looks like a strange bird with a long green beak and round golden eyes who seems to be staring at one. The over-all height is four and a half feet, and the price is $450.

Another rare sight is a large object called the Reading Environment, on view at Brentano's, 586 Fifth Avenue (47th), which puts one in mind of those monstrous pieces of multipurpose furniture the Victorians had such an unearthly genius for. We recall a sofa that we once read about—a display at the Great Exhibition of 1851 in the Crystal Palace—that was stuffed with a special cork fibre to make it buoyant "in case of danger at sea," and was appointed with two walnut cabinets concealing, severally, a washstand and a water closet. The affinity is only a spiritual one, for the Brentano exhibit does not *look* the least Victorian. It is a mammoth modern lounge chair upholstered in black leather and surrounded by a wooden framework of four square-cut fir posts, forty-eight inches high, whose multipurpose is to support and put at the recliner's disposal a pair of bookshelves, a movable writing stand, a roof that houses indirect-lighting fixtures, a round marble slab for food and drink, and a bed—which the chair becomes when two leather straps are released. When the straps are in place, they maintain the backrest at a voluptuous angle, and when we settled ourself into the chair—whose seat is all of thirty-six inches wide and thirty-eight inches long—we felt we had achieved the apogee of ease. We did not feel, however, when we regarded the chair from across the room, that this was the most beautiful chair we had ever seen. It's not an ugly chair, mind you, but it's not a chair, either, that you could give everybody for Christmas and feel sure of being thanked. Still, it would doubtless please a latter-day Oblomov or a literary critic, and the price is $650.

The sight of Jensen's new rosewood high desk is another matter, and a striking demonstration of the fact that elegance, and even luxury, can be achieved within the canon of modern functionalism. The desk is a box, forty inches long, forty and a half inches wide, and twenty-one inches deep, set upon four slender, straight-cut legs, forty inches long. The top, covered with black leather and bordered on three sides by a four-inch-high rim, lifts up to reveal a shallow storage space the length and width of the top, and the rest of the box



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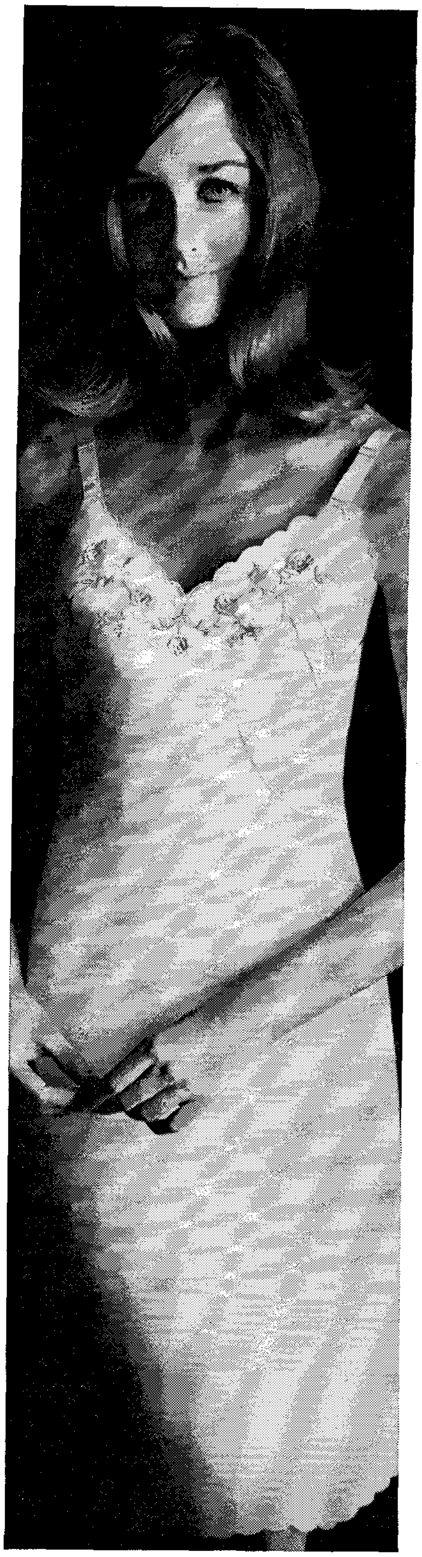

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write Barbizon, 475 Fifth Avenue
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is taken up by pull-out drawers, a pull-out writing surface, and open storage compartments. The desk's elegance and luxury (and its $1,595 price tag) are a result of meticulous hand craftsmanship, coherence of design, and the counterpoise to its straight, upright severity of line that is provided by the warm, richly grained rosewood.

If you can't present everyone with a chair like the Reading Environment, no one could possibly take umbrage at the gift of a light, graceful high stool with a round caned seat and bentwood frame and legs of natural or black-painted birch. The piece stands twenty-six inches high, the seat is fourteen and a half inches in diameter, and the price is $25 at Design Research. And if you know somebody who needs a modern easy chair and have taken it upon yourself to present him with one for Christmas, we have what we think is a safe but not an obvious possibility. At Be Seated, 43 Greenwich Avenue (near Seventh Avenue) and 950 Second Avenue (51st), there is a lounge chair, designed by the Danish designer Hans Wegner, that is something of a tour de force, for while it is made of oak and fibrecord, it is as comfortable to sit in as a chair made of overstuffed upholstery. The backrest, rising from two posts and situated at back height, is a large, oval piece of oak, very smooth and very pleasant to lean against, because it is bent to meet the back in a gentle curve. The stance of the chair inclines the sitter slightly, there are thoughtfully situated arms, and the fibrecord seat is unusually low and broad—fifteen inches high and twenty-eight inches across. It is a chair that a man would cherish, and his wife wouldn't resent having it in her living room, for, unlike most comfortable chairs, it looks beautiful and hard. The price is $95.

Alvar Aalto's bent-birchwood umbrella stand looks nothing like a conventional umbrella stand, but is as light and clever and singular as an umbrella. It would be a fine thing to see in the hallway of a modern house on a rainy day. (On other days, one might not notice it.) There are three slender, upright dowels set between two oddly shaped rims; one rim sits on the ground, inset with a brass pan on which the tip of the umbrella rests and into which it drips, and the other is nineteen inches off the ground and embraces air and umbrella handles. By "oddly shaped" we mean a sort of irregular triangle with the corners rounded off so that there is a continuous fluid sweep of line—i.e., oddly shaped. The laminated

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wood is pale and smooth and sealed with a lacquer finish, the pan is removable, and the price is $46 at Scandinavian Design, 15 East 53rd Street.

SOME first-rate Finnish furniture for children is also on view at Scandinavian Design, contrived by Pirkko Stenros, whose work reflects a fatherly (or motherly, as the case may be) regard for the practical requirements of children but doesn't overlook the aesthetic requirements of their parents. We were impressed by a simple, solid table (thirty inches long, twenty-eight and three-quarters inches wide, and twenty-one inches high) whose top has a hinge down the middle and opens on both sides to reveal a bin. The sides of this bin are angled to allow for the child's legs, but it is big enough to accommodate all his crayons, paints, clay, and so on. The top is natural birch, and the legs—two planks—are painted white, orange, dark blue, or yellow. The price is $82, and benches painted to match are available for $34 apiece. They are backless and may be had with or without casters.

The Children's Work Bench, 217 East 51st Street, has a spruce new desk chair that is a scaled-down version of an office swivel chair but has a good deal more color and shine and verve than one ordinarily sees in grown-up office furniture. The seat is set on a caster-grounded pedestal, and adjusts three ways: for seat height, for backrest height, and for backrest angle. The seat and the backrest are painted yellow or blue or red or green or black, and everything else is glossy chrome. At its lowest elevation, the seat is fourteen inches high, and it can rise to an elevation of eighteen inches. The seat is fifteen inches wide and twelve and a half inches deep, and the chair costs $39.50 (two chairs for $75). One hears about how sadly spoiled children are today, but this chair ought to elicit a flicker of interest, if not shouts of joy, from the jaded child who gets it.

Jensen's rocking duck would be an excellent present for a couple with a new baby, for it could serve first as a cradle, then as a kind of baby seat, and finally as a rocking duck. It is made of rattan, and its components are an ovoid basket, a long-necked duck's head, and a pair of long rockers. The toddler or child sits in the basket, with his legs tucked under him or stuck out through two side openings in the rattan, and grasps a bar on the duck's neck, which sets the thing in motion. As for the baby, he lies in the basket and is protected from falling out by its high

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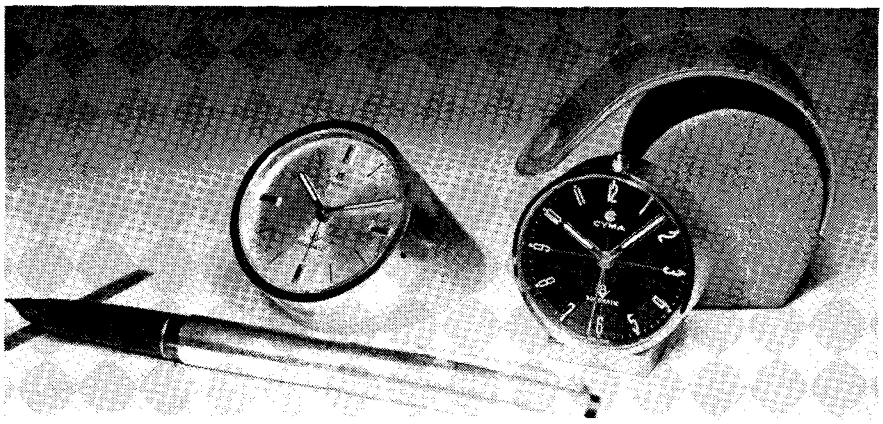

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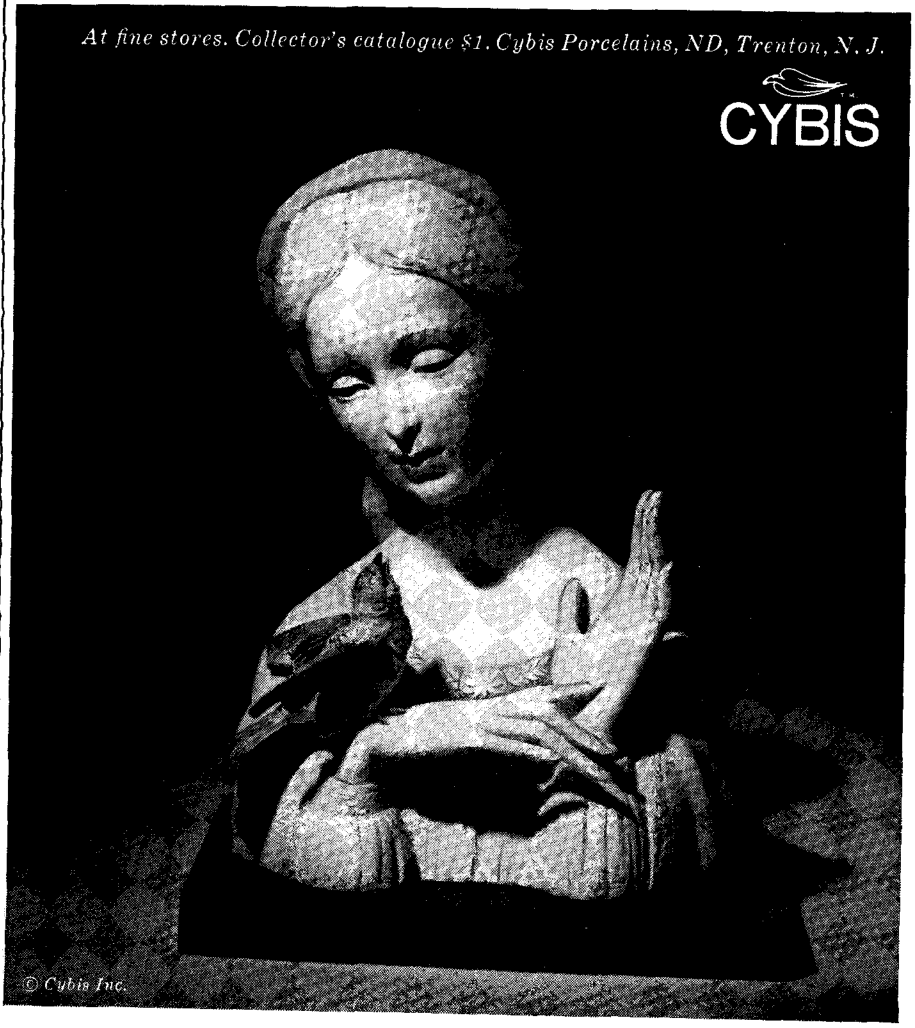
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sides. The rockers are forty-three inches long, and the basket is twenty-four inches long, fifteen inches wide, and ten inches deep. The duck costs $40, and is a handsome, cheerful piece that could reside in the living room without making the place look like Creative Playthings headquarters. It is also available at Be Seated.

At an early age, children develop a sharp eye for art that is done specially for them, and they seem to prefer it to real art—not, we think, because of any inherent bad taste but simply because it is so indisputably *theirs*. The "Mona Lisa" is just as clearly ours, and no self-respecting child would want a reproduction of it hanging in his room. At Patchin Place Emporium, 109 West 10th Street, we saw some pictures that a child would have no hesitation in pronouncing his but that are a far cry from the productions of Walt Disney and his school. They are simple, gay abstractions that turn out, on close examination, to be collages made of colored tissue paper. The artist, a young woman named E. Averill, has such a fast, free way with her bits of paper and paste that the pictures—of animals, toys, children, houses—look painted rather than pasted. Her tissue-paper palette yields a marvellous range of colors, mixed by the overlapping of the multicolored papers, and her pasting technique is so skillful that there is no evidence of it. One collage shows a tubby Edward Bear of blue, red, and magenta delicately holding a small red flower; another depicts a turtle with a richly decorated carapace poking along and apparently sniffing at something yellow on the ground. All the pictures are twelve and three-quarters inches by sixteen and three-quarters, and are in narrow white frames whose backs are appointed with flowered wallpaper and hanging wire. They cost $10 each.

THERE are probably more cross people in New York at Christmastime than there are in the universe on an ordinary day, and what makes a person surlier than practically anything else is to find just the right gift for someone, only to be informed that it should have been ordered weeks or months beforehand, and now it's too late. The wait often seems inexplicable, but if one tries to remonstrate with the shopkeeper, an outraged expression creeps over his features, as of one being asked to convert a standard typewriter into Serbo-Croatian, instead of to sew a monogram on a towel or put a pic-

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ture in a frame. Perhaps the thing to do when frames and towels fail is simply to find someone to give a Serbo-Croatian typewriter *to*, for *that* can be ordered the day before Christmas and will arrive the next day without fail, and without any apparent tax on the good temper of Mr. Martin Tytell, the remarkable proprietor of the Tytell Typewriter Company, 116 Fulton Street. Mr. Tytell—who is also a criminologist—is ready and willing to convert any typewriter into just about any language in the world, including Gaelic, Korean, Japanese, Katakana, Hindi, Latin, Greek, Czech, Georgian, Yugoslavian, and Albanian, and he charges $75 for the job. Or he will rent you a foreign typewriter for $35 for three months, or sell you one for the price that the typewriter normally costs. Behind the typewriter display room there is a book-lined study and laboratory where Mr. Tytell and his wife conduct their activities as document analysts. Mrs. Tytell specializes in handwriting, and Mr. Tytell scrutinizes typewritten poison-pen letters, for instance, or wills that sound fishy. Tytell Typewriters also has an enormous stock of typewriter-type styles and sizes, from Old English script to comic-strip type. If the trouble of getting down to Fulton Street is what is going to do some Bulgarian novelist on your Christmas list out of a Bulgarian typewriter, it needn't; the ever-obliging Mr. Tytell may be called at Beekman 3-5333 and will send the typewriter over C.O.D.

MERCHANTS are forever holding up for our glum inspection tasteless, spurious objects that one is supposed to give to "the man who has everything," presumably to punish him for his good fortune. For our part, we intend to suggest some possibilities for a category of people who are touchingly glad to receive just about anything; namely, brand-new young householders. The stores are full of handsome and useful necessaries that won't stagger anyone with their novelty but may make life much easier for somebody who doesn't have, say, an enamelled saucepan or a sufficiency of mixing bowls. At La Cuisinière, on a shelf over the sales counter, there is a collection of cheerfully striped glazed earthenware from England that is a familiar sight to the habitués of that addictive place but might surprise and delight a young couple whose hangout, perforce, is Woolworth's. We like the comfortable plainness of these dishes,

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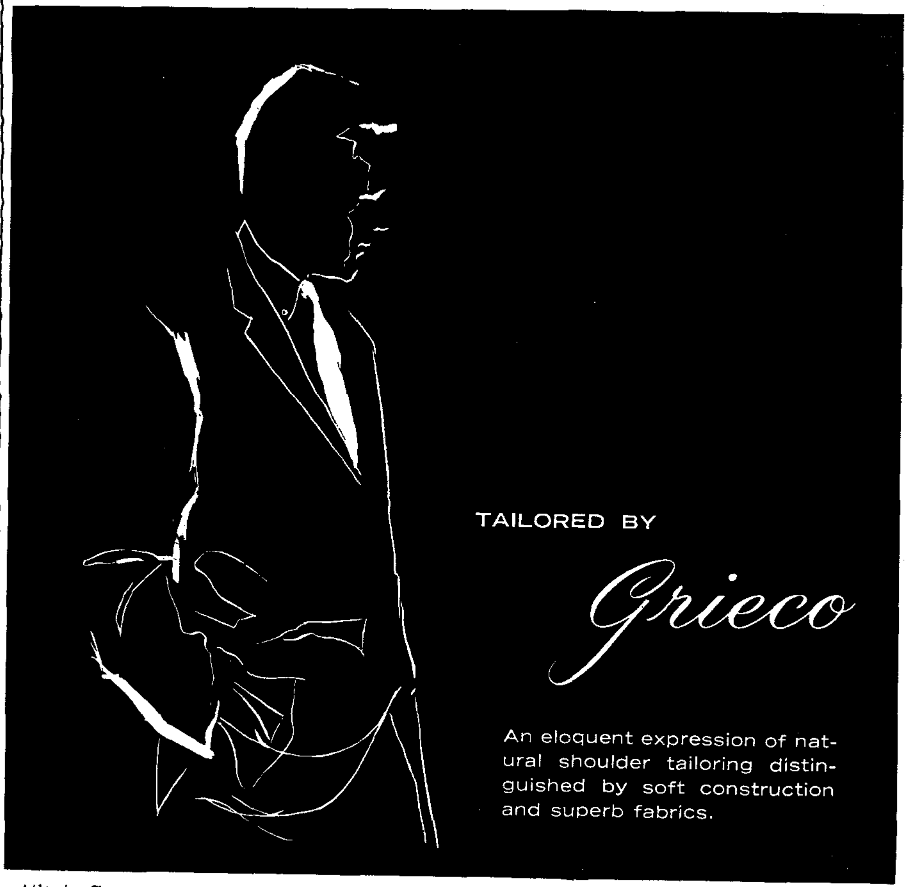
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the careful way they are made, and the pleasing way they are shaped. The thick stripes—pale yellow or sky blue—run horizontally in the case of the cups, bowls, pitchers, mugs, etc., and as borders on plates and platters and saucers. There are pieces for every table requirement, and also such kitchen objects as canisters, refrigerator boxes, cruets, mixing bowls, and even a rolling pin and a pie funnel. The earthenware is sold by the piece, and here are a few exemplary prices: a breakfast cup and saucer are $2.40, a ten-inch dinner plate is $1.95, a six-and-three-quarter-inch plate is $1.10, a two-pint canister (labelled "Coffee" or "Tea" in black) is $5.20, a double eggcup is $1.65, and a salt-and-pepper set is $3.20. Another couple may be crushed under the weight of their heirloom wedding silver, and may have all but given up eating eggs for breakfast because of what eggs do to the spoons. They could be presented with a set of egg spoons from Germany, sold at Hammacher Schlemmer in a packet of four for $5.50. They have a pleasant, mildly modern shape, and a chicken is etched on the handle. Moreover, they are "*Aus garantiert rostfreiem chrom-nickelstahl 18/8 hergestellt. Absolut säurebeständig und völlig geschmackfrei*," if the box can be believed. Or you might just go all out and buy your young friends a whole set of stainless-steel flatware. It isn't easy to find good stainless-steel flatware. Most of what one sees about has an odd and exiguous look, as if it were designed for people who live on cottage cheese and diet wafers. But we've found two patterns that we think will please people who like to eat well and with a certain decorum. Our first offering is Jensen's Canute pattern ($28.75 for a six-piece place setting), which has substance, grace, some formality, and a lustrous silverlike finish. And our second is the English Tip pattern of the Gentry firm, in Sheffield, which is sold at Hammacher Schlemmer, Lord & Taylor, and elsewhere at $12 for a six-piece place setting, or $29.75 for a sixteen-piece setting for four. It is also lustrous, and it has pistol-handled knives and a solid eighteenth-century English aspect.

Pewter is another possibility for an establishment that doesn't support a butler. Some of the best pewter in town, in our opinion, is on the seventh floor of Altman's, in the Williamsburg Craft House—a replica of the Williamsburg shop—which sells meticulous reproductions and adaptations of Colonial furniture and household objects

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made by specially licensed manufacturers under the watchful eye of the Craft Advisory Committee of the Williamsburg Reproductions Program. The Williamsburg pewter has a mellow, glistering patina, rather than the leaden finish that one associates with old pewter objects. We admired a copy of a knightly eighteenth-century muffineer, seven inches high and priced at $18.75, and a reduced version of it, five and one-eighth inches high, that is a salt or pepper shaker and costs $14.75. A gracefully rounded pitcher, nine and a half inches high, with a stubby spout and a scroll-like handle pleased us, and so did a chamber candlestick of the sort that Jack is conventionally pictured nimbly vaulting—three and a quarter inches high, and five and three-quarters inches in diameter. The pitcher is priced at $55 and the candlestick at $13.75.

If we sound unenthusiastic about lacklustre pewter, we must say that we have nothing but admiration for a soup tureen that is hand-wrought of very dull, dark pewter and is for sale at Seabon for $39.50. A copy of an old Norwegian museum piece, it is a shallow round bowl, seven inches in diameter and three inches high, reposing on three little feet and equipped with side handles, a lid, and a ladle. The tureen has a roughly decorated border, and its gloomy elegance evokes drafty northern castles and the people in the stories of Isak Dinesen.

To return to the warm and cheerful Williamsburg Craft House, we found some fine things among the delft reproductions there. A small vase, five and a half inches high, with a rounded body, a slender neck, and a stylized, vaguely Oriental blue flower pattern, seemed to us just exactly what is wanted—and rarely had—for small nosegays of wild flowers or short-stemmed annuals. It costs $7. An attractive pitcher for milk or juice is another desideratum hard to come by, and we don't know when we've gazed at a pitcher with such delight as at the Williamsburg adaptation of a salt-glaze eighteenth-century piece painted with a large, round red peonylike flower surrounded by sprigs of smaller blue flowers and green leaves. It accommodates one and a quarter quarts in its stoutly rounded body, and costs $14. In the Craft House glass department we were taken with some double-lipped beakers, four and a quarter inches high and four and a half inches in diameter at the top, whose originals were used for rinsing wineglasses at table whenever the wines changed. They come in green, blue,

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We saw some handsome Italian wine carafes at Wilburt, made of thick, appealingly crude glass (yellow, green, blue, or clear) and decorated with a raised medallion that cites in litres the capacity of the container. The one-litre carafe is $2.75, half a litre is $2.25, and a quarter litre is $1.75; they could be used as flower vases or for serving wine whose provenance doesn't inspire confidence. At Bazaar de la Cuisine, we found another bottle made in Italy of thick, rough glass—this one a replica of the quart bottle that Thatcher's Dairy sold its Absolutely Pure Milk in in 1884. This information and a man milking a cow appear in relief on one side of the bottle; there is a white porcelain top that clamps tightly shut; and the color possibilities are clear, amber, or blue. Three bottles for $8.95. They would be handy for storing baby formula or Martinis. Also at Bazaar de la Cuisine, there is an admirable special copper repository for olive oil with an extremely long spout that emits the oil in a fine, instantly terminable jet and doesn't drip. Its body (five and a half inches high and three and three-quarters inches in diameter at the bottom) has the trapezoid shape of a Turkish coffeepot, and there is a hinged lid, a tin lining, and a curved handle; $8.95. It was made by hand, and its virtues would not be lost on someone who has a regard for the niceties of salad-making.

The youthful establishment that we have been stripping of its wedding silver and furnishing to suit our own perhaps exaggerated notion of the Spartan way young people like to live today could doubtless use some dish towels. The ones we propose are utterly—but deceptively—undistinguished, being made of rough, nubby cotton that is very absorbent. The towels are checked—white with a choice of blue, red, turquoise, yellow, pink, or black—and their look of spanking neatness can be maintained without the assistance of an iron. They cost eighty-five cents at the Lighthouse Craft Shop, 111 East 59th Street. Perhaps the lady of our imagined garret sews her own clothes (or, at any rate, takes up her own miniskirts), in which case you might give her a *syskrin* for Christmas. The *syskrin* we have in mind is at the Singer Sewing Center in the Promenade at Rockefeller Plaza, and is a compact wooden chest on four square-cut legs (seventeen inches high, nineteen and a half inches long, and

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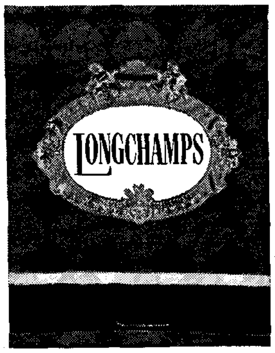

ten inches deep), with two small handles on the short sides that, on being pulled, transform the tidy box into an extensive array of tiered open compartments for needles, thimbles, scissors, rulers, patterns, fabrics, buttons, spools of thread, etc. It comes from Norway and is inordinately clever, we think, in being at once so compact and so accessible to the sewer. The extension—forty-nine inches at its uttermost—is accomplished in an accordion-like manner, by means of six narrow wooden slats that brace the drawers when extended, and sit quietly and diagonally on the surface of the box when it is closed. There is a handle over the middle of the chest for carrying it from place to place, and the price is $29.95.

If a sewing box sounds too insistently useful, how about some peacock feathers, or an insulator from a telephone pole, or a Paris street sign? On coming across these adventitious oddments and others like them, we were struck afresh by the way, as our living space shrinks, our impulse to fill it grows. Whatever this may import, the peacock feathers are lovely and iridescent and don't take up all that much room. They are at Medici Antiques, 353 Bleecker Street (near 10th), and cost fifty cents a plume, or $12 for a spray of eighteen feathers wired together to form a sort of peacock's tail. A smaller version (six or seven plumes) costs $4. The telephone-wire insulators are hollow hemispheres of blue-green glass whose great heaviness gave someone at Henri Bendel the idea of selling them as paperweights. They used to be up in the air to keep the telephone wire from sagging and to take care of leakage of current, but now that more and more telephone wire is going underground, the insulators are somehow finding their way to Bendel, where they cost $6 and $8. There are variations in the color of the glass because of the effect that the sunlight has had on it; some of the insulators say "Made in U.S.A.," and others are marked with numbers and place names. They are very handsome. The Paris street signs may be admired at Primitive and Provincial, 1200 Madison Avenue (88th). They are real Paris street signs, bought from the city, of that wonderful blue and white and green porcelain on iron, and they conjure up Paris in a way that scarcely anything else can. They cost from $25 to $35, and the shop also has Paris house numbers, for $8. The chances of finding the street your husband lived on when he was a young expatriate are slender, since the shop has only about thirty signs and Paris

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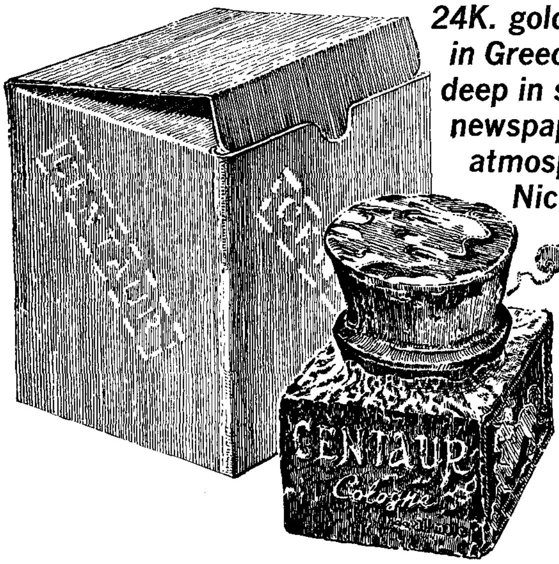

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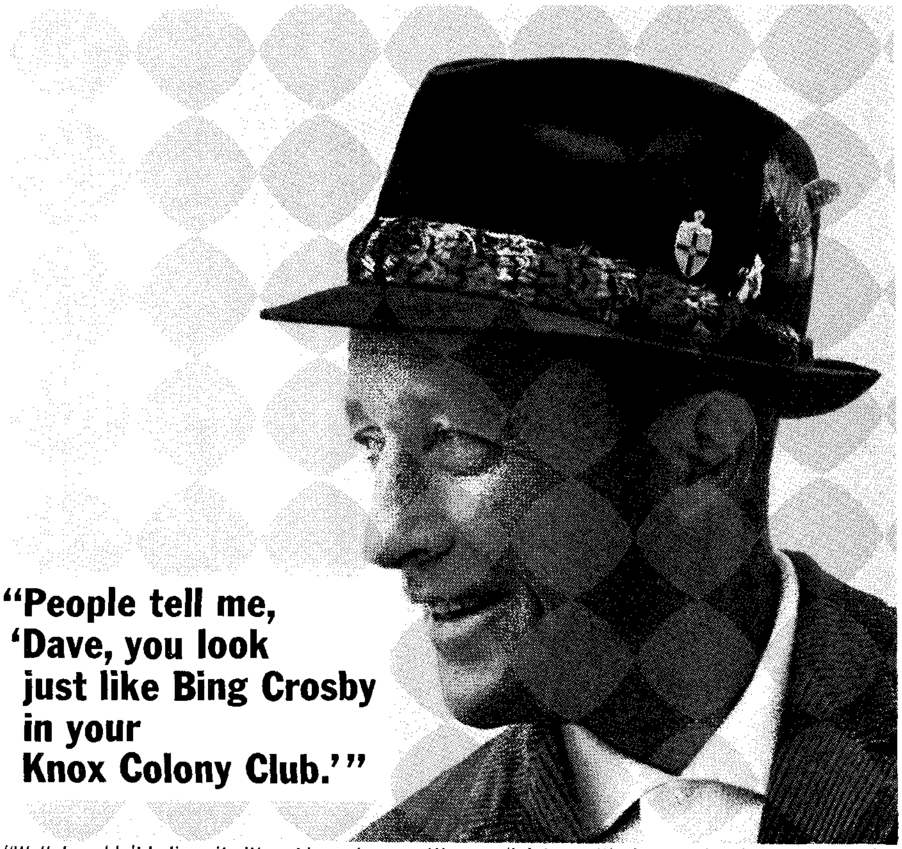
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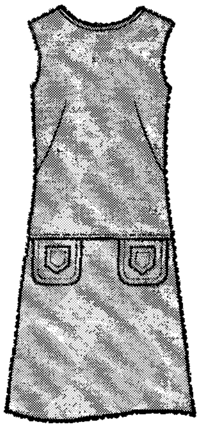

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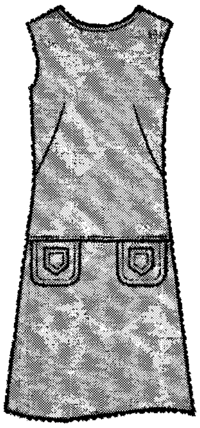

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has thousands of streets, but you never know. Perhaps the name "Rue Friant" or "Boulevard Haussmann" or "Rue Remy-Dumoncel" or "Rue Hippolyte-Lebas" is even now striking a responsive chord in some rueful Scarsdale heart.

ON entering John Gordon's second-floor shop, at 313 West 57th Street, you can tell at a glance that you have come to a very good place. There are not many things on display, but each object is an authentic piece of American folk art, selected with taste and feeling by the young owner, who gives the impression of being less interested in selling antiques than in getting people to share his enthusiasm for American folk art. He offers specimens of every kind of artifact and furnishing used in American homes from earliest times to the middle of the nineteenth century, with an emphasis on pieces made in New England, New York State, and Pennsylvania. There is a large collection of Early American ironwork that fills one with admiration for the skill and ingenuity of the Colonial craftsmen in devising, often out of a single piece of iron, the fireplace implements, lighting devices, hinges, trivets, sconces, and cooking utensils that Colonial householders had made to their order at the village smithy. Each piece is unique, and the prices range from $5, for a fork, to $350, for a rare Queen Anne candlestand. The shop had a few Shaker pieces when we paid our visit, but they are apt to be gone by the time you get there, for Shaker objects are rarely seen today outside museums and private collections. We saw a lovely oval box with a handle (called a carrier by the Shakers) of steamed maple, with remnants of green paint on the inside; it was made with the perfection that one expects of Shaker pieces but that almost shocks one when it is seen at first hand. It costs (or cost) $20. A Shaker yarn winder, made with the same tact and care as the box, was equipped with an ingenious timing device whereby when a certain number of wheel revolutions are completed a hammer, attached to a ratchet wheel, slowly rises and then descends with a bang, giving the worker to know that a skein has been achieved. Price, $45. The shop has an extensive collection of *fraktur*. This is the technical term for the elaborately lettered and decorated birth and baptismal certificates, house blessings, valentines, and other documents of the Pennsylvania Dutch, which an

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authority on the subject has characterized as "the final survival or last faint breath in America of medieval illuminated manuscript writing." We admired Daniel Kline Musser's birth and baptismal certificate (1858), which has the pertinent information—beautifully lettered in brown ink—set within a wreath out of which trail two large, stylized orange flowers. It is in a fifteen-by-ten-and-a-half-inch wooden frame, and the price is $120. And we were charmed by a ten-by-fifteen-and-a-half inch valentine, dating from about 1840 and decorated with roses and the heads and shoulders of angels floating on clouds, primitively but prettily executed in watercolors, and bearing this verse:

> The form loses Beauty and Grace,
> The Cheek, The Eye there's not a trace,
> Of that which once, was bright and fair,
> But pure the mind "An Angel's there"! ! !

Mrs. Maria L. Flint was the recipient of this mortifying valentine, and we wonder that she kept it; a less forbearing or high-minded lady would have thrown it in the fire. It's $110. Another technical term bandied about by the experts but new to us is "theorem"—applied to oil paintings done on velvet, usually by young ladies. John Gordon has some specimens of this rare technique, and we lingered over one that depicted a bunch of blue, yellow, and pink flowers, with a tiny bird in the lower left-hand corner—twelve and a half inches by sixteen and a half including a brown wooden frame. The picture is painted on white velvet and has a soft, blurred look and a subtlety of color reminiscent of Whistler; the price is $55. We surveyed some nineteenth-century Pennsylvania Dutch paintings by children that look much like paintings done by children today, except that they're a little neater and they ape different models. They interestingly reflect the common denominator of children's art—its ineptitude and a certain hesitancy in execution. The prices range from $10 to $25. John Gordon also has pottery and stoneware, chalkware ornaments, hooked rugs, quilts, pillow covers, tin boxes, and some furniture, and as we looked from one delightful object to another we bethought ourselves, we must confess, not of who to give them to but of these lines by Carolyn Wells:

> I always like the gifts I get,
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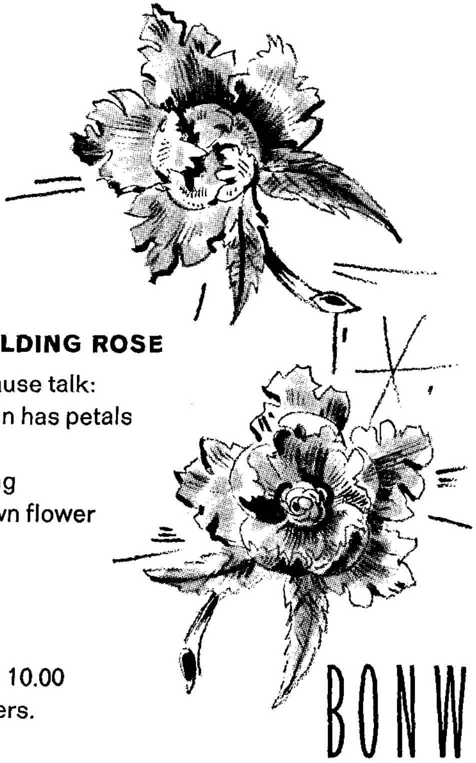

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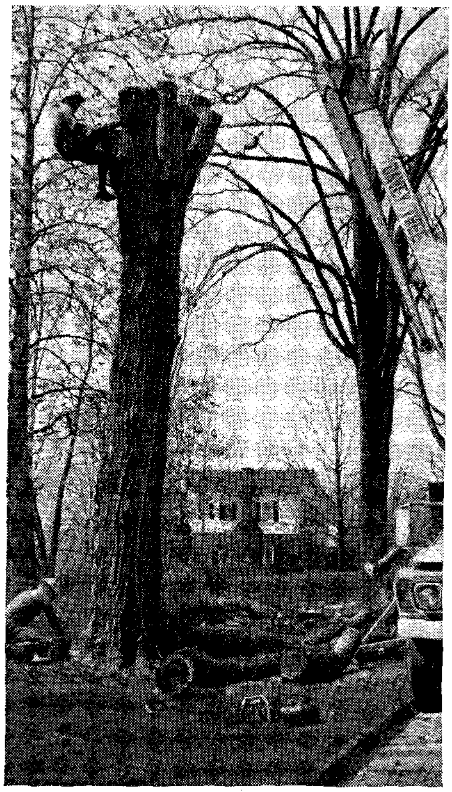

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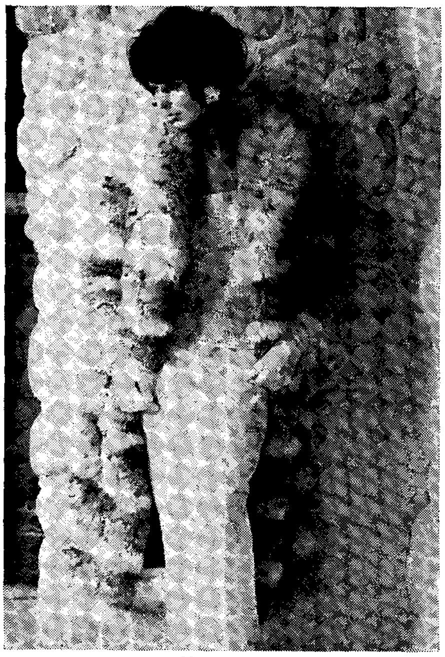
THE RACE TRACK

Repeaters

ABOUT a year ago, Munden Point won the Lawrence Realization Stakes at a mile and five furlongs at Aqueduct. Last Saturday, for the first time since that memorable occasion for Dr. Loren Guy, who owns him, and Ira Hanford, who trains him, the gray colt by Counterpoint was in a race at the same distance—the Gallant Fox Handicap—and he won that, too. In the interim, he had been doing the best he could in shorter events, and his form had not been much. He did make a move that caught my eye in the Queens County Handicap at the Big A the previous Saturday, but he finished seventh, half a dozen lengths behind Amberoid, the winner. That must have wound him up, for in the Gallant Fox he was rarin' to go. He was never far behind the leaders as they plugged through the soft footing, and in the stretch he mowed down Yonder and Moontrip, who moments before had looked as though *they* were going to run one, two. They ran two, three. Scanning the lot as the runners paraded, I thought Assagai stood out. Somebody beside me remarked that the colt hadn't run on a dirt track all season but that, with the track the way it was, the footing wouldn't be much different from grass. As a matter of fact, it was very different, as I'm sure the man found out. Assagai, well placed in the early running, tired and came in eighth.

Speaking of Amberoid, as I was earlier on, he turned in quite a spectacular performance in the Queens County Handicap. Last of the twelve starters for more than half the route, he came through them with a rush on the turn for home to win comfortably from Exhibitionist and Flag Raiser—his first victory since the Belmont Stakes last June. As the saying goes, they all come back to their best form—if you wait long enough.

IT was a happy circumstance for William L. McKnight, owner of the Tartan Stable, and Johnny Nerud, his trainer, that their Barricado won the first race over Tropical Park's synthetic track on the opening day of the Florida season. Mr. McKnight is the founder



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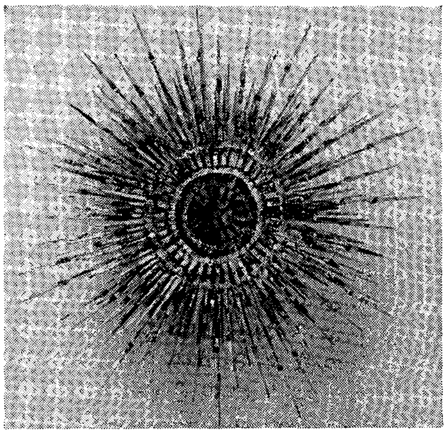

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of the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co., which makes the substance used on the track. It is a rubbery paving material, called Tartan, that looks like tan asphalt but, unlike asphalt, is impervious to heat or cold or rain. Nerud has been telling horsemen how good it is for ever so long, and has a strip of the stuff to train on at Belmont Park. Travellers returning from Miami report that the Tartan course, which is inside the main one at Tropical, is dyed green and from a distance looks like grass. It is resilient, and *feels* like grass as you walk on it, they say. Horses run fast over it, too. Barricado, a second-class selling plater, did the mile in 1:35⅘, at least five seconds better than he had ever run at Aqueduct, and a couple of days later William E., a stablemate, won by four lengths in exactly the same time. Of course, it would be overhasty to say now how much of an impact synthetic tracks, which never get muddy or freeze, will have on the future of racing. Everyone at Aqueduct is noncommittal. Dr. Bernard Brennan, a veterinarian at Roosevelt and Yonkers Raceways, who has a piece of the Niblick Stable, says such tracks will be a boon to sore-going, unsound animals, of which there are so very many. What seems to interest the trainers I've talked with at Belmont is that horses running on Tartan must wear smooth shoes, so they won't cut up the running surface. Also, that those with smooth, close-to-the-ground action have an advantage over the high steppers. Some of the leading jockeys are less than enthusiastic about riding on it. They submit that a fall on it is most likely to be serious. Others say they're willing to try anything once. I liked the comment Arcaro made about it the other evening at the housewarming of the Fasig-Tipton Company, which conducts the big horse sales and has just opened a new office building, opposite Belmont Park. "Jocks who win on it will say it's all right; those who don't will knock it," he said.

WELL, Lady Granard's Bold Lad is at the top of the Free Handicap, the official rating for two-year-olds in England, as everyone over there expected he would be. He was assigned 133 pounds, higher weight than our top horses get in the Experimental Free Handicap (the Wheatley Stable's Bold Lad got 130 in 1964) but only so-so by British standards. Last year, Young Emperor headed the British list under 140 pounds. I've never heard of him since. —AUDAX MINOR

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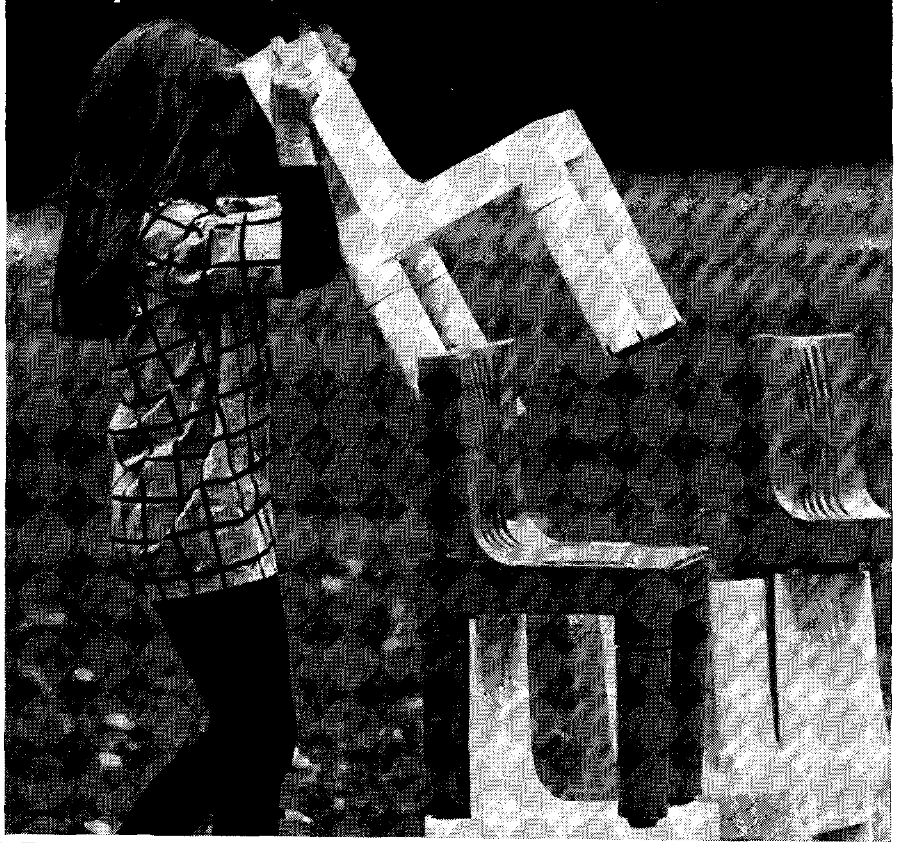

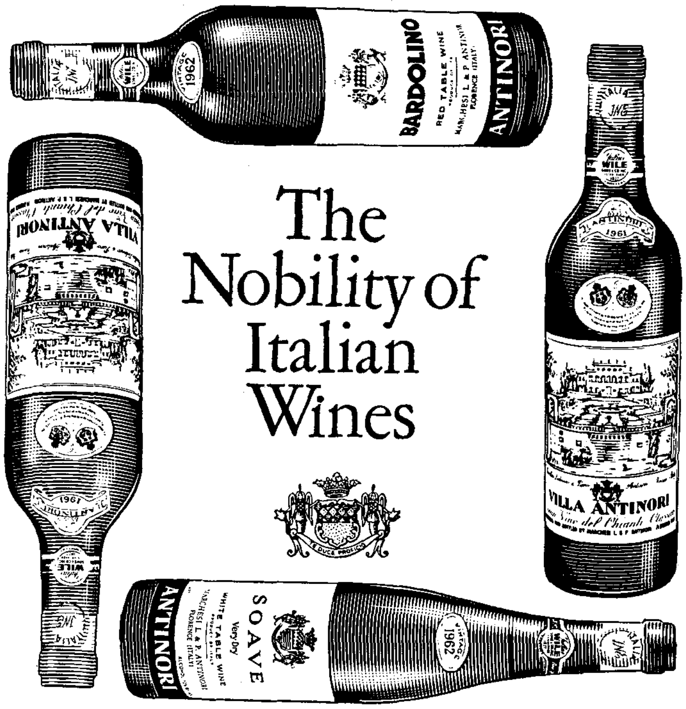

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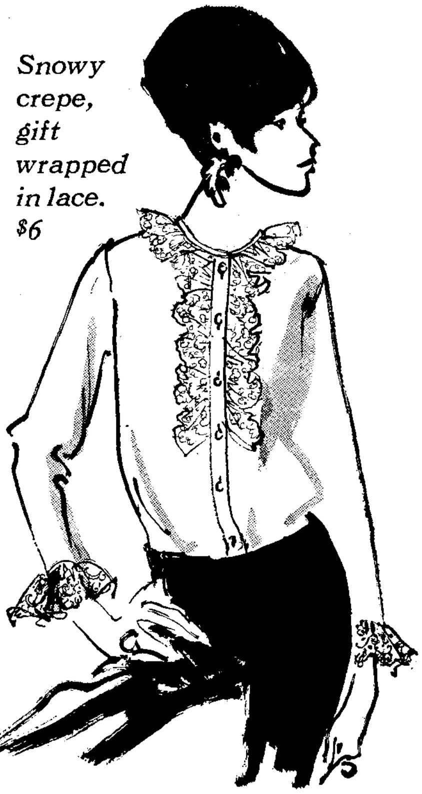
MUSICAL EVENTS

That Chord Again

I HAVE heard two performances of "Tristan und Isolde" at the Metropolitan Opera House during the past fortnight. I missed a concert performance of the same work in Philharmonic Hall last Sunday afternoon, when the National Symphony, under Howard Mitchell, presented it with Gladys Kuchta as Isolde, Betty Allen as Brangaene, and Hans Beirer as Tristan. I have on my desk a notice of a "Tristan" performance that is to take place in Philadelphia on January 25th, introducing another Isolde—Hanne-Lore Kuhse, who comes from East Germany. Obviously, "Tristan" is busting out all over. I am glad. To me, "Tristan" is not only one of the great monuments of musical history but the most moving love story to be encountered on the operatic stage. In preparation for my experiences at the Met, I went through several books, recently published, that seemed to have some bearing on them. Among these was "The Ring at Bayreuth" (Dutton), in which Victor Gollancz, in a somewhat ambivalent mood, both admires and deplores the sort of production introduced into Wagnerian opera by the late Wieland Wagner. Also among them was Geoffrey Skelton's "Wagner at Bayreuth" (Braziller), a serious study of the history of styles of production at the Festspielhaus. Then I ran into Elliott Zuckerman's "The First Hundred Years of Wagner's *Tristan*" (Columbia), which startled me. Mr. Zuckerman is the perfect anti-Wagnerite. He seems to consider "Tristan" dangerous and, on the whole, monstrous. This is, I gather, because it is the epitome of Romantic opera—and Romanticism, to Mr. Zuckerman's way of thinking, is bad. Moreover, Mr. Zuckerman, though he quotes from some respectable sources here and there, is obviously out of his depth musically. It would never occur to me, as it has to Mr. Zuckerman, to quote Jacques Barzun—interesting writer though he is—as an authority on Wagner's inadequacies as a melodist; Professor Barzun is a musical dilettante. Nor would I describe Wagner as a "fully chromatic" composer, whatever that means; the vast majority of his melodies are diatonic. Nor would I hold, as Mr. Zuckerman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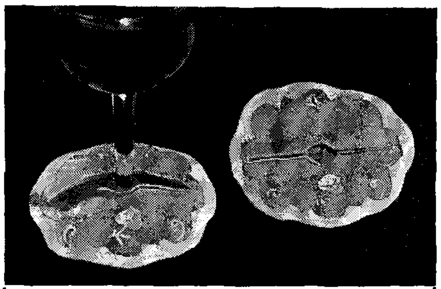

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does, that Wagner "'disproved' the enduring validity of tonality." At this point, the cat is out of the bag, and it is obvious that Mr. Zuckerman is trying to make a case for Arnold Schoenberg—irrelevant as this may seem. He believes in the bit of folklore (unsupported by any serious musicologist) which maintains that the first chord in "Tristan" is so ambiguous in tonality that it left Schoenberg no choice but to invent the twelve-tone system and abolish tonality altogether. Now, the chord in question is not in the least tonally ambiguous, nor is it particularly revolutionary. It is a simple chromatic seventh chord in the key of A minor. It is the chord that Bruckner used at the start of the scherzo of his Ninth Symphony, and, as I think I remarked in a column last season, the great German-American musical theoretician Bernhard Ziehn, in a learned monograph published in 1903, found instances of its use by Beethoven, d'Albert, Pergolesi, and even Henry VI of England, who liked to write music and who lived at the midpoint in history between Wagner and the legendary Tristan—that is to say, five hundred years ago. Mr. Zuckerman also attributes Wagner's use of "infinite melody"—melody that extends over long periods without being broken up into stanzas—to Wagner's alleged lack of talent as a melodist, meanwhile ignoring the fact that virtually every successful opera composer since Wagner's time—Strauss, Debussy, Puccini, Charpentier, Leoncavallo, and so on, all the way down to Gian-Carlo Menotti—has made use of the device. It is incredible what writers can get away with when they hide behind the big—and not always popularly understood—words in the technical musical lexicon.

Sometimes it is good to have a Frenchman around, if only because the French tend to think more clearly. I have in my possession the lectures given at the Sorbonne by the French musicologist Jacques Chailley on the subject of "Tristan et Isolde." They can be obtained by mail from the Centre de Documentation Universitaire, 5 Place de la Sorbonne, Paris 5, and they constitute the most painstaking study of the opera that I am acquainted with—a study that starts with the sources of the Tristan legend and proceeds to an analysis of nearly every measure of the score. Professor Chailley points out—quite correctly, I think—that the musical language used by Wagner, though somewhat different in style, is precisely the same in its struc-

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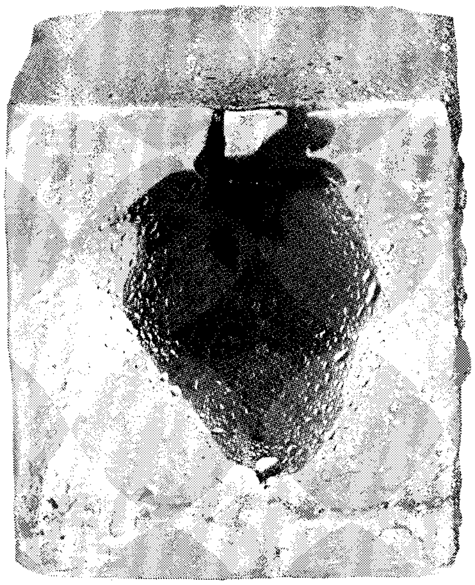

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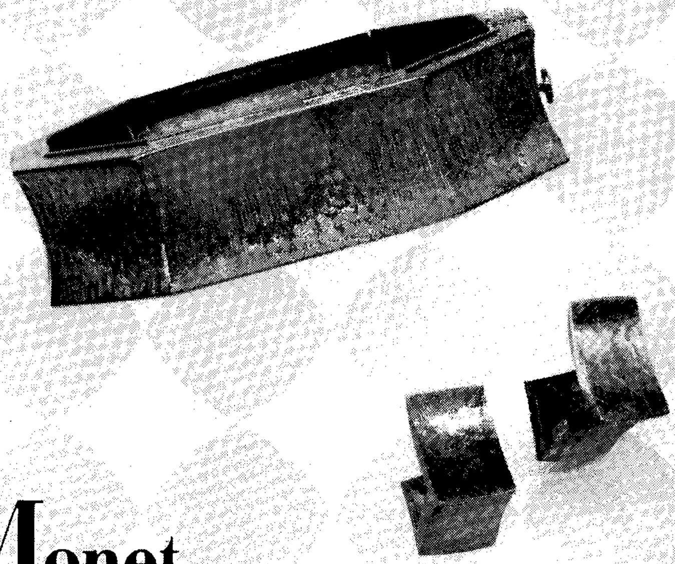

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tural principles as that of Johann Sebastian Bach. I wish that this work could be translated and more widely circulated. It is a masterpiece of its sort.

Well, my only purpose in bringing all this up is to demonstrate the curious fact that Wagner, in some circles, is still considered a controversial—in fact, a baffling—composer. Not, though, in my circles. A week ago Saturday night, I heard Birgit Nilsson sing Isolde—a slightly cooler Isolde than that of Mme. Flagstad but immensely impressive nonetheless. On Friday night of last week, I heard a new Isolde—the Czech soprano Ludmila Dvorakova. Miss Dvorakova is not to be compared in power and extra resource with Miss Nilsson. She sang the role with artistry, however, bringing a warm, expressive voice into play, and she is visually the most beautiful Isolde I have ever seen. Her top notes, and most of her loud notes, rang out quite well. It was mainly in *mezza voce* that her voice sounded a bit small. The Tristan on both occasions was the Dane Ticho Parly. He is neither better nor worse than most of the Tristans we have heard since Lauritz Melchior and Set Svanholm. With Miss Nilsson, he was outclassed. With Miss Dvorakova, he sounded adequate, and the result was a more cohesive performance. Jerome Hines and Walter Cassel were King Marke and Kurvenal, respectively, on both evenings. Irene Dalis, the second Brangaene, seemed to me to be more involved in her role than Mignon Dunn, the first. Georges Prêtre, who led both productions, is certainly not a great Wagner conductor. His tempos were often capricious, and the large span of the total work was not set forth.

ON Wednesday evening of last week, I attended the Handel Society's concert performance of Handel's "Rodelinda" at Carnegie Hall, and was delighted with what I heard. Of the Handel operas with which I am acquainted (which are not many, to be sure), this is the loveliest and the most convincing dramatically. Cast and conductor were nearly ideal. Brian Priestman, a maestro who is a Handel specialist, kept things absolutely correct in style and as eloquent as possible. The tenor Charles Bressler, as Grimoaldo, and the British bass-baritone John Shirley-Quirk, as Garibaldo, produced prodigies of florid singing, performing so spectacularly as to make me wonder whether Handel cannot be done today just as magnificently as he is said to have been done in his own time. Mau-

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reen Lehane, a contralto unfamiliar to me, sang the role of Unulfo with remarkable authority and agility, and Maureen Forrester, who is quite familiar, performed with her usual superb sense of style as Bertarido. The other women were not entirely fortunate. Teresa Stich-Randall, who has recorded the part of Rodelinda very well indeed for Westminster Records, seemed uncomfortable in it the other night, especially in the upper part of her range. Regina Sarfaty, as Eduige, used her rich, dark mezzo-soprano voice ably during most of the evening but hit one or two rather distressing high notes. I could not find much value in the abstract lighting patterns projected on the backdrop by Ralph Alswang. I would love to see "Rodelinda" fully staged. But the lighting effects merely served to emphasize that we were, after all, listening to a concert performance. It is a pity that the attendance at this event was small. Handel the opera composer is exciting to listen to, and more people should be made aware of the fact.

LAST Tuesday evening, I went to the Metropolitan expecting to hear Virginia Zeani as Violetta in "La Traviata." But Miss Zeani was ill, and her role was taken by Phyllis Curtin. Miss Curtin turned out to be one of the most attractive of Violettas, and though she had been called upon to do the part on short notice and with little or no rehearsal, she sang throughout with excellent style, proving again that she is one of opera's most dependable troupers. The rest of the cast was the one I last reported on.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

A Christmas tea was given for the teachers of the Montowese School last Monday at the home of Mrs. John Putne, Stanton Road. PTA board members acted as hostesses.

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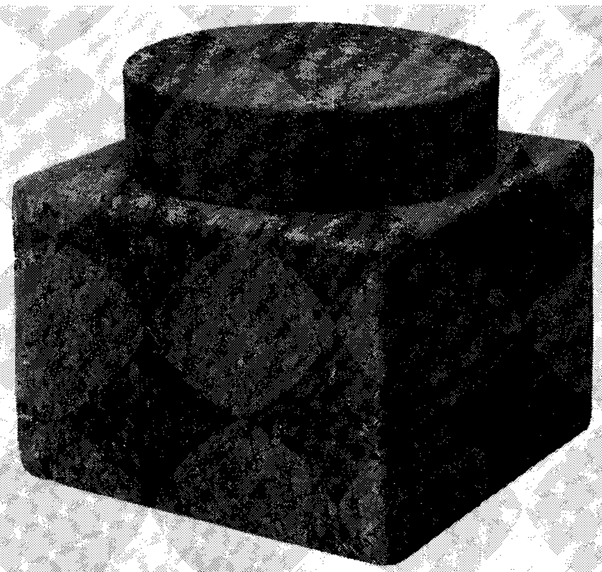

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LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 22

COMING at long last, Mr. Wilson's firm declaration of intent to try and lead Britain into the European Economic Community, just over five years after the Conservative Government of Mr. Macmillan launched the original expedition that later foundered against the French veto in mid-Channel, seemed to startle both pro- and anti-Europeans by its sudden fervor. After all, in his general-election campaign last spring the Prime Minister was noticeably cool toward any possible second attempt, in contrast to the ardently European pronouncements of his Conservative opponent, Edward Heath, who fought the election throughout on a strong Common Market platform. Yet now it appears that Mr. Wilson has quietly stolen Mr. Heath's going-to-Brussels clothes while the Tories were looking the other way. In his speech to the dignitaries of the City of London at the Lord Mayor's banquet in Guildhall—an occasion when the Prime Minister of the day often addresses some important policy message toward the national ear over the cigar smoke of the listening City guests—he went out of his way to warm up his usual clipped style with ringing phrases about an exciting merchant venture for which the winds and the tides were right (so he optimistically stated, adding the prudent insurance clause that he could not, of course, guarantee its success). To many surprised Britons, his enthusiasm certainly seemed a remarkable change of heart, or perhaps merely of mind, since Mr. Wilson is generally credited with being longer on good, cold political brains than on idealistic emotions. In the not particularly hopeful general view, he will need those brains in the difficult months ahead.

The two days last week on which the Commons debated the subject, as though uneasily conscious that the line to Paris was being tapped, were somewhat of a disappointment to those who had applauded the downright Guildhall speech after the ambiguities of the Government's attitude to Europe during the past year or so. Neither the Prime Minister nor his Foreign Secretary, George Brown (always accounted a keen pro-Europe man), proffered any clue to

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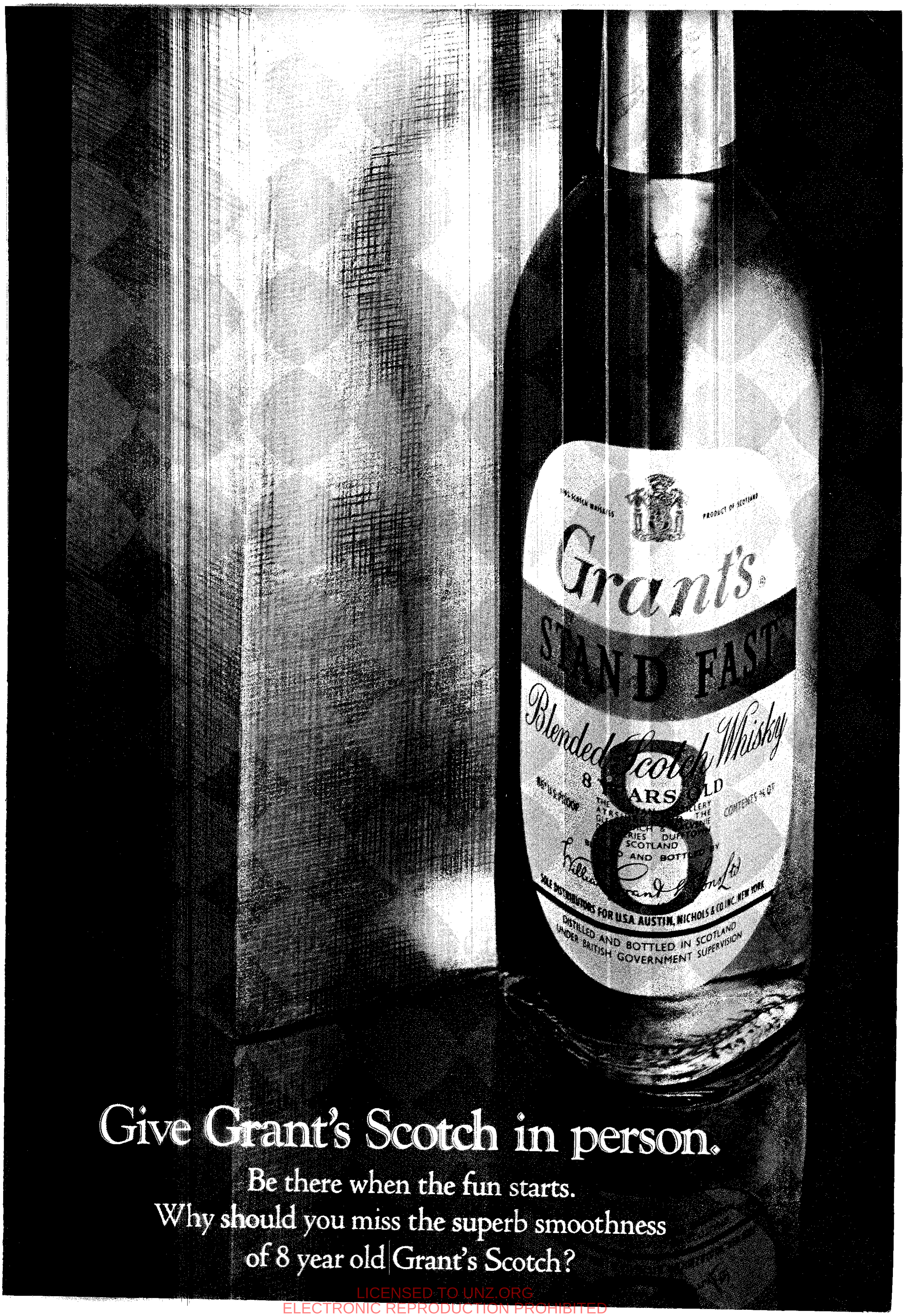
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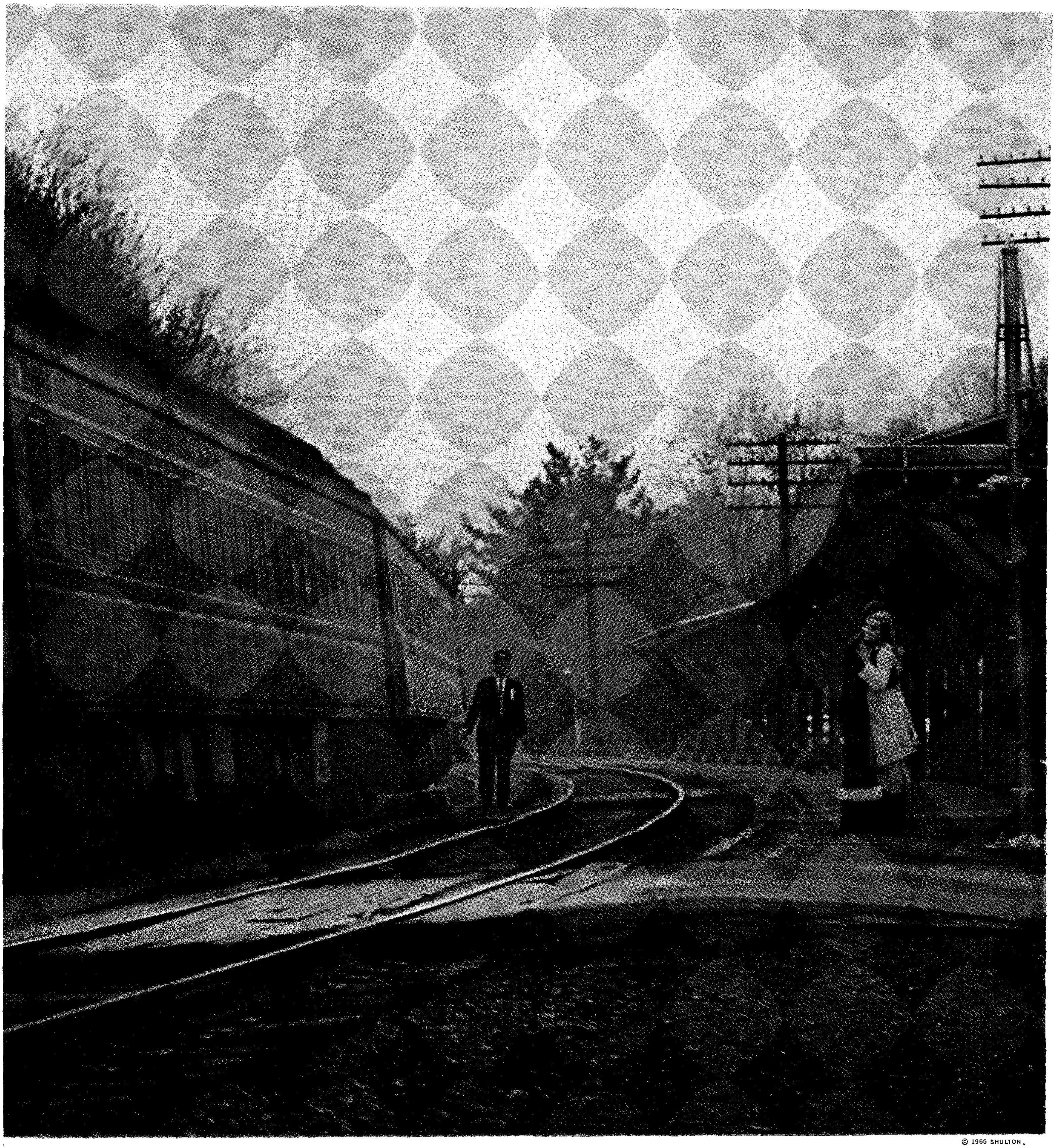

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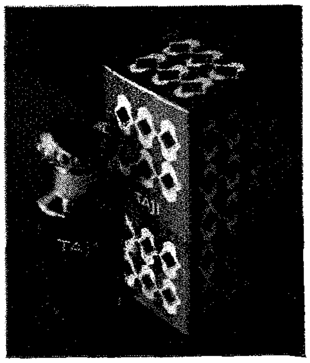
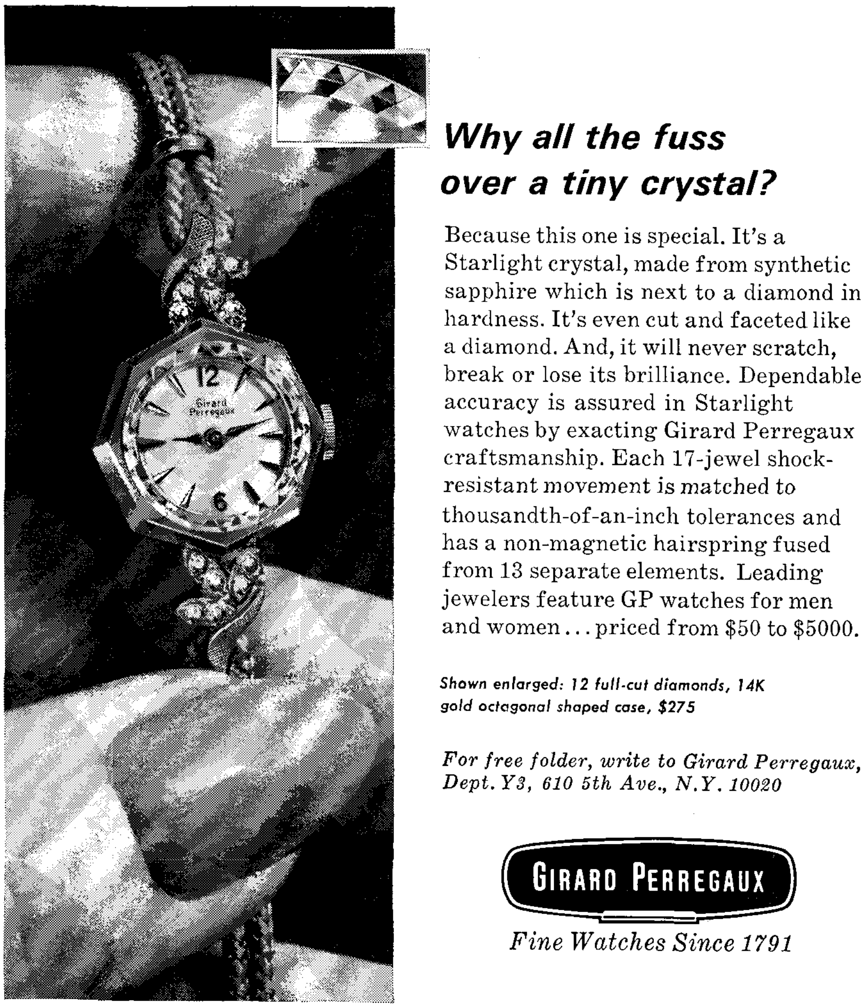


TAji

AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS

his feelings on the flat, unaltered basic question that Sir Alec Douglas-Home warningly pointed out would be the first, and certainly the last, that the French would ask: Is Britain ready to accept the Treaty of Rome as it now stands, and not seek, as she fatally did last time, to get the rules of membership altered before joining? Mr. Brown seemed to many critical commentators to have been rash and tactless, to say the least, in stressing that despite the earnest British desire to enter the European Community (not as a suitor, he insisted stoutly, but more as a well-endowed bridegroom bearing gifts), there was absolutely no intention of severing that special tie with the United States which has never struck General de Gaulle as a qualification for a good European in the past. This prompted several editorialists to wonder whether the bitter lessons of the 1962 failure have really been learned even yet.

The Commons was not at its best in the long, cautious, and mostly dull debate that followed. The early exhilaration, the sense of history, and the violence on both sides of the argument seem so far to be oddly missing in Britain's new attempt to enter Europe. This time around is different in many ways, as is clear to people thoughtfully reading the latest news from Germany. Now the Government has no largely hostile Opposition to contend with, as had Mr. Macmillan. Among Mr. Wilson's own ranks, too, the emphasis has shifted to the young, mostly European-minded M.P.s who came in on the crest of the last election and whose ideas are likely to be in marked and cheering contrast to the objections that the older Labour guard, many of whom have now gone, raised in the heated Common Market debates of 1961 and 1962. It seems certain that the country as a whole is far readier than it was then to take the plunge into Europe. The last five difficult years may have been educative; the most recent public-opinion poll showed a big rise in the number who favor a fresh approach. The extreme anti-Marketeers in and out of Parliament will surely oppose the idea again, fearful of the inevitable loss of sovereignty—the decisions of the House of Commons and of the British courts on a wide range of subjects, a legal Member soberly reminded Parliament in the debates, would henceforth have to be powerless, subordinated to the communal rulings of the Brussels council—and of Commonwealth interests. The difficulties that ordinary public citizens may comprehend best, because of their worry about the cost of living, which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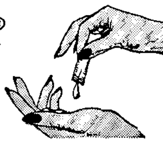
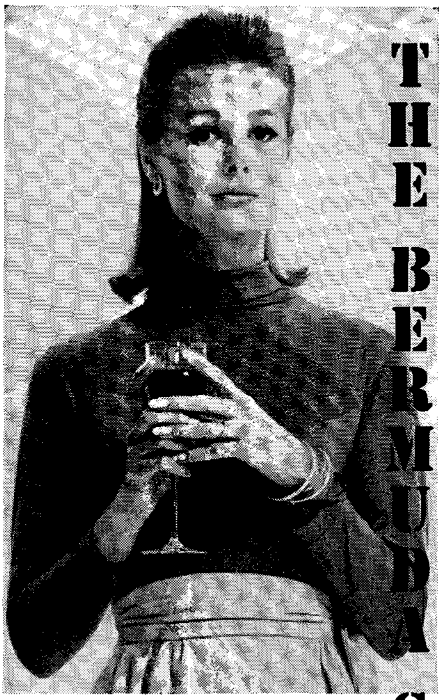


keeps on inching upward steadily, are the effects that entry into the Community would have on the subsidized farmers and on the housewives' shopping baskets and on their menfolk's jobs. But perhaps because the fall last time was so shattering, the tone of comment at the moment is remarkably guarded. Among the many pointed cartoons on the new initiative, Jensen's, in the *Sunday Telegraph*, was a reference to the great Picasso exhibitions in Paris, which many Londoners are making quick day trips to see. It was a takeoff on his potbellied architectural nude "Girls with a Toy Boat" disporting themselves by a flat summer sea. In the cartoon, the girls' tiny features are those of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Brown, the little boat over which they are bending is labelled "H.M.S. Merchant Venturer," and the long-necked marine apparition, shaped like the head of a golf club, that rears above the horizon bears the elderly, disapproving visage of General de Gaulle.

THE most talked-of entertainment—if it can be called that—of the new theatre season is the Royal Shakespeare Company's production at the pleasant, shabby old Aldwych of "US," a commentary on the war in Vietnam. Its two-way title can be read either as the United States or as "us," the untouched, sitting calmly looking on at the horrors, or as both. The theme of this often brilliantly effective, verbose (the first act runs for an exhausting two hours and the second for an hour, which drags), and sometimes irritatingly repetitious piece is that in the tragedy of Vietnam no man is a safe island. Peter Brook, who directed, employs a technique somewhat reminiscent of Joan Littlewood's in "Oh What a Lovely War," without the funniness. He has pasted together a collage of mime, sketches, savage songs, and occasional straight war reporting, presented by an enormously hardworking company that includes no top stars. The first half opens with a tall actor, a swatch of yellow stuff draped over one shoulder, walking quietly down to the footlights with a can of gasoline and miming his ritual immolation, while the company looks on in frozen silence. After this silent start, the row rarely lets up. There are rapid, ingenious charades, done in the stylized convention of Chinese theatre, of the colonial history of Vietnam and the entry of the Americans into the war. A chorus of white-coated medics sings cheerily, "We maim in the morning, we heal in the evening," as a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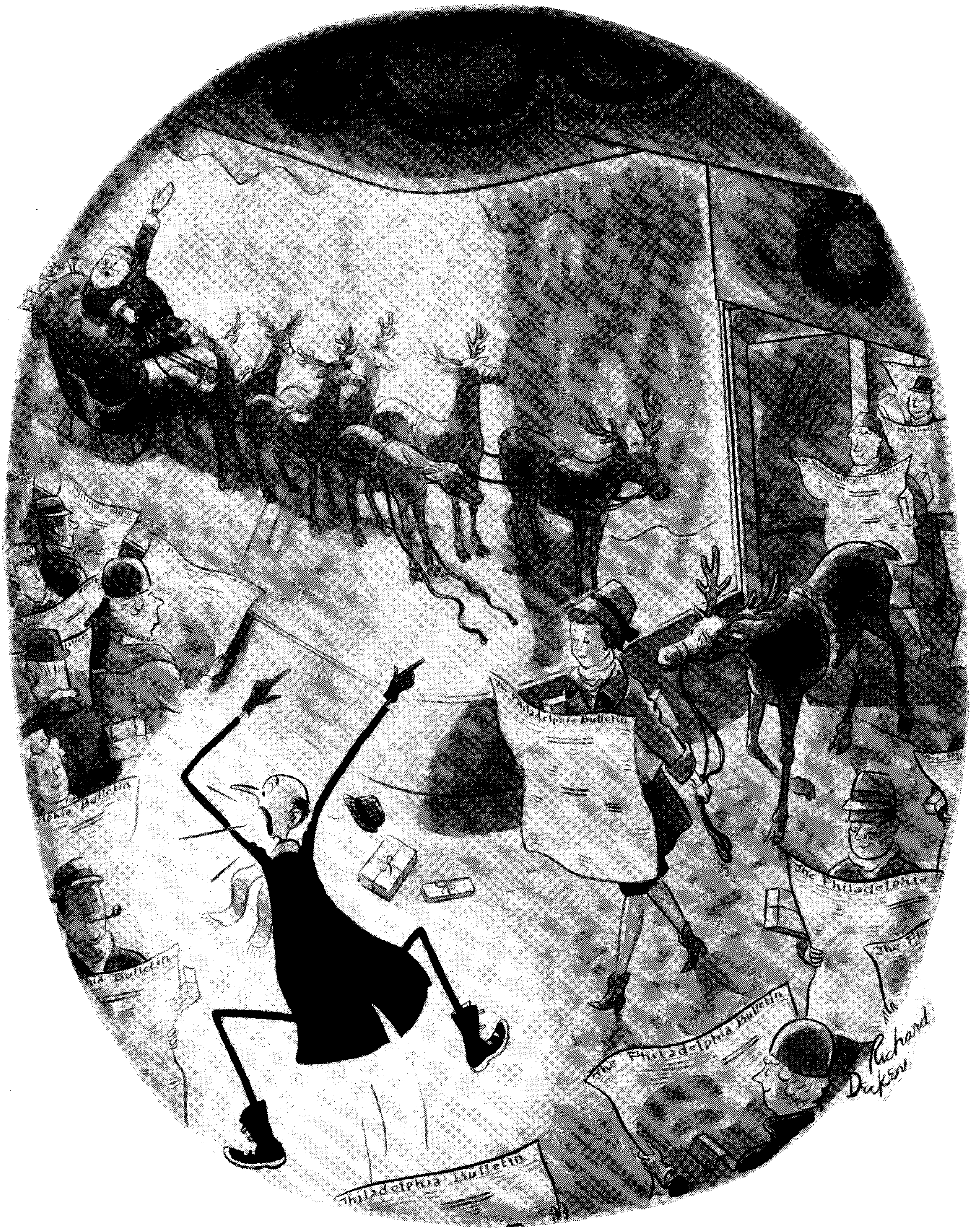
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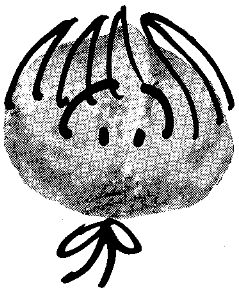

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queue of napalm-grilled villagers passes totteringly before them. An anxious, gabbling peasant pours out a quacking flow of bewildered appeals into the cold barrels of an American firing squad; his quacks begin to tail off, his flailing hands fall hopelessly to his sides, and the impassively watching officer gives the signal to fire. At the screaming height of an air raid, a monster loose-limbed papier-mâché dummy soldier with a cadaverous face and a U.S. rocket for a phallus comes flopping down from the proscenium onto the stage. The second, and mercifully less earsplitting, half consists mainly of a long moral argument between a young Western demonstrator, squatting ready beside his can of gasoline, and a cool, bright intellectual girl (played by Glenda Jackson), who twits him with the futility of protest by burning in the face of a world that does not care.

Mr. Brook and some of the critics, who mostly wrote enthusiastically of the experiment, have indignantly denied that the piece is anti-American. There is, they point out, the deliberate guilty self-identification of the double-take title and the passage in the mocking girl's argument in which she puts anti-Americanism at the ugly level of anti-Semitism. No one entirely escapes. Somewhere in the tumult, a gentlemanly Foreign Office voice is heard neighing complacently that if any way is ever found out of this terrible tragedy it will be due to the unfailing efforts of Her Majesty's Government. But many people will go right on thinking that the emotional propaganda is heavily loaded against the Americans and the French and is remarkably silent on Hanoi, which diminishes the impact of an extraordinary production. At the end, as a tiresome gimmick, no curtain descends. Instead, the entire cast of fourteen men and five girls, dressed in the rehearsal togs they wear throughout, stand silently on the stage staring at the audience, which suddenly gets the message, like late-staying guests who intercept the glassiness in a host's eye, and sheepishly struggles toward the exits. The audience the other evening, thick with Carnaby Street tailoring, sat

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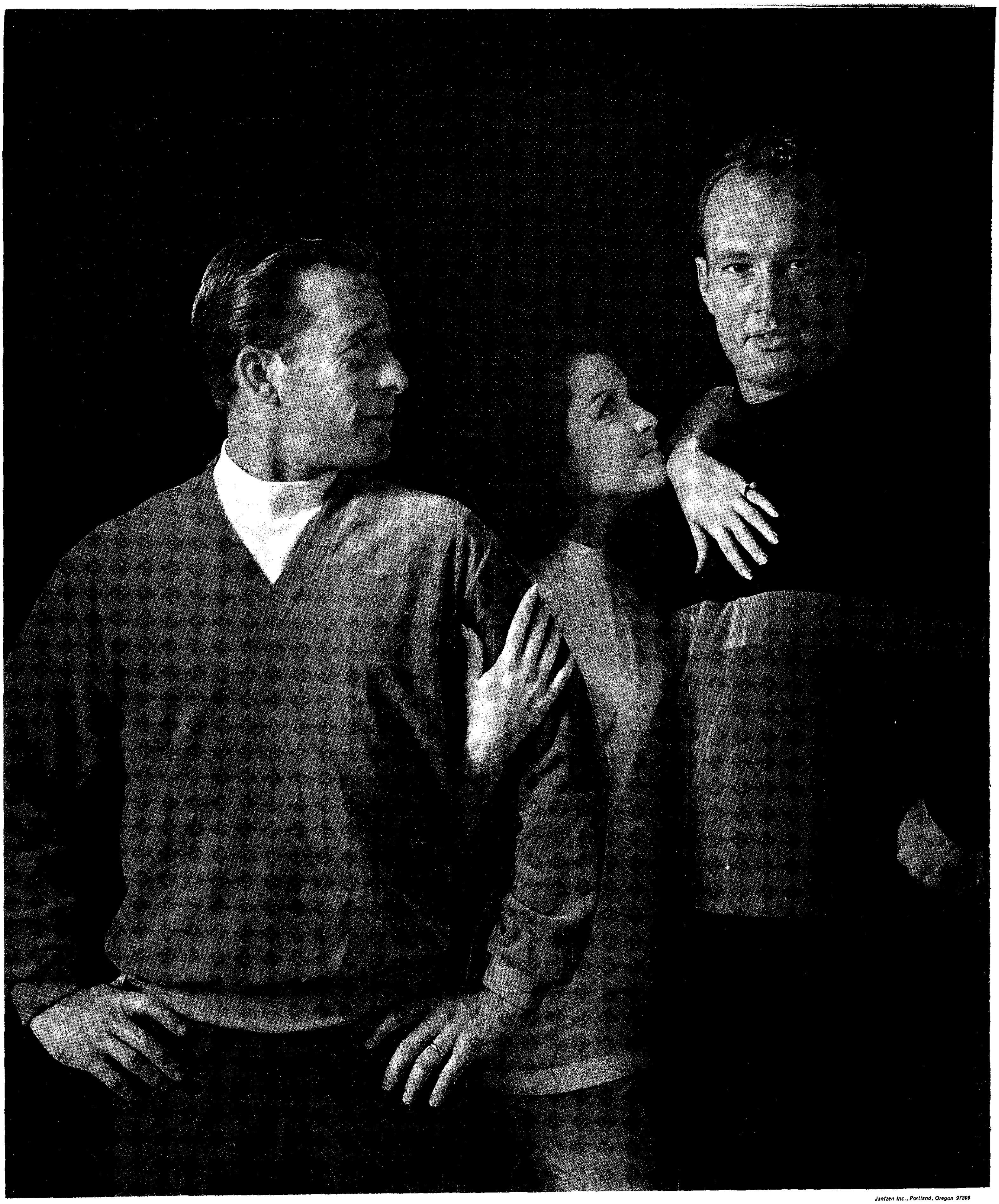

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rather silently throughout and, after a rattle of subdued clapping, went quietly.

THE perennial fascination of Mme. Tussaud's exhibition in Baker Street, just around the corner from Sherlock Holmes's, never wanes, to judge by the queues that daily straggle toward its doors. In its way, in spite of its fun-fair atmosphere, the place is as distinctive a collection as the National Portrait Gallery, being a wonderfully extensive record of the features of so many of the great or celebrated, from the time of the French Revolution onward, modelled nearly all from life (or, some of the early ones, gruesomely from victims of the guillotine) by the émigrée Mme. Tussaud and, later, by her descendants. It is still a family affair; there are Tussauds on the board today. The crowds come along for the fun of gazing at the phizzes of the famous and seeing what they truly looked like, and also to gaze affectionately at their old set-piece favorites—the Little Princes in the Tower, and the Gunpowder Plot, and the celebrated Sleeping Beauty (a portrait of the lovely, luckless Mme. St. Amaranthe, condemned to death by the Revolutionary tribunal at twenty-two), whose shapely motorized bosom still dependably heaves up and down beneath her veils as it did in one's childhood. The other day, Tussaud's put on a new experiment, which involves the spectator intimately in a historical experience instead of peeping at it across a red cord. This is a splendid reconstruction of the Battle of Trafalgar, designed by Timothy O'Brien, whose haunting evocation of the sights and sounds and smells of Elizabethan England was one of the memorable high spots of the brilliant Shakespeare exhibition at Stratford a couple of years ago. For Trafalgar he has used much the same technique—a mixture of theatre and *son et lumière.* Entering through a small door, the visitor plunges into the truly claustrophobic gloom and turmoil of the lower decks of the Victory. Figures of sweating gun crews are dimly seen laboring in darkness, broken by blinding flashes of light (one of the Victory's guns was recorded for the sound track) and a pandemonium of groans, curses, shouted orders, beating drums, and a sulphurous smell of smoke. The facts about the battle, set forth on the walls of the staircase between decks, tell the visitor who has wits enough left to read that, not surprisingly, some of the surviving gunners were deaf for life. After this, the more classic Tussaud group of the dying Nelson's small, frail body propped up in the candlelit cockpit among his officers is a slight anticlimax.

In the regular exhibition, this visitor noted, the changes of history are carefully recorded. Mr. Wilson, looking pink and spruce, sits surrounded by his Cabinet, reseated according to the last shuffle. In the Commonwealth section, Mrs. Gandhi has not yet replaced an excellent Mr. Shastri, but an exhibition attendant said that she was expected shortly. In a tactful compromise, the figure of Mr. Ian Smith, of Rhodesia, has been placed in the background of the group of Commonwealth Prime Ministers and peers around the corner of a large screen. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

• •

POEM ABOUT MORNING

Whether it's sunny or not, it's sure
To be enormously complex:
Trees or streets outdoors, indoors whoever you share,
And yourself, thirsty, hungry, washing,
An attitude toward sex.
No wonder half of you wants to stay
With your head dark and wishing
Rather than take it all on again—
Weren't you duped yesterday?
Things are not orderly here, no matter what they say.

But the clock goes off, if you have a dog,
It wags, if you get up now, you'll be less
Late. Life is some kind of loathsome hag
Who is forever threatening to turn beautiful.
Now she gives you a quick toothpaste kiss
And puts a glass of cold cranberry juice,
Like a big fake garnet, in your hand.
Cranberry juice! You're lucky, on the whole,
But there is a great deal about it you don't understand.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

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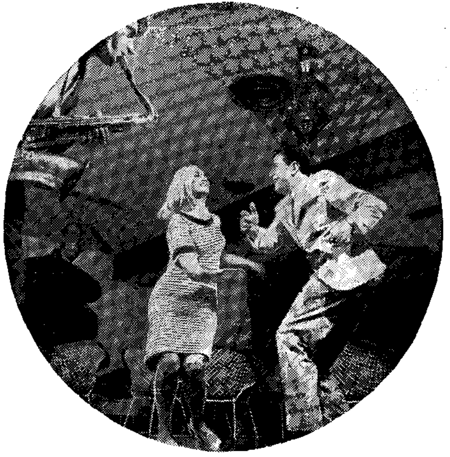
Swing with the
'Night People"



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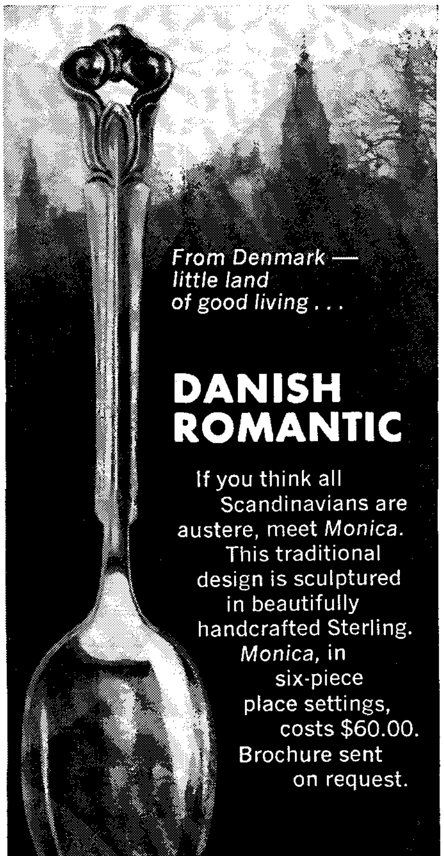
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 22

THERE has never been in any place or at any time in our present world so vast and inclusive a retrospective showing of art by one living artist as the "Hommage à Pablo Picasso," now opened here, without him, to celebrate his recent eighty-fifth birthday. Basically, it is an exchange of gifts. The gift that Paris offers to him is that of the highest degree of official honor that it can manifest for a functioning, astonishing octogenarian and for his work, plus profound gratitude (and pride) that in youth he chose not to live in Barcelona and Spain but to start his career in Paris and continue it in France, on both of which his Iberian genius has enormously shed its lustre. The gift that Picasso offers in return is more complicated. It is that of being the accepted aesthetic phenomenon of the present century, who, more than any other artist, has created and illustrated it—the foreign artist living in France who added to the troubled nineteen-hundreds by his dynamic gifts for destruction, creation, re-creation, metamorphosis, and reanimated mythologies; who has painted love, hate, and loveliness; who has sometimes revised classicism; and who has often invented horrors in ugliness that balance the glories to be found in his manual gift for perfect composition, which ranks as beauty. He has been the dominant, inventive Cubist, whose geometries on canvas were portraits catching the fleeting likeness of the "space-time continuum" theory; the anti-segregationist who borrowed from Negro art; the technician whose brush was like a scalpel operating on facial flesh, altering the relations of noses and eyes and profiles. He has been the master painter and artificer of the Western world, a thousand of whose creations, made by him over the past seventy-one years, are now on view in the Grand and the Petit Palais and in the gallery of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

His pictures in the Grand Palais represent the major part of his autobiography. During a few days before the exhibition officially opened, when the press had the luck to stroll about in freedom while the carpenters were still at work with hammer and saw, making frames, it was like walking through his



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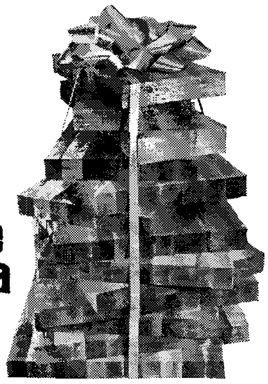

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past life, with time to stop and stare. It seems no secret that all the Grand Palais canvases that are framed in unpainted fresh wood belong to Picasso himself—something over a hundred of them, sent unframed to Paris at the last minute. These are his own pictures, saved by him over the years for his own historical or personal reasons, many never seen before in public, and identified in the catalogue only by the fact that they are given no ownership at all, he having an unexpectedly strong sense of privacy. The first two pictures on the Grand Palais list, both newly framed and dated 1895, are "L'Homme à la Casquette" (a bearded workman in a cap) and "Fillette aux Pieds Nus" (a gypsy-looking barefoot girl)—both classic realistic nineteenth-century paintings by a fourteen-year-old prodigy, and technically so adult as to furnish a mature base for his coming career, from which he could extend himself, when he was ready, into stylistic destructions without self-destruction. Most of these early canvases are signed "P," or else "Pablo Ruiz Picasso," Ruiz being his father's name and Picasso his mother's—prettier and rarer—which he soon took as his signature. This was a second downgrading of his unfortunate father, a minimal art professor and painter of floral bouquets for dining-room decoration, who in abnegation had literally handed over his paints and brushes to his son when he saw that at thirteen he "could paint like Raphael." Picture No. 8 on the Grand Palais list is another small canvas from his personal archives. Called "Évocation" and dated 1901, it looks like a colorful sketch for a Christian Assumption. It depicts the burial of his painter friend Carlos Casagemas, who had come with him to Paris in 1900 and later killed himself over an unhappy love affair. Another portrait of him from memory is the male figure in "La Vie," of the melancholy Blue Period (lent by the Cleveland Museum of Art). From this dark-spirited epoch, the most impressive large canvas (from Picasso's collection) is the rarely exhibited self-portrait, painted at the age of twenty, depicting a thick-lipped Spanish youth with straggling beard and glowing, hungry black eyes, his torso wrapped in his overcoat against the cold air of Paris and poverty, in which (he later said) he burned his drawings to keep warm and ate slightly rotted sausages, which were cheap. Among the other Blues, there is the well-known portrait of "La Célestine," the matron with the opaque, strabismic eye. The other outstanding historic

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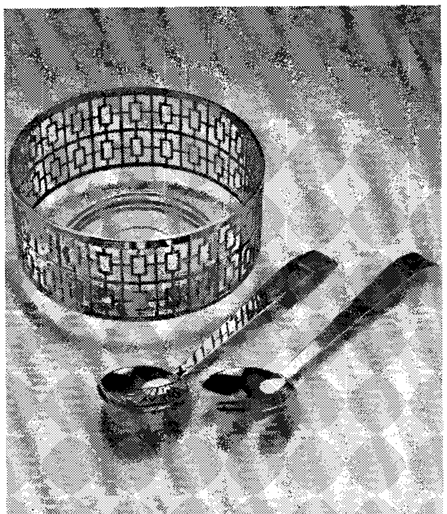

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Blue portrait is of Jaime Sabartés with a beer mug in his hand, which gives the picture its usual title of "Le Bock" (exceptionally lent by Moscow's Pushkin Museum). It is a portrait like this that gives the exhibition its persistent rich autobiographical flavor. The writer Sabartés, who knew Picasso from their youth together, was for more than half a century his intermittent Spanish secretary, often living with him at close range, and his eventually published memoirs furnished a Picassoan psychological inventory that art appreciators still carry with them in their memories, like a handy, accurate list of what is to be seen or found again in any new Picasso exhibition, always as a result of what Picasso himself is like. Sabartés once described Picasso as having a brain like "*un incendie cérébral*," and added that his is an intelligence in a constant state of susceptibility. He attaches himself only to what is essential; what is minor will follow. He never loses his strength by diluting himself, is the sworn enemy of any and all systems. He has more curiosity than a thousand women put together. He is interested in everything, and completely absorbed by some things. Discovery is what he deeply cares for.

What fascinated Picasso by 1904 was happiness, which he found in his long, well-known liaison with Fernande Olivier, a handsome, almond-eyed, intelligent model (she had been educated to become a schoolteacher), who lived with him in the Montmartre tenement that was known as Le Bateau-Lavoir because it looked like a Seine laundry barge. His second fascination was the Montmartre circus, where he and she went to see the acrobats and equestrians when they could afford it. In her recollections (everyone with experience of him has always written about him) of the seven years she spent with him, called "Picasso et Ses Amis," she recalls one period when they were so poor that she had no shoes and had to stay indoors, and the many times they did not have enough to eat. Considering the popularity of Picasso's circus paintings and how many of them he painted, the Grand Palais circus section seems lacking, there being only four examples—three small ones from his own collection and one large, handsome "Acrobat's Family" of father, mother, and child, like a pastiche of a Holy Family, with the seated observant monkey that he often included as a pagan witness. The exhibition also shows only one early Fernande portrait (also from his private archives), titled

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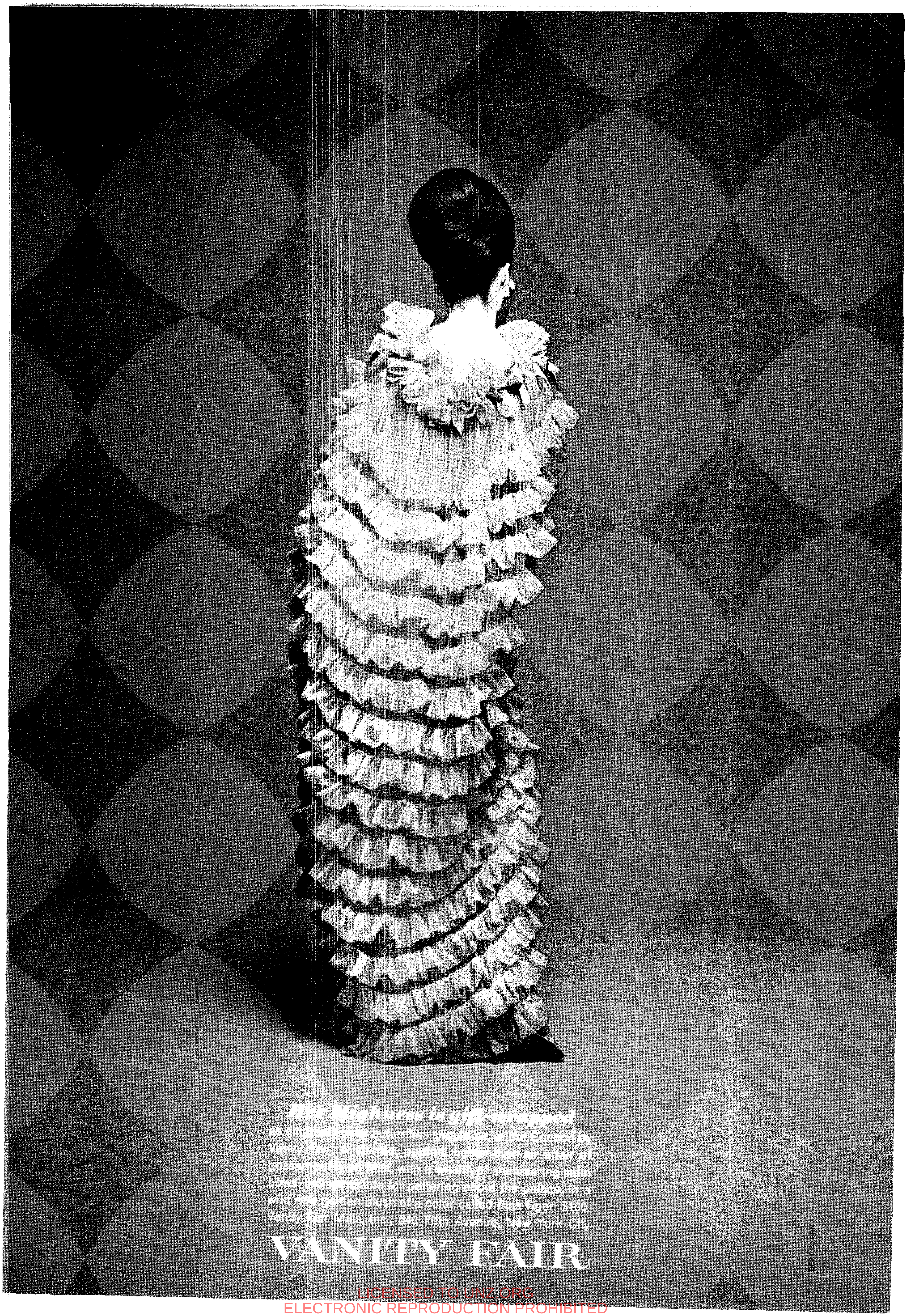

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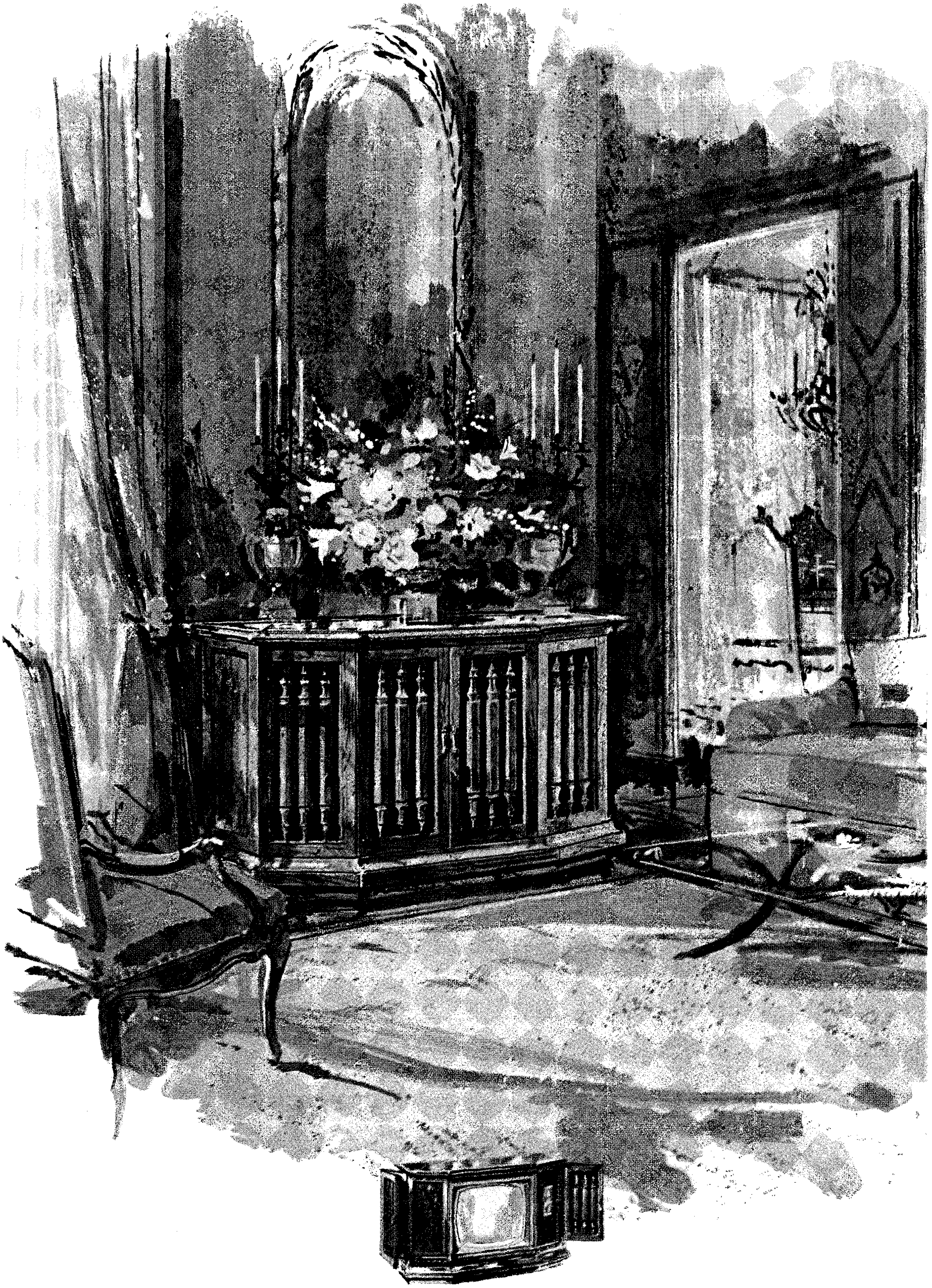

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"Fernande à la Mantilla." However, the new Rose Period, as it was called in its healthy opposition to the melancholy Blue (and because Picasso used certain new brick-red tones), and which further developed in their 1906 summer together in Gosol, in Andorra, produced one of his first great classic pictures, of major value in the "Hommage." Called "La Toilette," it shows a splendid young nude of great beauty and delicate proportions (supposedly Fernande) standing and dressing her hair before a small, square mirror held aslant by a handmaiden robed in blue—a pair of serene demigoddesses in the Greek manner. During the Gosol summer, he also painted "Woman with Loaves of Bread" balanced on her kerchiefed head—a distinct advance toward what was to be his new, severer personal style, en route to his great revolution in modern art.

By 1905, Picasso had started being moderately successful. That is to say, the sagacious, celebrated art merchant Ambroise Vollard had paid him the equivalent of four hundred dollars for thirty canvases—about thirteen dollars apiece—which financed the Gosol trip. He had also been discovered by two discerning American tyro art collectors with little money—Miss Gertrude Stein and her brother Leo. In the winter of 1905-06, Miss Stein sat eighty times for her portrait by Picasso, while Fernande, who had a lovely voice, read aloud all of La Fontaine's "Fables" to her. Claiming that he "could not see her anymore" (in artists' parlance), he wiped out her face before departing for Gosol, and, on returning to Paris in the autumn, repainted it without having her pose again. The new face, seeming masklike, with thickened eyelids and lips, as if made of clay, was an accentuation of the Gosol style, influenced (Picasso said years later) by the ancient Spanish pre-Roman discoveries that had been displayed at the Louvre and had enormously impressed him. The latest version, rather dull, of Miss Stein's opinion of the portrait has at least the full force of her repetitive style: "For me it is me. It is the only reproduction of me which will always be me." Now known to Parisians as part of the Picasso legend, her portrait was what the French crowds, in their melee, pushed forward to try to look at among all the portraits to be seen at the Grand Palais opening last Saturday afternoon. (It was lent by New York's Metropolitan Museum, to which she appropriately bequeathed it as a transatlantic modern classic.) According to art critics, it was the ultimate exaggeration of the Stein

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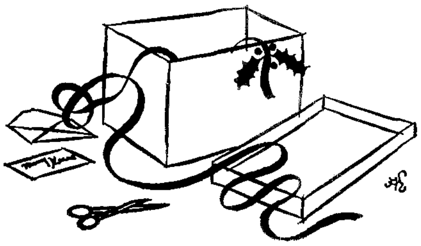
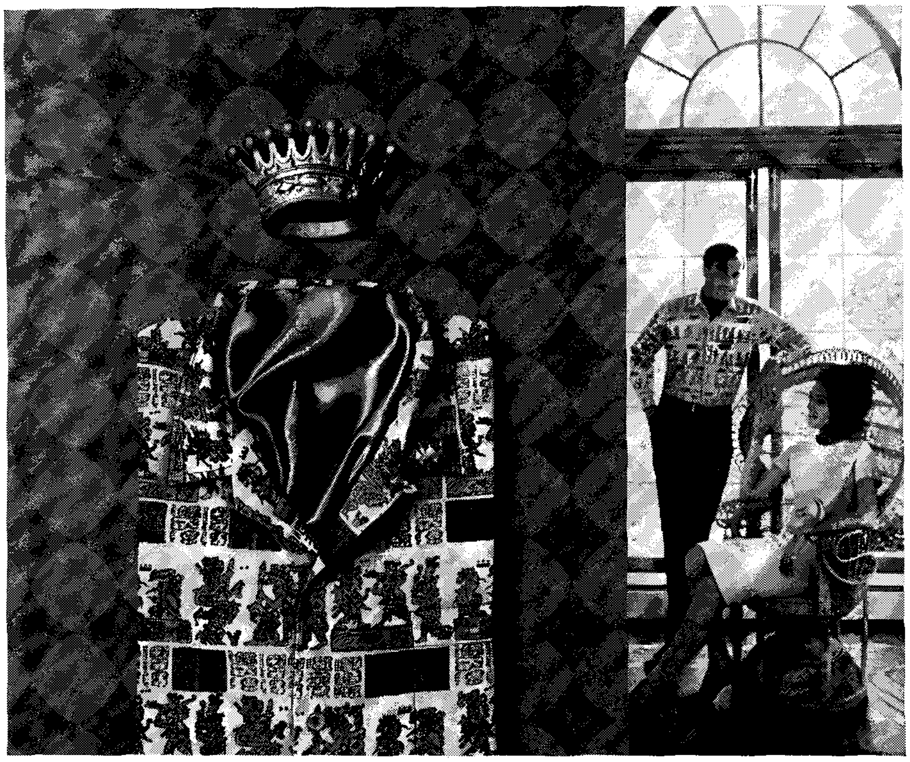
portrait's Iberian tendencies that led Picasso, after long inspirational labors, trials, and tentative sketches during 1906 and into 1907, to his concentration of them all in his formidable revolutionary proto-Cubist picture "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," which marked a new epoch in the history of modern art. Paris is now calling it "the picture of the century." It is certainly the climax of the Picassos at the Grand Palais. After the First World War, it was André Breton who persuaded Jacques Doucet, the former Paris dressmaker, to buy it for his eclectic private museum, and just before this last war it was bought by the New York Museum of Modern Art. Picasso's other climactic masterpiece, the anti-Fascist Surrealist "Guernica," which he has lent to the same museum, was deemed too fragile to send over for the "Hommage." In the autumn of 1906, when Picasso first conceived the "Demoiselles," he had just turned twenty-five.

By 1908, he was busy exploring Cubism in Paris (as was Georges Braque in Estaque, on the Mediterranean, though neither knew what the other was up to, nor was either sure enough of what Cubism consisted of to be able to define it). When Miss Stein, with her hearty appetite for explanations, asked Picasso to put into words what Cubism was, he told her, with enigmatic clarity, "You paint not what you see but what you know is there." The Picasso Cubist display at the Grand Palais is one of its richest features. In a kind of bay, as if to accommodate groups of immobile, fascinated admirers, and as side accompaniments to the "Demoiselles" and Miss Stein, there is a quartet of analytical-Cubist portraits of highest autobiographical significance. There is Fernande, painted in 1909 and unfortunately looking plump, and, dated over the next two years, his portraits of Ambroise Vollard (lent by Moscow), of the German critic Wilhelm Uhde, with his strangely pinched mouth (from the London collection of Roland and Lee Penrose), and of the heroic first Cubist art merchant, Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler (from the Chicago Art Institute). From Picasso's own collection of Cubist canvases there is the "Man with the Mandolin," and there





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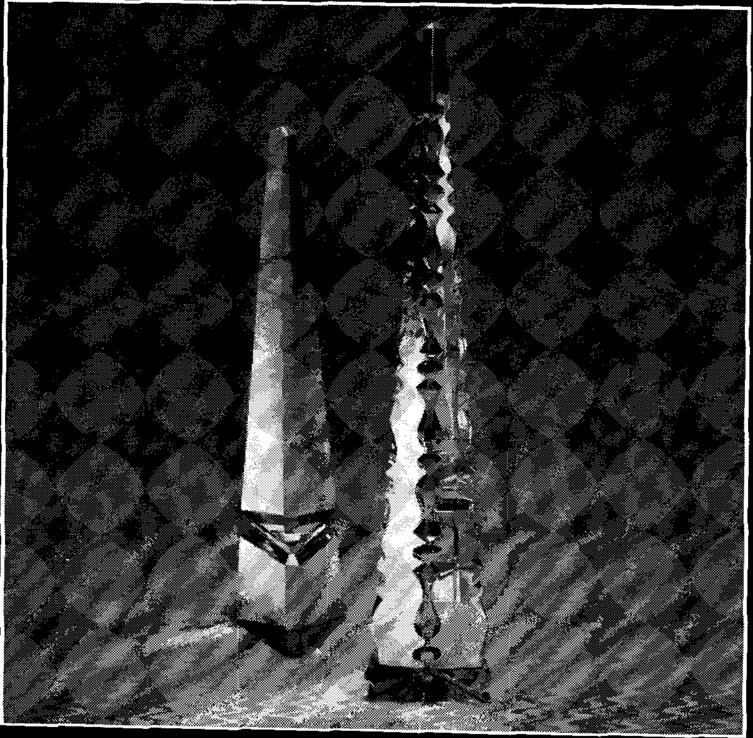

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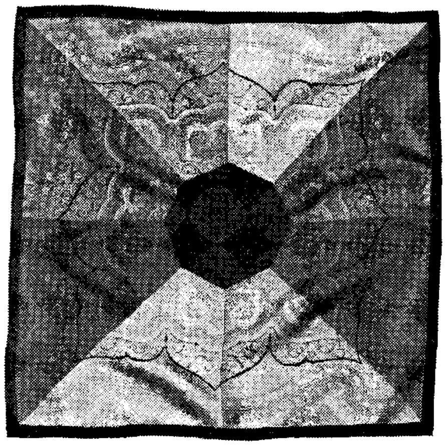

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are dozens from other sources, such as "Le Violon," as his analytical Cubism began flattening itself out into synthetic Cubism's clearer small charms, shown in the exquisite "Still-Life with Fruit, Glass, Knife, and Newspaper." Then in 1921 came the magical, majestic rectilinear Fontainebleau Cubist compositions, with noble strong colors, like painted carpentry, such as "The Three Musicians," the example at the Grand Palais being the musicians from the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Beyond the portraits of Olga Koklova, the Russian dancer who was his first wife, there is a long gallery in the Palais that seems given over almost exclusively to portraits of the various other women he has loved, with or without the children he has fathered. As though skillfully mixing oil with water, he has retained their likenesses, in many cases, while deforming their features. The most resistant beauty in this contingent remains the elegant Yugoslav Dora Maar, as is proved in two splendid portraits depicting her beauty and in a third, significantly called "Weeping Woman," which is a map of facial grief. Energetically devoted to women, he uses their faces in his paintings as mirrors in which he reflects his patterns of physical distortion—carving the nose and the lips apart in such a way that these two features seem to be seen in profile and head on. He gives them nostrils like the ends of trumpets, mouths like tubes. His distortion of the female face by which it is seen from two directions united is a kind of artist's pun that amounts to metamorphosis. To this he often adds grotesqueries, ferocities, and the full liberty of sheer ugliness, like forms of social anger against the world for its physical cruelties, which he has confined to color and canvas.

Twelve thousand people have fought their way into the Grand Palais since the exhibition opened. At the Orangerie Museum, the Vermeer exhibition, now about to close, still has queues forming in the rain under the Tuileries trees. Aside from the big "Hommage à Picasso," there are remarkably choice small Picasso shows in art galleries all over the city. It is as if Paris were intoxicated with art and still could not satisfy its thirst. —GENÊT

•

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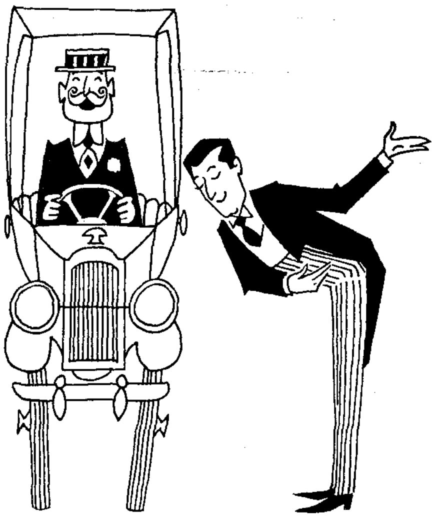

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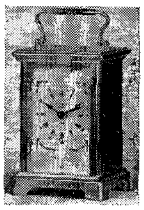

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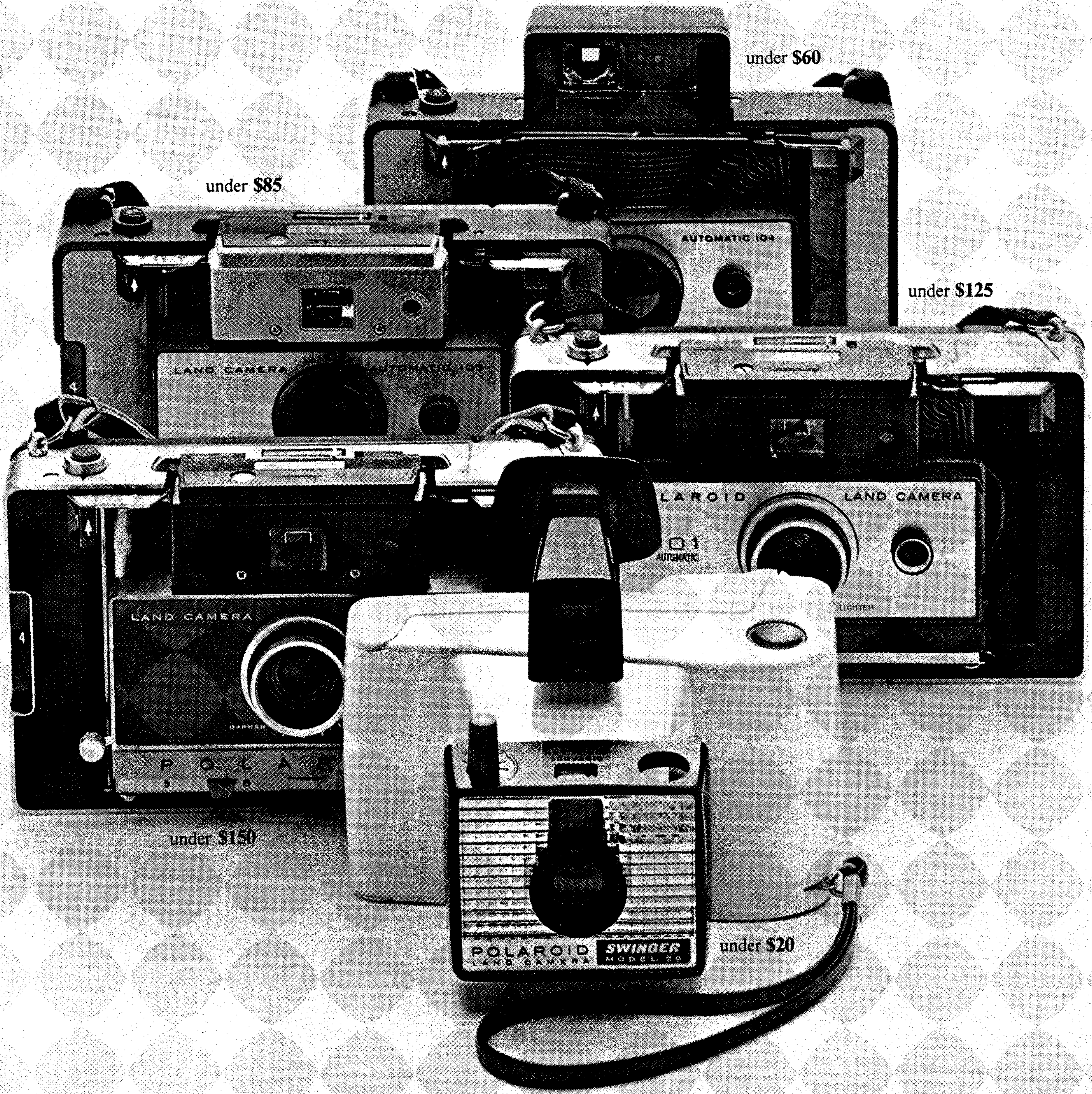
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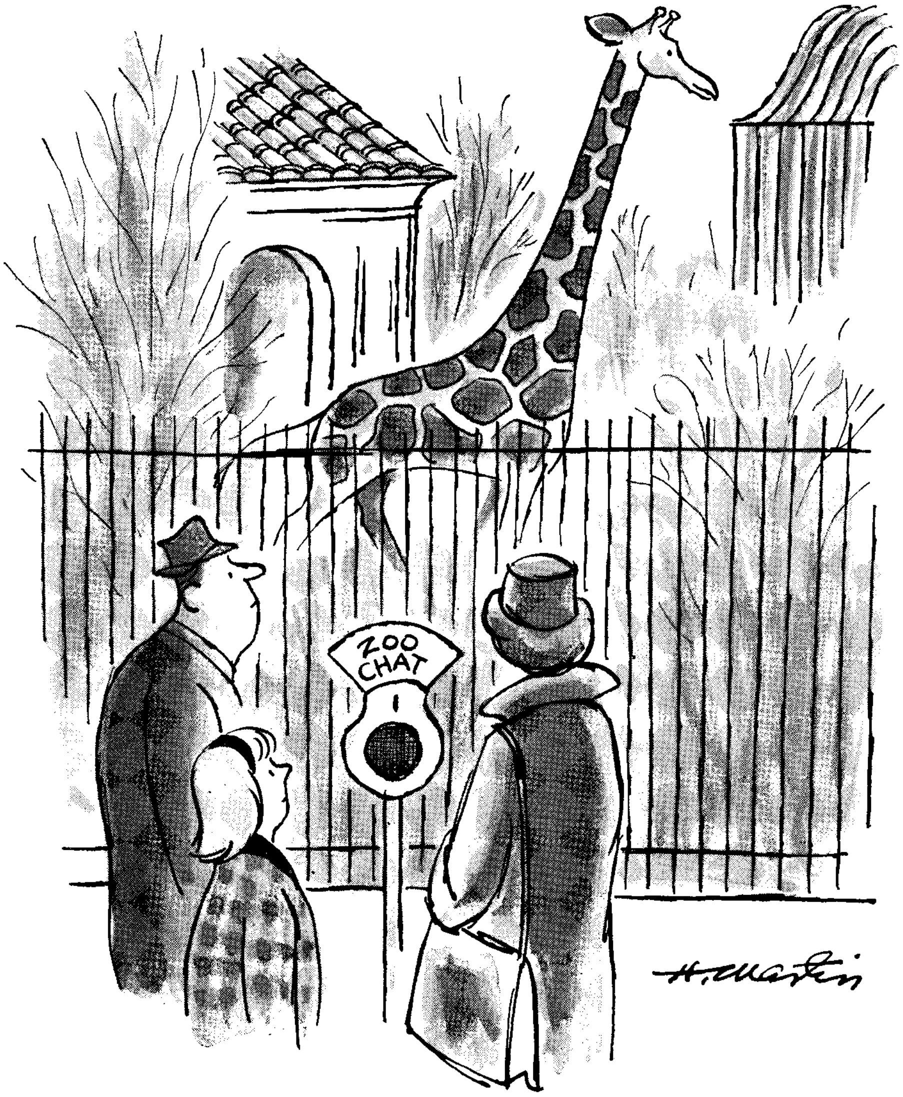
The Climate of Paranoia

IN 1910 and on a train travelling from Berlin to Cologne, there occurred a conversation between two Russian exiles that was to cause the collapse of Terrorist morale in revolutionary circles; a double agent was exposed and the way to the rise of Lenin was opened. So Miss Rebecca West tells us in the preface to her new novel, "The Birds Fall Down" (Viking). Out of this inevitably garrulous encounter—for the tedium of railway travel makes total recall among Russians a particularly plausible hazard—she has created a rich and instructive spy thriller, which contains an immense amount of brilliantly distributed information about the ideologies of the time, the rituals of the Russian Orthodox Church, the conflicts of custom, belief, and temperament between Russians and Western Europeans, the techniques of espionage and counter-espionage, and the life of exiles in Paris. Her own dramatic train journey occurs about 1900. The political interests of her fictional people are those of the real ones; only their characters differ. The Terrorists were exalted yet cold, indoctrinated but themselves liable to betrayal from within; the Russian secret police, watched in turn by the police of the European governments, were ingenious. We move into a world of underground anarchy, where every man is watched, where letters and diaries are copied, where certainty about the friend working beside you is foolish and suspicion a virtue. This is the climate of paranoia. Miss West has long been preoccupied with espionage and has seen it as a pattern of interlocking claustrophobias. This enhances drama; the frequent fatuousness and, finally, the very minor influence espionage has on the important movements of history are not for her. Spied upon or not, the Russian Terrorists were too unstable to have political survival. Whatever was to produce the Russian revolution, it would not be an intrigue between madmen in a clinic.

The success of Miss West's accounts of contemporary trials owed far more to her assiduous gift for domesticating the drama in its natural detail than to her moral conclusions. She is brilliant at documentation and is a master of the small moment. So, in this new novel, a strong subject is woven, stitch by stitch, into a glittering tapestry. The story is seen through the eyes of Laura, the affectionate, conventional, upper-class, half-Russian daughter of a famous English politician, a girl well educated and not yet "out." She knows nothing about love and will probably not for years. She is a sort of brusque Alice, mindful of manners, firm about considerateness, with the touch of the domestic spy about her, and lost in the political Wonderland. Embarrassed by her own common sense, she is Russian enough to understand that right thinking will not pay off when threats become frightening. Her Russian mother, an aristocrat, is not (as Galsworthy used to say) "on terms" with her husband, and takes the daughter to stay with her grandmother, who is dying in luxury in a great house in Paris. The grandfather, Count Nikolai, an old Czarist Minister, who believes the Czar is a surrogate of God and who has been responsible for the surveillance and liquidation of many of the assassins in the Terrorist movement, has been sent into exile by the Czar. It has been suggested in Petersburg that either he has been close to treason or his mind is softening. Again and again he goes over the history of his dismissal, and, baffled, he is half convinced he must be mad. Using every art of patient affection, his secretary, a ubiquitous and melancholy little figure called Kamensky, tries without much success to prove to his master that this is not so. A domestic crisis gives the old Count his opportunity to leave Paris



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for a resort in the North of France and perhaps even sneak off to Russia and defend his case, and he takes Laura with him on the train. The faithful Kamensky is prevented from going with them because at the last moment he injures his hand (so he says—a fishy business), and the scene is set for the arrival of a shabby and sinister figure called Chubinov in the Count's compartment in the train.

Here opens what seems to the other travellers (two prim French bourgeoises) a comic act between a pair of dotty Russians who are either having a family row or hissing with ominous sarcasm. The Count is aloof and aristocratic; Chubinov is garrulous, sometimes with tears in his eyes, sometimes spitting hate. At first it looks as though he were going to shoot the Count; it turns out that he is an unwilling friend. Slowly, very slowly, a complex tale of treachery comes out. Chubinov is a revolutionary, but he has been betrayed by his own leader in Paris; he has discovered that this leader is two persons—a double agent with two names. And the Count, who has persecuted the underground, hears that the underground gets all its information, copies of all his letters and diaries, from his own house, and that if he crosses the French frontier he will be murdered. We have been bewildered by a tale, told to us on the train, that wanders from Paris to London, London to Lausanne, and it is made more dilatory by the fact that every Russian appears with his autobiography dangling out of his mouth and is also likely to be two persons, but it has quickly dawned on us who the secret agent is. Not the man in the train. How can the Count be convinced of the identity of his betrayer? Laura hits upon the clinching clue. The poor Count stumbles out of the train at a provincial station, has a stroke, and soon dies at a hotel where a grotesque town dance is taking place.

The story now moves into a long period of suspense. The double agent, who has been exposed, will already have heard the news; in any case, he is going to kill Chubinov, who has exposed him. Who else knows the agent's secret? Only Laura. Sitting by the body of her dead grandfather, who will for days be going through the long funeral rites of the Orthodox Church, she has the leisure to guess the moment when she will be killed. She has to keep her head until she can decide what to do. Her father comes on the scene, but he is too official, too English, too unseeing. Like any official Englishman, he has the simple idea of ringing up the Em-

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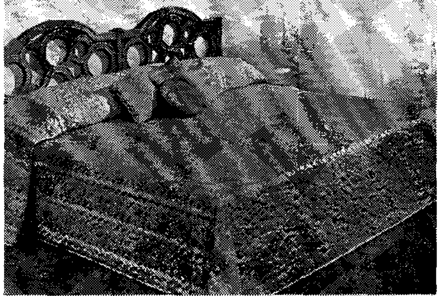

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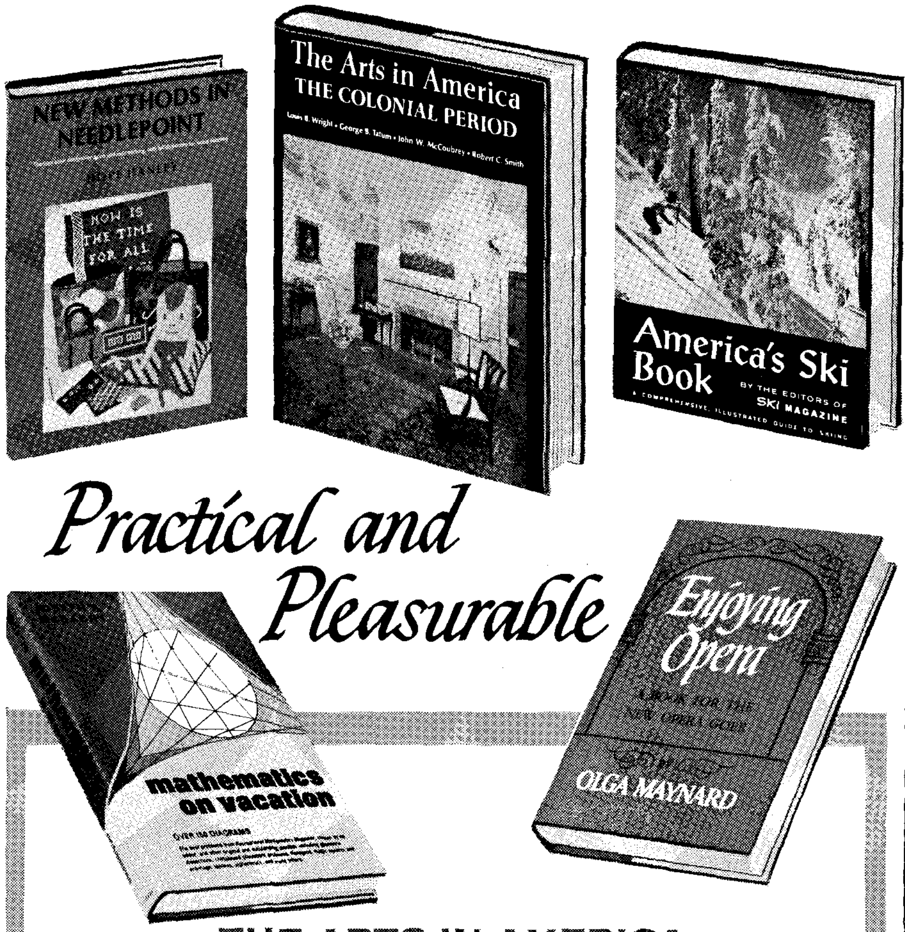
bassy and sending for a policeman. That, as we know from many spy thrillers, is unthinkable, and Laura's Russian self is at any rate in command. She prepares cleverly to be a passive accessory to the murder of the traitor, a little matter from which Alice, in her Wonderland, would not have flinched, either.

Rebecca West is above all a thinking novelist. She *thinks* her way into her Russian characters, and to do this she has had to undertake an enormous documentation. It is expertly put into the mouths of her people, and that makes it less of a strain; it is their nature to make interminable speeches and to exhaust their biographies. Miss West's Russians have, as it were, majored in being Russian. When we turn to, say, Dostoevski in "The Devils," we see that the real Russian's sense of his own crowded story and schizophrenia arises from a sense of time that is different from the Western sense. Our past is past, our memory is memory, but to the Dostoevskian—and, indeed, all the Russians of the nineteenth century and perhaps today—past and future live in the present moment. So Russians rarely relate; they enact in a timeless present, and their self-contradictions never encumber but, rather, agitate and dramatize the moment. This is a difficulty, for Miss West can rely only on her great intelligence, and therefore, though her thriller has cumulative power, it is more remarkable for being what a talented foreigner has gleaned from Russian novelists than for direct Russianness. All her characters are split persons. Even the scornful English M.P. has a secret life; Laura is a double; so is the poor old luxurious grandmother with her glorious clothes, who claims to be suffering from toothache when it is really cancer; the comic quarrelling French doctors at the deathbed hotel are also split, between professional pomp and real knowledge, between their rival vanities and their push. The presence of the dead body of a Czarist Minister has turned their intellects.

In this sense, the novel has the single note of obsession, but it sparkles with hundreds of felicities of observation. The greater the aristocrat, the fewer his servants and the gloomier his house in Paris; the more implacable the old Count, the better his delightful narrative of woodcock shoots in Russia. The Count is Miss West's great success in this book. It is true that he is a romantic idealization of wealth and orthodoxy, but he has the Stiltonlike richness, maggots and all, of the will to gov-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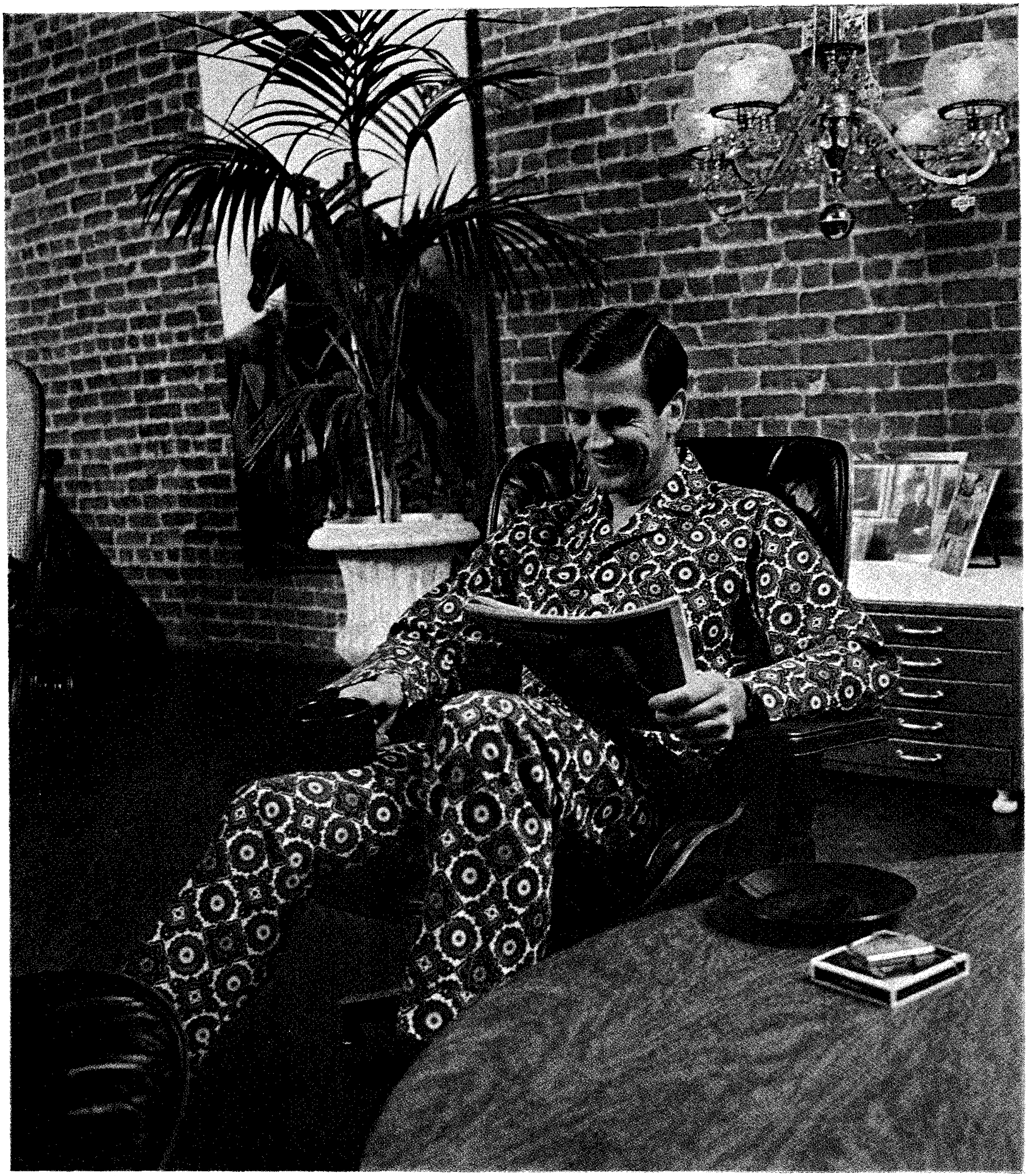

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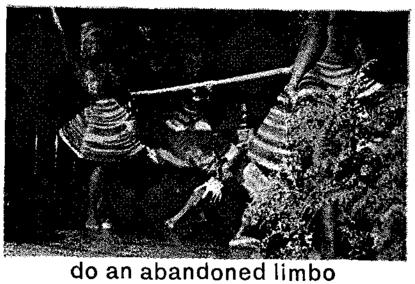
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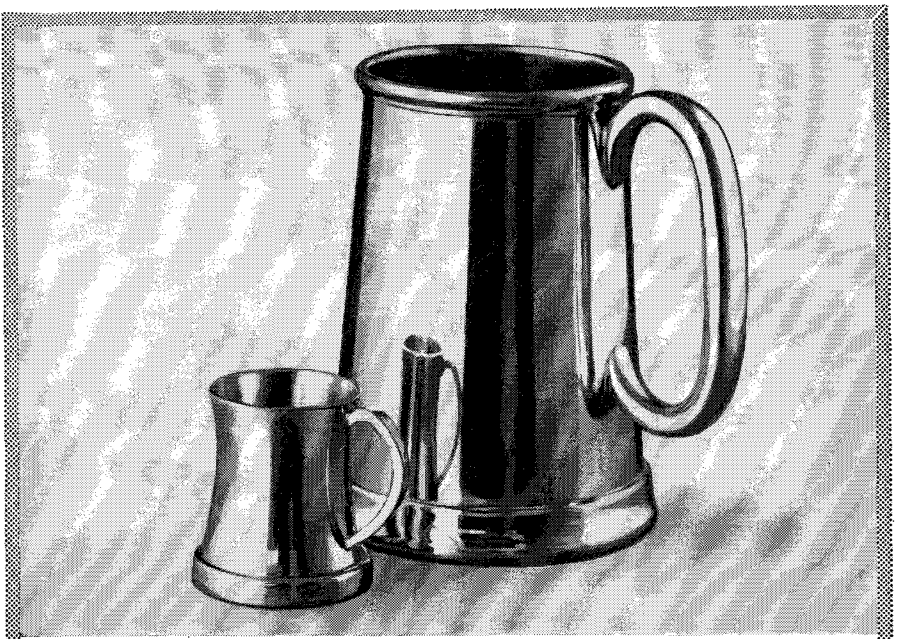
ern. There is a marked nostalgia for the grand Edwardian life, and there is more than a feeling that its luxury concealed a moral dignity. But the Count also appears as a tortured, cunning bear, naïvely affectionate, though no fool, morally contemptuous of the revolutionaries, blunt, ruthless, yet, as a sportsman, liable to be fascinated by them. We always *see* him. We *see* all the characters. Kamensky is well done, too; in his mixture of abasement, fuss, ferocity, and remorse he has something of the damp-handed Dostoevskian in him. Only a Westerner would call him a hypocrite, and it is a point in Miss West's favor that she makes us understand this. One is convinced one has known such men, whose crimes and sentimentalities cannot be disentangled. The only time he seems off key is when, as he talks to Laura, he trots out his pedantic drawing-room joke about "thesis, antithesis, and synthesis." That makes him sound stupid, which he is not; it looks like an instructional remark put in as a clue to the reader rather than a playful discourse on Hegel, useful for teasing a girl who is out of her depth. Kamensky is stupid in his dealings with Laura, but not in that way. His condemning error is to buy her magazines *pour les jeunes filles* at the railway station; as Miss West cleverly perceives, a well-brought-up English girl would be very snooty about that sort of thing in 1900. Kamensky's folly here tells us a lot about him.

As for Miss West's fine moments, there is the scene on the railway platform when the old Count has his stroke and falls on a luggage truck, while the train goes on and the soldiers wave at the stupefied girl. There is the refreshing incident in the suburbs of Paris in which we meet a pleasant blind man who is totally innocent of conspiracy but whose identity is being used. It is brilliant of Miss West to make the action turn on the one point of innocence in the tale, and even better is the description of the place. One remembers the small descriptions like these: the droll French ladies, too respectable, too self-satisfied to be aware of the life-and-death matters that are going on; the small private signs that Laura is growing up; the wonderful account of the woodcock shoot; bits of London and its railway chasms in Kensington and Camden Town; the dresses lighting up the gloom of the Avenue Kléber; the quarrel with the coachman; the distant, vulgar dance at the hotel, with the manager trying not to drink, torn between business and defer-



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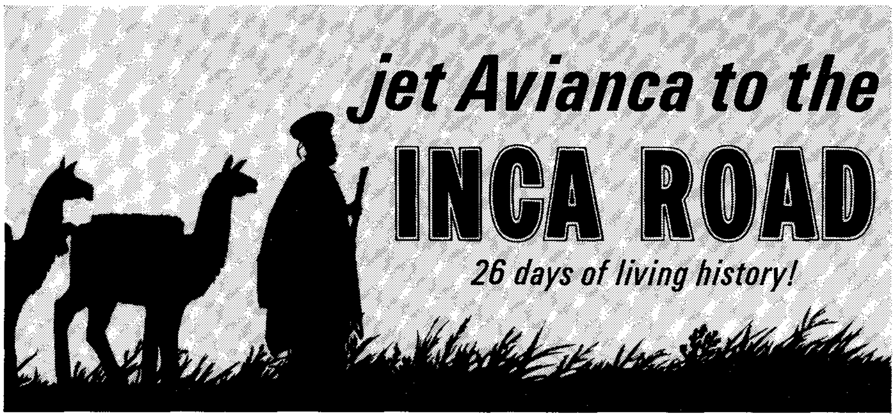

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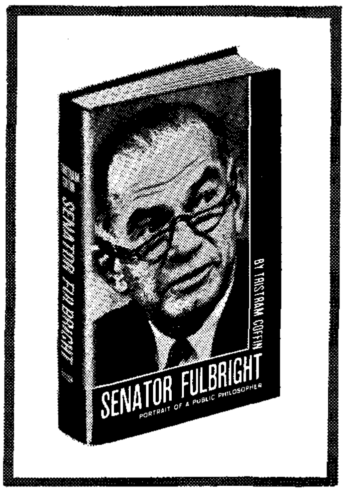
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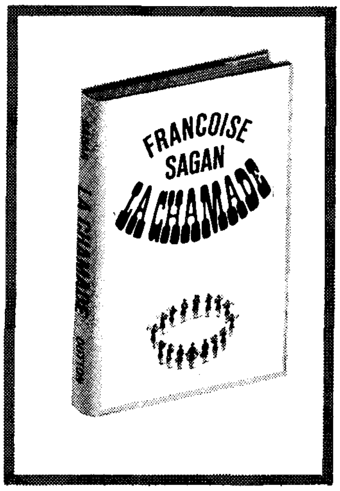
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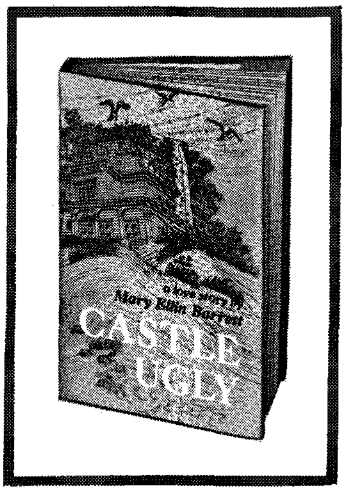
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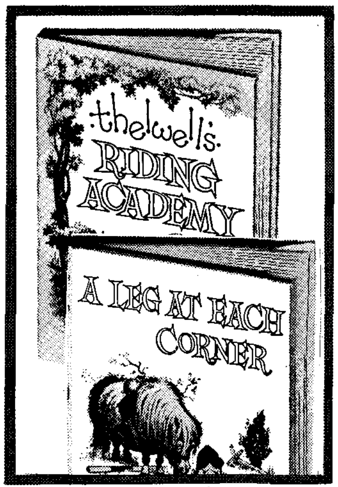
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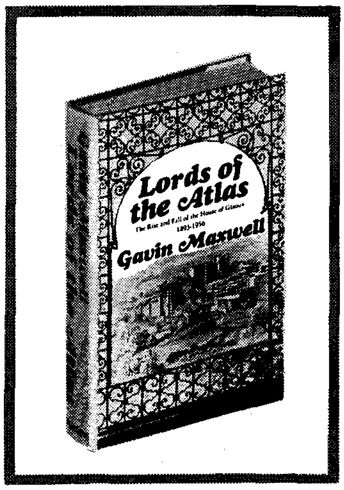
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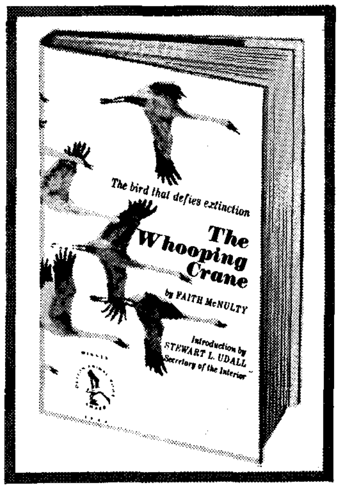
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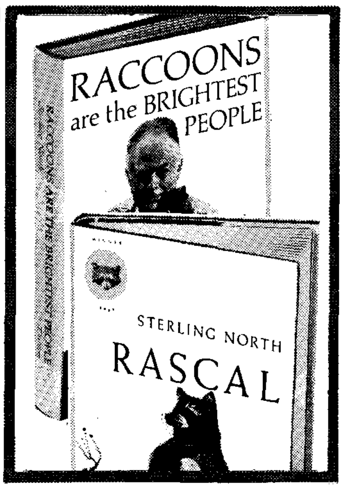
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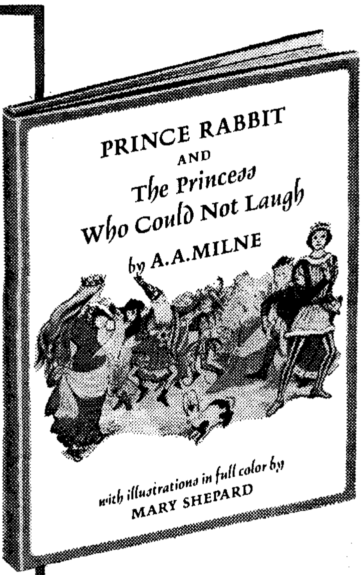
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Babes in Toyland

Question: What things vary least with the passage of time and the alterations of culture? Answer: Children's toys. We are told by Antonia Fraser's fine "A History of Toys" (Delacorte) that "there have been practically no fundamental changes in toys since the days of the Egyptians." The yo-yo "was known in the Far East in most ancient times." Dolls, balls, hoops, tops, pull toys, hobbyhorses, toy soldiers, model animals, chariots, wagons, and boats—all these are older than history. And, a few years ago, "in an experiment conducted in Senegal, it was discovered that the toys most popular with the African children were identical to the ones most popular with European children." The content can vary; little Romans played with toy Trojan horses as our children play with Noah's Arks. But when Mrs. Fraser adds that at the ruins of Troy, a tourist attraction even in antiquity, models of the Trojan horse were sold as souvenirs, one realizes that the more it changes the more it is the same; what family ever returned from Disneyland without a memento?

Mrs. Fraser's wonderful compilation looks like—for that matter, it is—one of those big, beautiful, illustrated Christmas books. (It costs twenty dollars.) Yet its handsomeness and size are not ostentatious. A history of toys really needs pictures; you want to see what Elamite pull toys, circa 1100 B.C., looked like, even though the sight discontents you with any you have ever pulled or bought. Mrs. Fraser's pictures (three hundred and two of them) invariably show what she is writing about. The reader is never baffled by good-looking, unidentifiable, free-floating figs., or by descriptive passages that demand but lack a picture; the relevant illustrations are near the relevant prose. And the prose is good. Mrs. Fraser knows that she cannot cover all times and places; a history of toys, like any history, must be a summary. But she does not write hurriedly. She describes, reports, and chats. Without giving the reader the irritating feeling of being instructed, she imparts an enormous amount of information. She begins at the beginning, between prehistory and antiquity, and ends at the present, but she writes mainly about the toys of our civilization (the one that starts with

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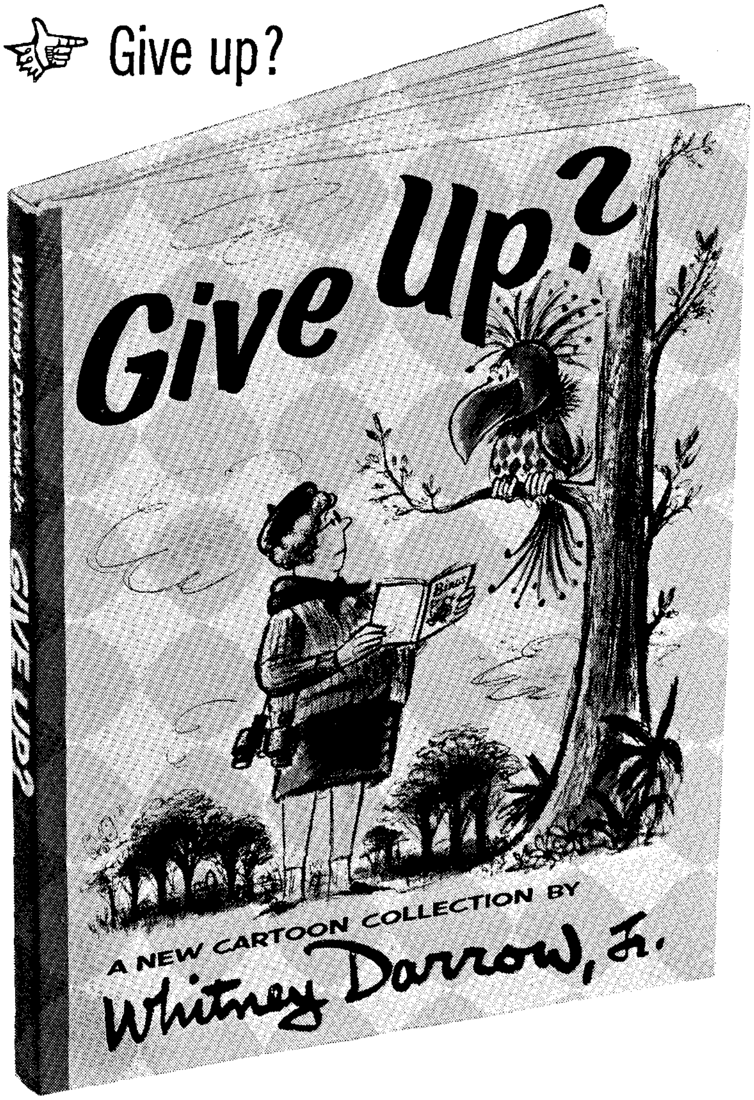
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Egypt-Greece-Rome), primarily, I gather, because these toys are most plentiful in Western museums and collections, and she devotes more space to modern (eighteenth century and after) toys than to older ones. Again, the reason is abundance. More toys survive from later periods (though, to be sure, the survival of *any* toy she deals with, whether it is John Betjeman's Teddy bear or a 500 B.C. rag doll, is a wonder, considering how often a child breaks the toy he loves), for industrialization increased the output. There were more children in the nineteenth-century world than there were in the sixth century, and there were more toys to a child.

Mrs. Fraser does not like all the toys she writes about, but she is not argumentative about them. She dislikes what she calls the "grotesque toy"—one of the earliest she mentions is a Roman child's horrid-comic mask, an ancestor of the present monster toys—yet she contents herself with noting that grotesquerie has always appealed to some children. Her book, however, does bring to general notice some learned arguments. Specialists debate, she says, whether all the early toys really were toys, and toys for whom. The wooden baby dolls placed on the altars of fertility gods by childless Japanese women cannot be called toys. Some Egyptian dolls were funerary, others were toys, and Mrs. Fraser says the experts have been sorting out which was which. And where and when rattles were (or are) used to ward off evil spirits, did (or do) little children also use them as toys? Here Mrs. Fraser ventures her own opinion. She is inclined to think that shamans and children of the culture they are part of may all indeed use rattles, because other objects, too, are used both in religious ceremonies and as toys. She cites the Southwest Indians' katchina dolls, which have done double duty, first as ritual objects and then as playthings. Adults have always used children's secular toys as secular toys, but not always, she tells us, in the way children do; children in ancient Greece rolled hoops, as children do today, while adults were directed to use hoops in physical-fitness exercises. Still, often enough everybody has played with a toy in the same way. In seventeenth-century France, adults and children both played with the cup-and-ball. From the Renaissance on, a whole series of optical toys (peepshows, stereopticons, and the like) turned up—now as curios for adults, now as toys for the young, and now as Fun for the Whole Family. These toys were

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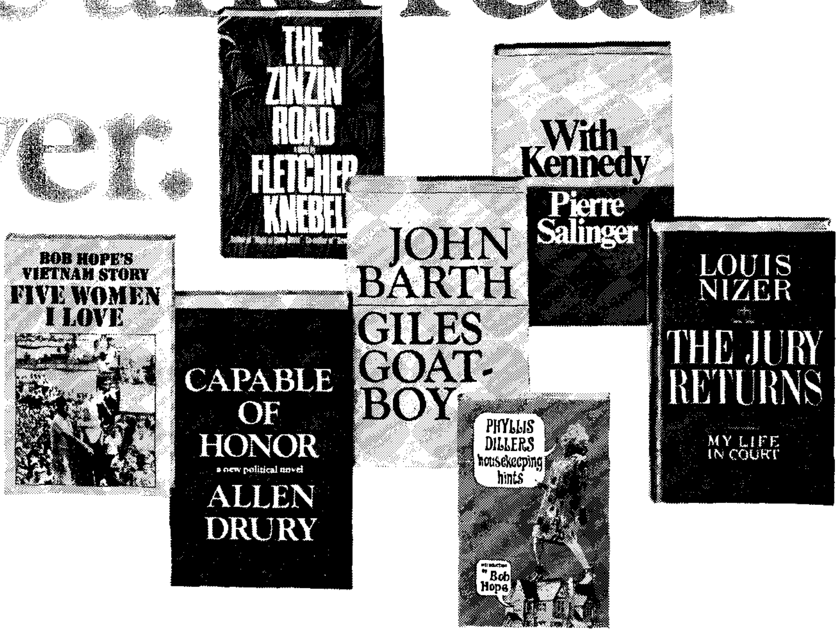
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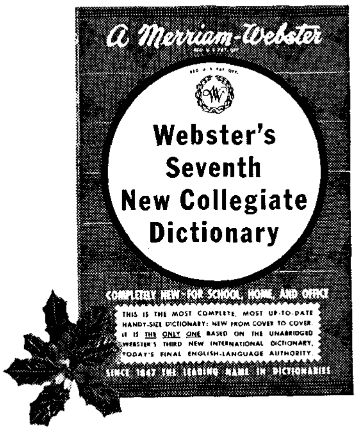

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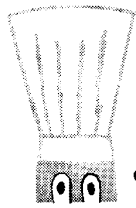
forerunners of cameras and movie projectors. Two other inventions, railway locomotives and flying machines, became toys while the prototypes were still little more than experiments. Mrs. Fraser does not speculate whether these toys would have maintained their instant popularity if railways and planes had proved to be impractical, but if American railroads insist upon disappearing, we may discover whether it is possible for a toy to outlast reality. Doll houses, like optical toys, served varying clienteles and varying purposes. Some were made for children's play. Some were designed to teach housekeeping to little girls. Many were Mother's (don't touch). Mrs. Fraser's account of one adult treasure, the Nostell Priory doll house, recalls the cinema biographies of the nineteen-thirties, in which a man everybody thought was just tinkering turns out to be Alexander Graham Bell. While Nostell Priory was under construction, in 1733, its mistress decided she wanted a doll-house version of it; a carpenter built the doll house and delegated the tiny furniture to his assistant, a boy named Thomas Chippendale.

Mrs. Fraser makes quite a point of the ways adults have played with toys. Perhaps this time-out-of-mind adult playfulness helps explain why all the civilizations she mentions have put most of the techniques and materials they commanded into toymaking. She tells us about balls made of hide (by American Indians), bladders (by ancient Celts), papyrus and reeds (by ancient Egyptians), and woven split cane (by Malayans past and present). There are hand-me-downs in Mrs. Fraser's history—items adults once took seriously and later passed along to the children. Today's mechanical toys, including windup animals and dolls that open and shut their eyes, are the descendants of ancient idols, many of which were automata. In Renaissance Europe, automata were expensive and rare curiosities; later, when princes were no longer fascinated by toys that moved, children were. But Mrs. Fraser makes one feel that usually children get quite speedily whatever their culture has to give. Nowadays, they almost always get another new plastic. Once, it was printed paper. The earliest engraved-paper toy she knows about goes all the way back to the fifteenth century—a period when, we think, the printing trades were laboriously creating incunabula and old-master graphics for today's collectors. When these trades became capable of producing reading matter for a wide public—magazines such as the



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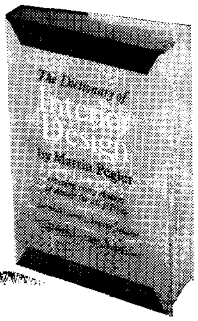

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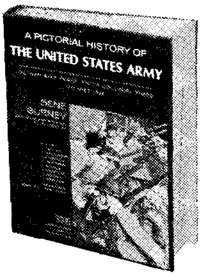

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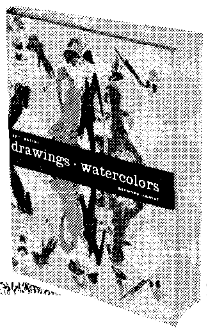

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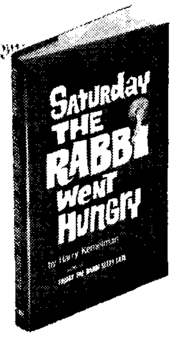

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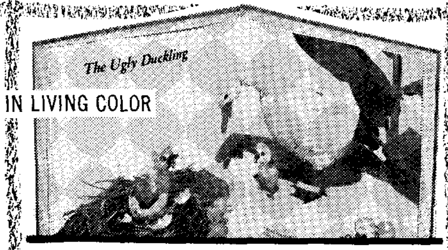

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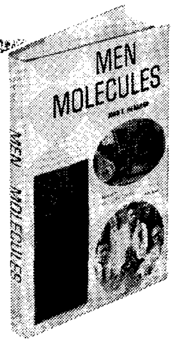

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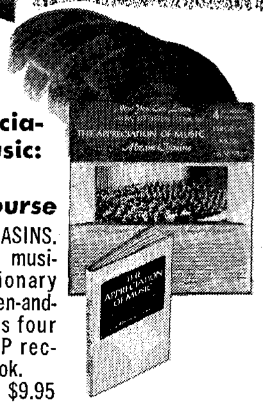

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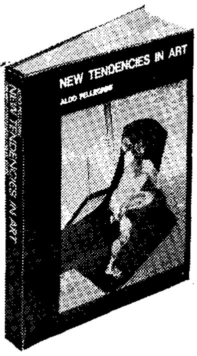

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Spectator, and political pamphlets such as Swift's history-making "The Conduct of the Allies"—they produced the earliest paper dolls. The association of these disparate Augustan inventions—Grub Street and cutouts—is mine, not Mrs. Fraser's. Nonetheless, as she so deftly tells us so much, we notice that the history of toys is involved with a good deal of other history. Economic history, for one. Toys have gone from handicraft to factory production. They spread as trade did—from the fairs of the Middle Ages to the sophisticated sort of international exchange, beginning as early as the seventeenth century, that today brings children toys of their own country, toys that are imported, toys that, once made in a foreign land, have been naturalized. (There is no indication in the annals of Winnie-the-Pooh that the Teddy bear was born in America.) Japanese toymakers make "Western" toys and sell them in Africa. The one-world development Mrs. Fraser tells us about is scarcely news, and some people are perturbed about the sameness they see spreading over the globe. But Mrs. Fraser shows that, whatever else our Western industrial civilization is imposing on less expansive cultures, it is not imposing its toys, because the toys we make are already everywhere and we have nothing except variations to impose. For that matter, the plain toys, nursery-school and kindergarten ones, of today that are often described as "creative" are not the innovations we suppose. Maria Edgeworth, early in the nineteenth century, wrote in favor of simple toys, and the ones we have now, Mrs. Fraser says, were conceived by kindergarten and nursery-school pioneers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when pre-schooling was a charity for the poor and not, as it later became, an advantage of the well-to-do. It may occur to the reader that unpainted wooden forms (for which Mrs. Fraser has high regard) are just what Victorian and Edwardian ladies would find suitable for the poor; in their time extreme simplicity was still generally associated with poverty rather than good taste. Mrs. Fraser quotes with respect several contemporary adult students of children's play—proponents of the worthy wooden toy—who prescribe what a toy should do. Not one of them seems to realize that he is merely describing what toys have always done. Luckily, plain toys play better than the arguments for them read. And luckily, too, Mrs. Fraser, who, as I have said, is not disputatious, sees the virtues of

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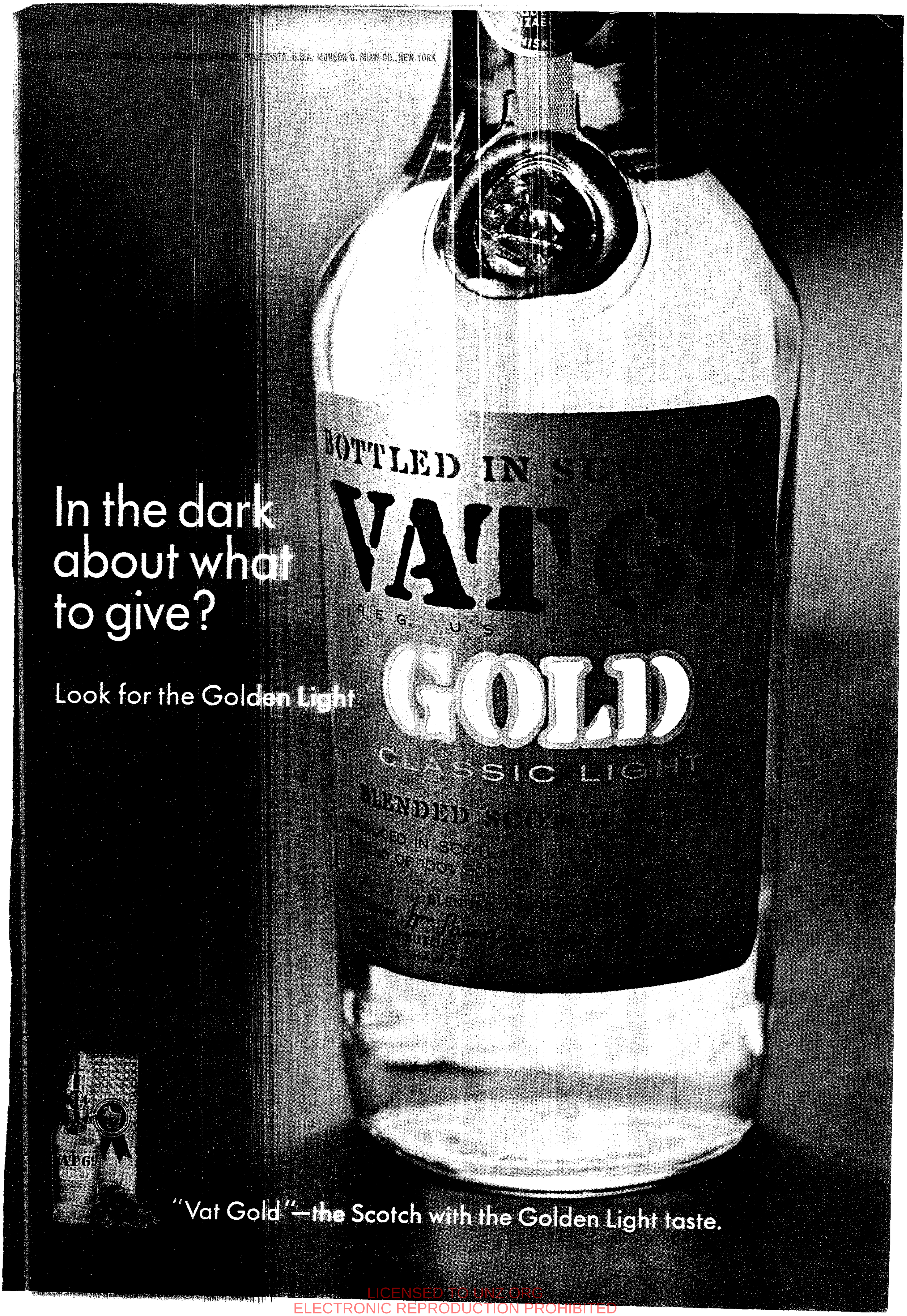
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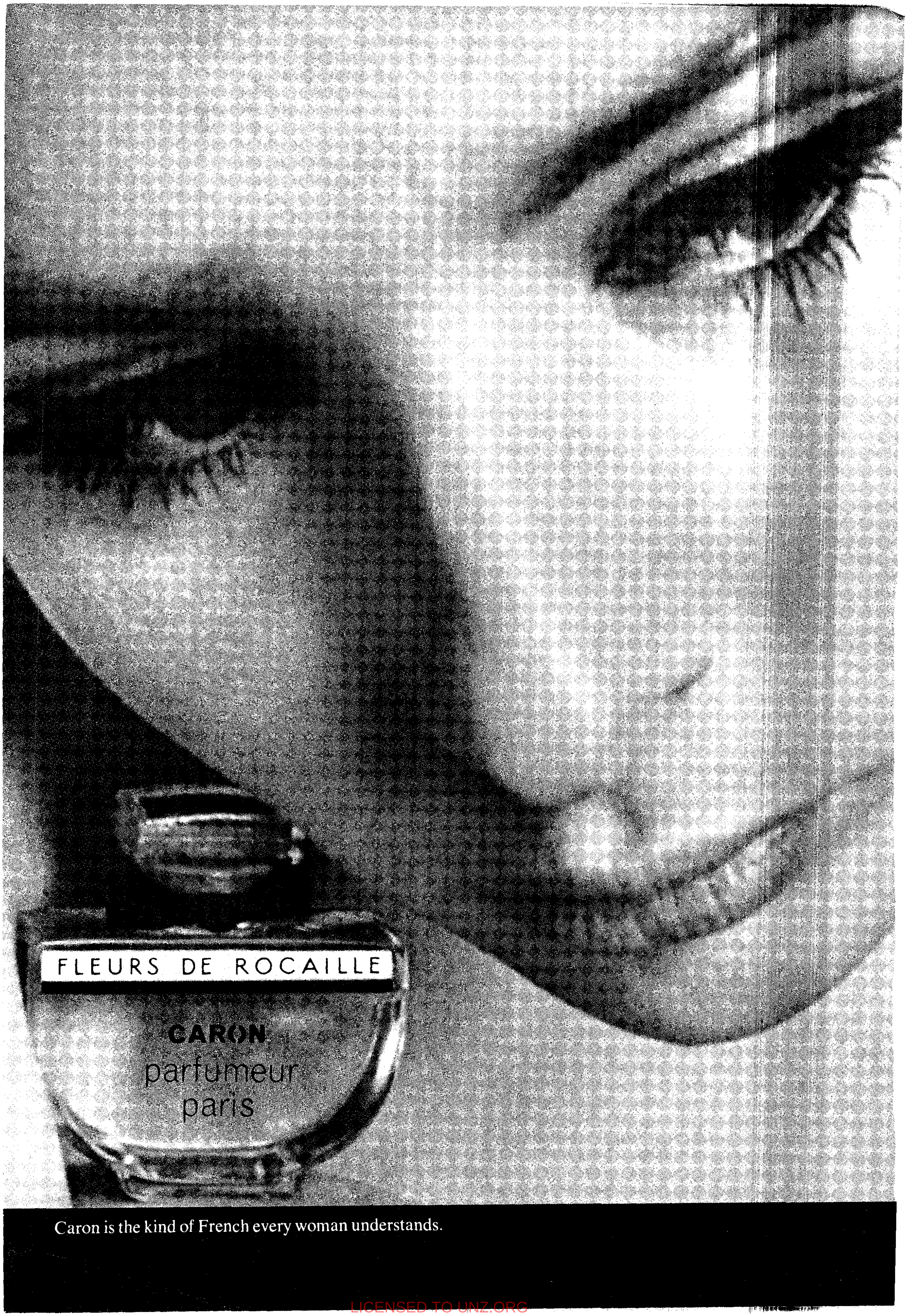
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many toys that have not been officially vetted by psychologists. Have I, I wonder, been giving Mrs. Fraser too much credit for her cheerful equableness? Perhaps some credit should go to what she is writing about—a happy subject that, almost alone among the really interesting topics there are to write or read about, calls for no improvements.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PEDLOCK & SONS, by Stephen Longstreet (Delacorte). The matriarch whose ageless vivacity provides the mainspring of this long family novel is Judith Arneth Pedlock, eighty-two years old and still fascinating, although the beauty she was famous for has been only a memory for more than two decades. Judith is not so much the head as she is the dominating voice of a fantastically wealthy American department-store family, and when she sends word from Europe, where she has been on holiday, that she is about to marry a Mr. Jacob Ellenbogan, consternation breaks loose in the hearts of all her children—her elderly children, who have not been as attentive to the business side of life as they might have been, and who are all guiltily aware of their shortcomings and fearful of change. Mr. Longstreet is a frisky, warm, authoritative writer who knows that if you have a sound formula—one that has done heavy duty lots of times—you need not worry about building a foundation, and that if you pile heaps of intimate domestic and social detail and backchat on top of the formula, you need not bother about character, atmosphere, or truth. All you have to worry about is keeping the formula steady while you pile on the nice nonsense, and balance the whole mass into a working facsimile of a novel. This is a very good working facsimile of a novel.

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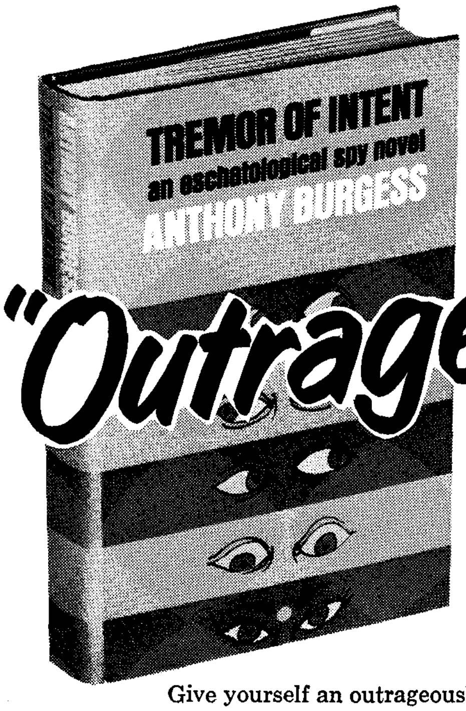

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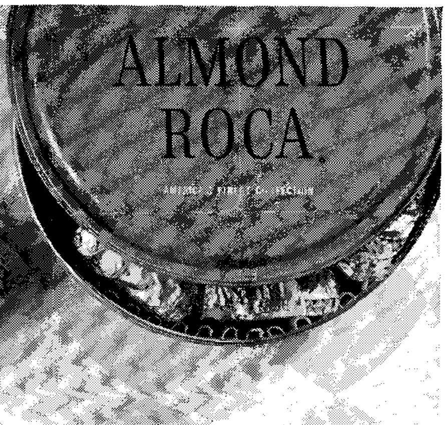

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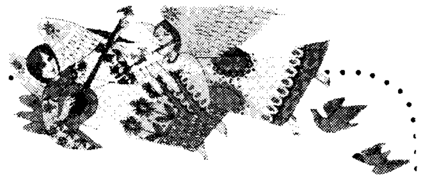

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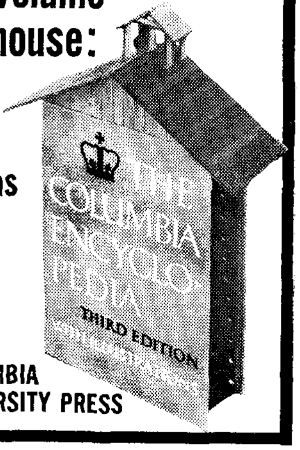

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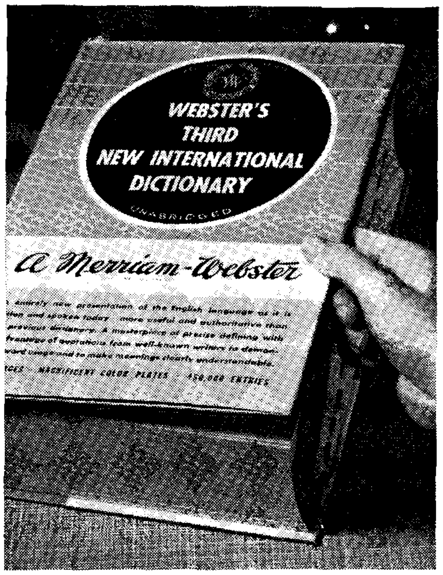

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NOTE: "Nabokov's Quartet," a volume of stories by Vladimir Nabokov, two of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Phaedra.

GENERAL

THE CAMPAIGNS OF NAPOLEON, by David Chandler (Macmillan). At first heft, these thousand-odd pages feel like too much military history, but the book is engrossing, and, moreover, it amounts to a first-rate general account of Europe in the Napoleonic era. Mr. Chandler, who teaches at Sandhurst, explains what sort of army Napoleon inherited from the French Revolution: good artillerists and engineers, who, being more skilled than noble, did not emigrate; a cavalry arm that required rebuilding and rethinking; an infantry short of experienced officers (most of them had emigrated) and filled with untrained patriotic enthusiasts, for whom new tactics had to be devised; and no supply system at all. The forces opposing the French—those of Europe's *ancien-régime* states—were at first incompetent to deal with French innovations, and Mr. Chandler describes how the protracted conflict forced them to modernize their armies and, to a lesser extent, their governments. He insists that comparisons between Napoleon, who was a genius, and Hitler, who was deranged, owe more to geography than to personality, and makes his distinction plausible by explaining Napoleon's lasting contributions to the efficient organization of Europe. (Though it was perhaps no favor to the French, Napoleon, who abolished the Holy Roman Empire, has almost as much responsibility as Bismarck for the creation of Germany.) The author combines qualities often considered antithetical: he is both plodding and brilliant, unremittingly attentive to detail and sparkling with insights into a man, a

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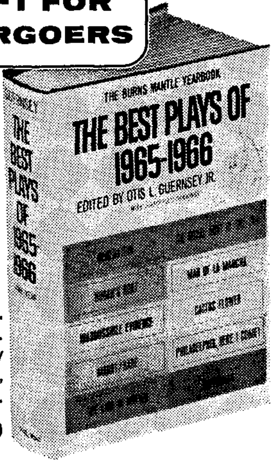
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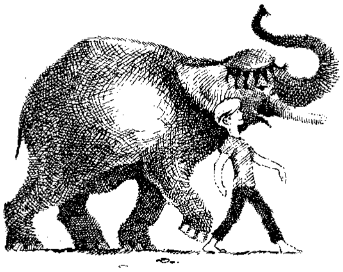

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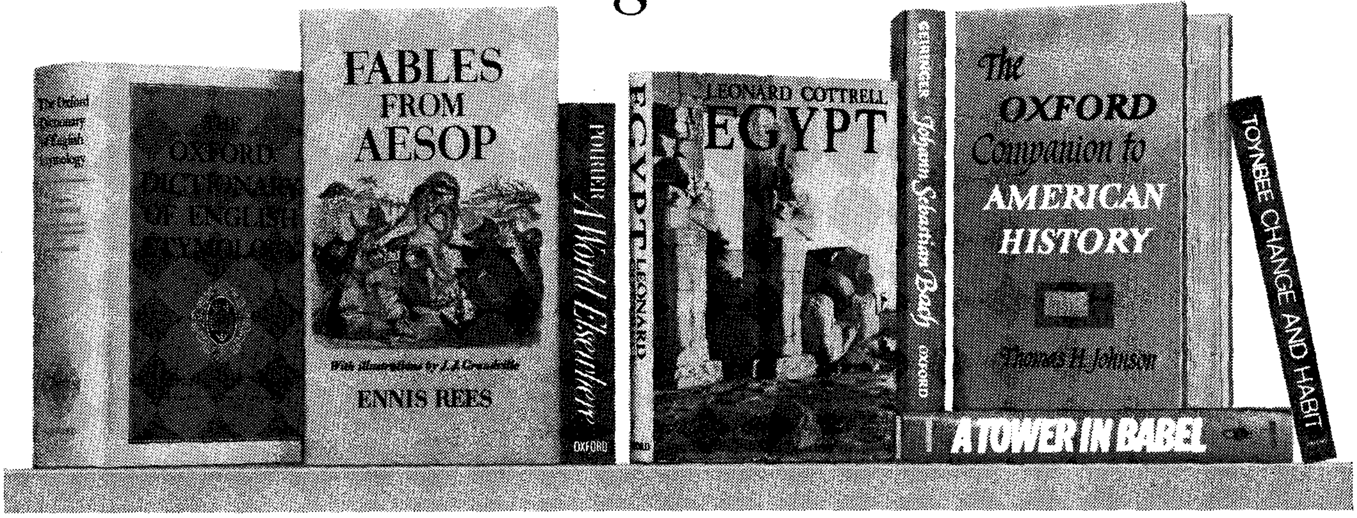
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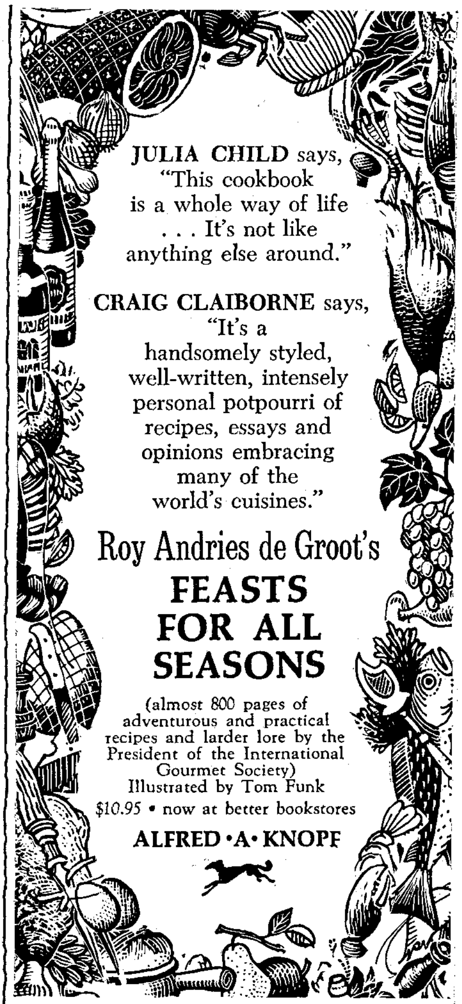

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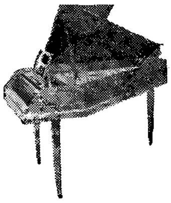

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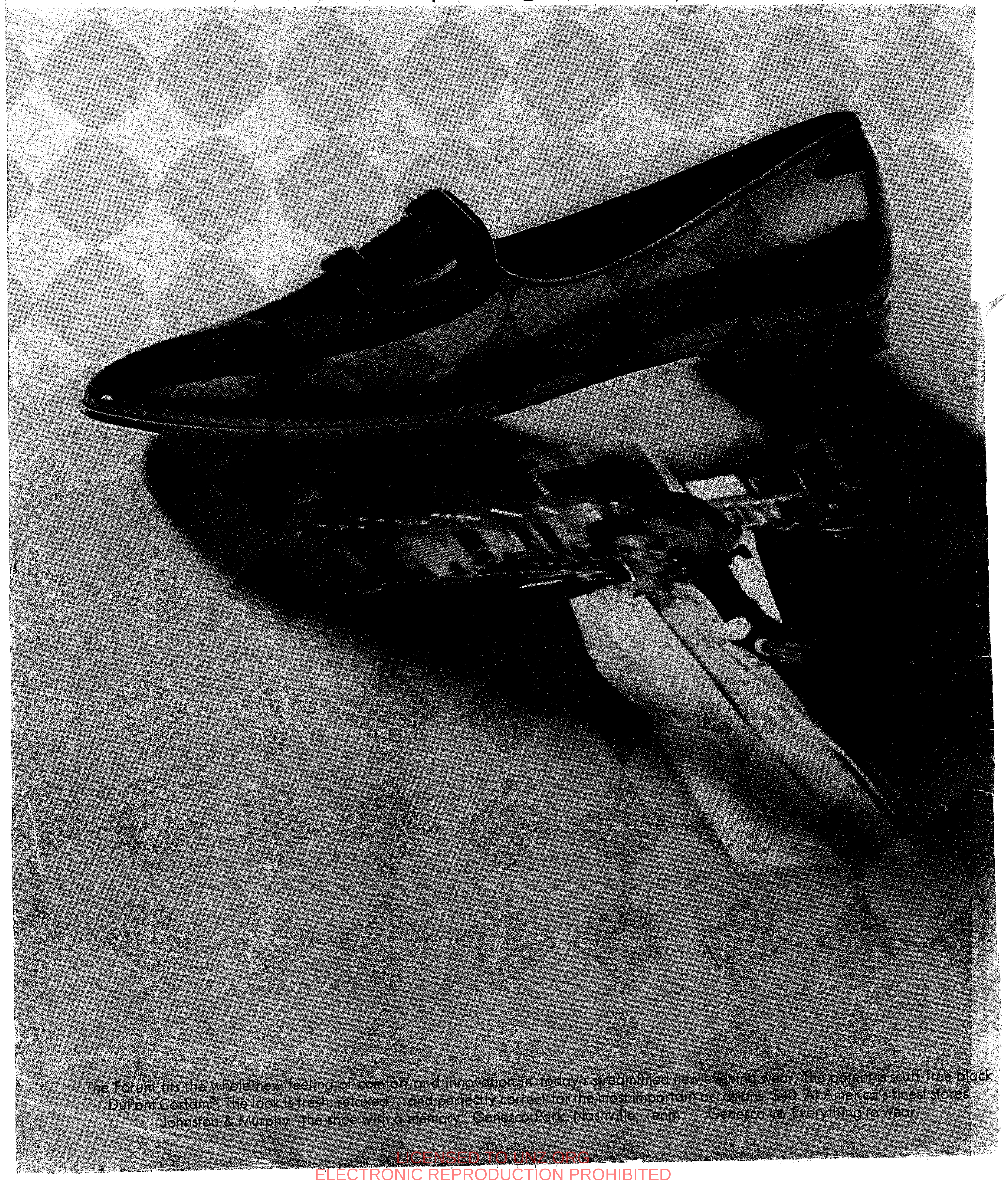

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